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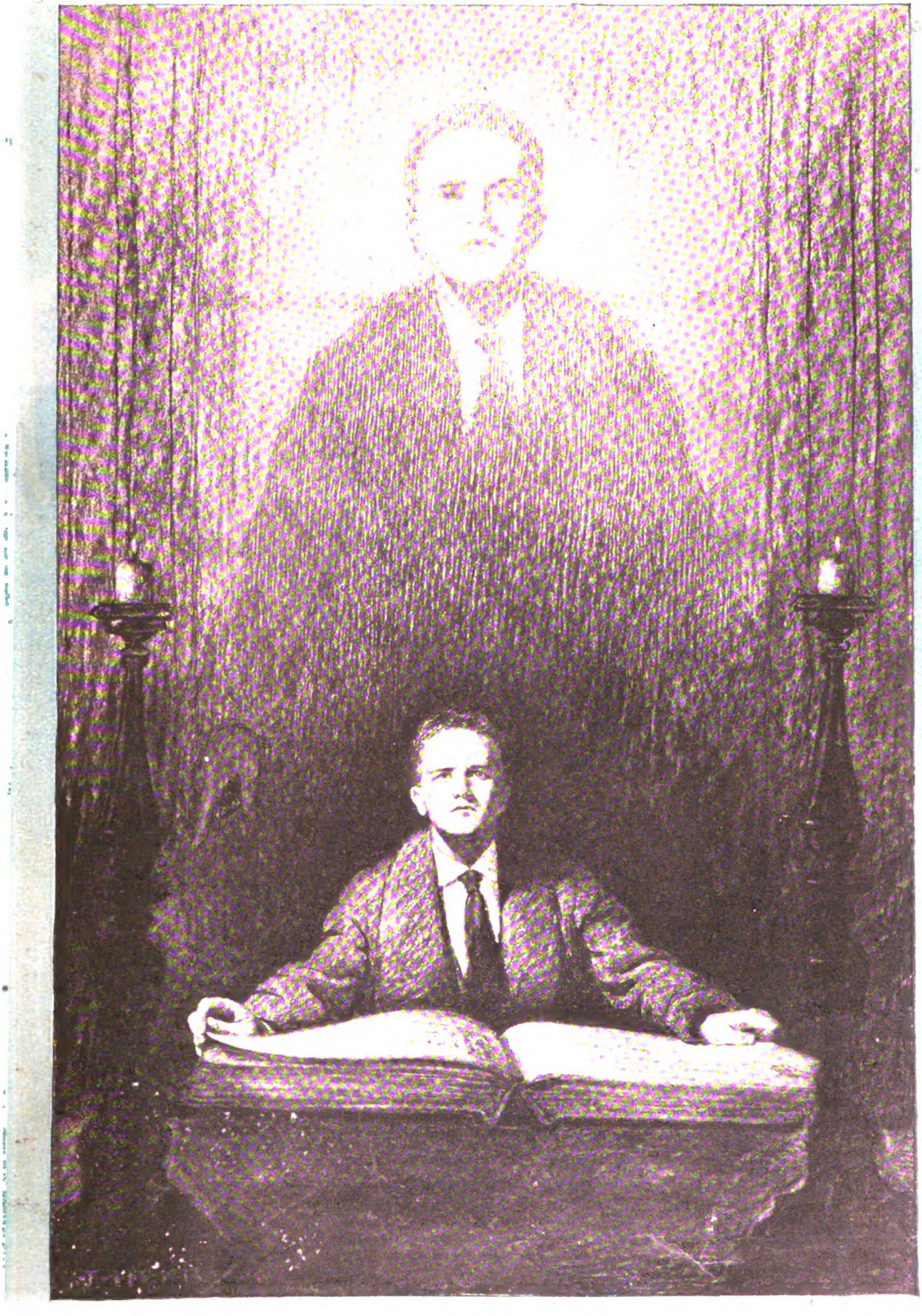

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER ONE JANUARY 1920 VOLUME XLII

Mary Wollaston

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Real Adventure," "The White Arc," etc.

Here is your introduction to a group of people you'll get deeply interested in the next few months: Mary Wollaston, just home from war service in New York; her brother, home from France: her father, the doctor; her stepmother, Paula, the opera-singer; and Paula's strange protégé, the piano-tuner. The time is this hectic present; the scene is Chicago, and the startling story they unfold is of the troublous passion of changing American life.

Mr. Webster has the precious gift of making his characters live. He has proved it to EVERYBODY'S readers in two big serials. "Mary Wollaston" is a real story, packed with big emotions and tense situations, told with the fine skill of one of our best American novelists.

CHAPTER ONE

The Circassian Grand

MISS WOLLASTON was set to exude sympathy, like an aphis waiting for an overworked ant to come down to breakfast. But there was no sympathizing with the man who came in from what she was sure had been a doctor's all-night vigil like a boy from a bout at tennis and gave her a hard, brisk kiss—more of a bump, really—on the cheek-bone; and then, around at his own side of the table, stayed on his feet while he unfolded the morning paper and glanced at the headlines.

If there was something rigorous about the way she lighted the alcohol lamp under the silver urn and rang for Nathaniel, the old colored butler, it was from a determination not to let this younger brother of hers put her into a flurry again, as he so often did. A very much younger brother indeed he seemed, when this mood was on him.

Miss Wollaston was born on the election day that made James Buchanan President of the United States, and Doctor John within a few days of Appomattox. But one would have said, looking at them here at the breakfast table on a morning in March in the year 1919, that there was a good deal more than those ten years between them. He folded up his paper and sat down when the butler suggestively pulled out his chair for him, and his manner became for the moment absent, as his eye fell upon a letter beside his plate addressed to him in his daughter Mary's handwriting.

"I want a big platter of ham and eggs, Nat, sliced thick. And a few of Lucartha's wheat cakes." He made some sort of good-humored, half-articulate acknowledgment of the old servitor's pleasure in getting an order like this, but one might have seen that his mind was a little out of focus, for it was not exactly dealing with the letter either. He sliced it open with a table-knife with the precise movement one would have expected from a surgeon and disengaged it in the same neat way from its envelope. But he read it as if he weren't very sharply aware of what, particularly, it had to say, and he laid it beside his plate again without any comment.

"Did you have any sleep last night at all?" Miss Wollaston asked.

It brought him back like a flash. "Not a wink," he said jovially.

This was a challenge, and the look that went with it, one of clear boyish mischief, was one that none of John Wollaston's other intimates—and among these I include his beautiful young wife and his two grown-up children by an earlier marriage—ever saw. It was a special thing for this sister who had been a stately young lady of twenty when he was a bad little boy of ten. She had watched him, admiring, yet rather aghast, ever since then.

To the world at large his social charm lay in—or was at least inseparable from—his really exquisite manners, his considerateness, the touch of old-fashioned punctilio there was about him. His last wife would have agreed with her successor about his possession of this quality, though they would have appraised it rather differently. Only this elderly unmarried sister of his felt the fascination of the horrible about him.

This was to some extent inherent in his profession. He had a reputation which was growing to amount to fame as a specialist in the very wide field of gynecology, obstetrics, and abdominal surgery. The words themselves made Miss Wollaston shudder.

When he replied to her question, whether or not he had had any sleep at all, with an open grin and that triumphant "Not a wink," she had a prophetic sense of what was going to happen. She was going to ask him more questions and he was going to tell her something perfectly ghastly.

She felt herself slipping, but she pulled up. "What's in Mary's letter?" she asked.

She felt as she said it that this was not quite fair, and the look that it brought to his face—a twinge of pain like neuralgia—awakened a sharp compunction in her. She did not know why—at least not exactly why—his relation with his daughter should be a sore spot in his emotional life, but she knew quite well that this was true.

He had always been, Miss Wollaston felt, an adorer to the verge of folly of this lovely pale-blonde daughter of his. He had indulged her outrageously, but without any evident bad results. Upon her mother's death, in 1912—that was when Mary was seventeen years old—she had, to the utmost limit that a daughter could compass, taken her mother's place in the bereaved man's life. She had foregone the college course she was prepared for and had taken over very skilfully the management of her father's household; even, in a surprisingly successful way, too, the motherly guidance of her two-years-younger brother, Rush. Miss Wollaston's testimony on these two points was unbiased as it was ungrudging. She had offered herself for that job and had not been wanted.

TWO years later there had been a quarrel between John and his daughter. She fell in love, or thought she did—for, indeed, how could a child of nineteen know?—with a man to whom her father decisively and almost violently objected. Just how well founded this objection was Miss Wollaston had no means of deciding for herself. There was nothing flagrantly wrong with the man's manners, position or prospects; but she attributed to her brother a wisdom altogether beyond her own in matters of that sort and sided with him against the girl without misgiving. And the fact that the man himself married another girl within a month or two of Mary's submission to her father's will might be taken as a demonstration that he was right.

John had done certainly all he could to make it up with the girl. He tried to get her to go with him on what was really a junket to Vienna—there was no better place to play than the Vienna of those days—though there was also some sort of surgical congress there that spring that served him as an excuse, and Mary, Miss Wollaston felt, had only herself to blame for what happened.

She had elected to be tragic; preferred the Catskills with a dull old aunt to Vienna with a gay young father. John went alone to Vienna, sore from the quarrel and rather adrift. In Vienna he met Paula Carresford, an American opera-singer, young, extraordinarily beautiful, and of unimpeachable respectability. They were in

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"It's you, really — being in love with you the way I am. I suppose that's the very best thing that could possibly have happened to me."

together the first week in August, They got out together, sailed on e ship for America, and in the au- that year, here in Chicago, in the corous manner in the world, John her.

was a room in Miss Wollaston's lered mind which she had always as an old-fashioned New England housewife used to guard the best —no light, no air, no dust, Holland on all the furniture. Rigorously bore to speculate upon the attrac- ich had drawn John and Paula to- upon what had happened between upon how the thing had looked and either of them. She covered the episode with one blanket observa- amely, that she supposed it was in the circumstances.

there was much to be thankful for. as well bred; she was amiable; she ice"; nice to an amazing degree, ting. She had made a genuine access. She had given John a new life, turned back the clock for him ears.

Mary, Miss Wollaston felt, had taken it surprisingly well. At the wedding she had played her difficult part admirably, and during the few months she had stayed at home after the wedding she had not only kept on good terms with Paula but had seemed genuinely to like her. In the spring of the next year, 1915, she had, indeed, left home and had not been back since except for visits, brief and far between. But then there was reason enough —excuse enough, anyhow—for that. The war was enveloping them all. Rush had left his freshman year at Harvard uncompleted to go to France and drive an ambulance. (He enlisted a little later in the French Army.) Mary had gone to New York to work on the Belgian War Relief Fund, and she had been working away at it ever since.

There was, then, no valid reason—no reason at all, unless she were willing to go rummaging in that dark room of her mind for it—why John should always wince like that when one reminded him of Mary. It was a fact, though, that he did; and his sister was too honest-minded to pretend in any way that she did not know it.

He answered her question now evenly enough. "She's working harder than ever, she says, closing up her office. She wants some more money, of course. And *she's* heard from Rush. He's coming home. He may be turning up almost any day now. She hopes to get a wire from him so that she can meet him in New York and have a little visit, she says, with him before he comes on here."

It was on Miss Wollaston's tongue to ask crisply, "Why doesn't she come home herself now that her Fund is shutting up shop?" but that would have been to state in so many words the naked question they tacitly left unasked. There was another idea in her brother's mind that she thought she could deal with. He had betrayed it by the emphasis he put on the fact that it was to Mary and not to himself Rush had written the news that he was coming home. Certainly there was nothing in that.

"Why," she asked brightly, "don't you go to New York yourself and meet him?"

He answered instantly, almost sharply,

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"I can't do that." Then, not liking the way it sounded in his own ear, he gave her a reason why. "If you knew the number of babies that are coming along within the next month——"

"You need a rest," she said, "badly. I don't see how you live through horrors like that. But there must be other people—somebody who can take your work for you for a while. It can't make all that difference."

"It wouldn't," he admitted, "nine times out of ten. That call I got last evening that broke up the dinner party—an interne at the County Hospital would have done just as well as I. There was nothing to it at all. Oh, it was a sort of satisfaction to the husband's feelings, I suppose, to pay me a thousand dollars and be satisfied that nobody in town could have paid more and got anything better. But you see, you never can tell. The case I was called in on at four o'clock this morning was another thing altogether." A gleam had come into his eyes again as over the memory of some brilliantly successful audacity. The gray old look had gone out of his face.

"I don't altogether wonder that Pollard blew up," he added, "except that a man in that profession has got no business to—ever."

THE coffee-urn offered Miss Wollaston her only means of escape, but she didn't avail herself of it. She let herself go on looking for a breathless minute into her brother's face. Then she asked weakly, "What was it?"

"Why, Pollard," John Wollaston began, but then he stopped short and listened. "I thought I heard Paula coming," he explained.

"Paula won't be down for hours," Miss Wollaston said, "but I do not see why she shouldn't hear, since she is a married woman and your own wife——"

Her brother's "Precisely" cut across that sentence with a snick like a pair of shears and left a little silence behind it.

"I think she'll be along in a minute," he went on. "She always does come to breakfast. Why did you think she wouldn't to-day?"

This was one of Miss Wollaston's minor crosses. The fact was that on the comparatively rare occasions when Doctor John himself was present for the family breakfast at the custom-consecrated hour, Paula managed about two times in five to put in a last-minute appearance.

So instead of answering her brother's question she sat a little straighter in her chair, and compressed her lips.

He smiled faintly at that and added: "Anyhow, she said she'd be along in a minute or two."

"Oh," said Miss Wollaston, "you have wakened her, then. I would have suggested that the poor child be left asleep this morning."

Now he saw that she had something to tell him. "Nothing went wrong last night after I left, I hope?"

"Oh, not wrong," said Miss Wollaston, "only the Whitneys went, of course, when you did, and the Byrnes and Wallace Hood, but Portia Stanton and that new husband of hers stayed. It was his doing, I suppose. You might have thought he was waiting all the evening for just that thing to happen. They went up to Paula's studio—Paula invited me, of course, but I excused myself—and they played and sang until nearly two o'clock this morning. It was all perfectly natural, I suppose. And still I did think that Paula might have sung earlier, down in the drawing-room, when you asked her to."

"She was perfectly right to refuse." He caught his sister up rather short on that. "I shouldn't have asked her. It was very soon after dinner. They weren't a musical crowd anyway, except Novelli. It's utterly unfair to expect a person like Paula to perform unless she happens to be in the mood for it. At that, she's extremely amiable about it; never refuses unless she has some real reason. What her reason was last night I don't know, but you may be perfectly sure it was sufficient."

He would have realized that he was protesting too much, even if he had not read that comment in his sister's face. But somehow he couldn't have pulled himself up but for old Nat's appearance with the platter of ham and eggs and the first instalment of the wheat cakes. He was really hungry and he settled down to them in silence.

And, watching him between the little bits of dry toast and sips of coffee, Miss Wollaston talked about Portia Stanton. She hoped, hoped with all her heart, that Portia had not made a tragic mistake in this matter of her marriage. She couldn't herself quite see how a sensible girl like Portia could have done anything so reckless as to marry a romantic young Italian pianist, ten years at least her junior. It couldn't be denied that the experiment seemed to have worked well so far. Portia certainly seemed happy enough last night, contented. There was a sort of a glow about her there never was before. But the question was, how long would it last—how long would it be before those big brown Italian eyes began looking soulfully at somebody else; somebody more——

It was here that Miss Wollaston chopped herself off short, hearing—this time it was no false alarm—Paula's step in the hall. She'd have been amazed, scandalized, profoundly indignant, dear good-hearted lady that she was, had some expert in the psychology of the unconscious pointed out to her that the reason she had begun talking about Portia was that it gave her an outlet for expressing her misgivings about her own brother's marriage.

WHAT a beautiful creature she was, even at eight o'clock in the morning, at the end of an abruptly terminated night's sleep! She looked lovelier than ever as she came in through the shadowy doorway. She wasn't a true blonde like Mary. Her thick strong hair was a sort of a golden glorification of brown, her skin a warm tone of ivory. Her eyes, set wide apart, were brown, and the lashes, darker than her hair, enhanced the size of them. The look of power about Paula, inseparable from her beauty, was not one of Miss Wollaston's feminine ideals. It spoke in every line of her figure as well as in the lineaments of her face; in the short, rather broad, yet cleanly defined nose; in the generous width of her mouth; in the sculpturesque poise of her neck upon her shoulders. She sometimes made Miss Wollaston think distressfully of a big tawny panther in a cage.

Paula's clothes, too, worried her elderly sister-in-law a little, especially the house-dresses that she affected. They were beautiful, heaven knew; more simply beautiful, perhaps, than it was right that clothes should be. There was nothing indecent about them. Dear Paula was almost surprisingly nice in those ways. But that thing she had on now, for instance—a tunic of écru-colored silk that she had pulled on over her head, with a little overdress of corn-colored tulle, weighted artfully here and there that it mightn't fly away. And a string of big lumpish amber beads. She could have got into that costume in about two minutes and there was probably next to nothing under it. From the onlooker's point of view it mightn't violate decorum at all; indeed, clearly did not. But Miss Wollaston herself, if she hadn't been more or less rigidly laced, stayed, gartered, pinched, pried and pulled about, if she could have moved freely in any direction without an admonitory "take care" from some bit of whalebone somewhere, wouldn't have felt dressed at all.

JOHN sprang up as his wife came into the room, went around the table and held her chair for her. "My dear, I didn't know I was robbing you of half a night's sleep," he said. "You should have turned me out."

She reached up her strong white arms for his head as he bent over her and pulled it down for a kiss.

"I didn't need any more sleep. I had such a joyous time last night. I sang the whole of 'Maliela,' and a lot of 'Thaïs,' and all the 'Dichterlieder' straight through twice. I don't know what all. Novelli's a marvel; the best accompanist I've found yet. But, oh my darling, I did feel such a pig about it."

He was back in his own chair by now and his sister breathed a little more freely.

"Pig?" he asked.

"Oh, because you weren't there," said Paula. "Because I didn't sing before, when you asked me to."

"*Dearest!*" John remonstrated, pleased though with the apology, you could see with half an eye—"it was inexcusable of me to have asked you. It was a dull crowd from a musical point of view. The only thing I minded was having myself put you into a position where you had to refuse. I am glad you were able to make it up to yourself after."

"That was not why I didn't," Paula said. She always spoke rather deliberately and never interrupted any one. "I mean it wasn't because the others weren't especially musical. But I couldn't have sung without asking Novelli to play. And he couldn't have refused—being new and a little on trial, you know. And that drawing-room piano, being so badly out of tune, would have been terrible for him. There's no knowing what he mightn't have done."

John's face beamed triumph. "I might have known you had an unselfish reason for it," he said. He didn't look at his sister, but the words slanted her way.

It was perfectly characteristic of Miss Wollaston that she did not, however, make any immediate attempt to set herself right. She attended first very competently to all of Paula's wants in the way of breakfast and saw her fairly launched on

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Just as March was finishing off the job, Paula came down dressed for the street. She came into the drawing-room and, with good-humored derision, smiled to him.

her chilled grapefruit. (It was ridiculous the way that big yellow fruit harmonized with Paula's color-scheme. Had she dressed for it especially?) Then she said: "A man is coming to tune the piano this morning."

It was more than a statement of fact. Indeed, I despair of conveying to you all the implications and moral reflections which Miss Wollaston contrived to pack into that simple sentence.

The drawing-room piano was what an artillerist would speak of as one of the sensitive points along the family front. It had been a present to the Wollaston household from the eldest of John's brothers, the unmarried one Miss Wollaston had kept house for so many years before he died: the last present, it turned out, he ever made to anybody. Partly, perhaps, because it was a sacred object, the Wollaston children took to treating it rather irreverently. The "Circassian grand" was one of its nicknames, and the "Siamese Elephant" another. It did glare in the otherwise old-fashioned Dearborn Avenue drawing-room, and its case did express a complete recklessness of expense rather than any more austere esthetic impulse.

Paula ignored it in rather a pointed way; being a musician, she might have been expected to see that it was kept in tune. She had a piano of her own up in the big room at the top of the house that had once been the nursery, and over this instrument she made, Miss Wollaston felt, a silly amount of fuss. Supposedly expert tuners were constantly being called in to do things to it, and nothing they did ever seemed to afford Paula any satisfaction.

The aura that surrounded Miss Wollaston's remark included, then, the conviction that the drawing-room piano, being a sacred memory, couldn't be out of tune in the first place; that Paula, in the second, ought to have attended to it; and third (this is rather complex but I guarantee the accuracy of it), the fact that it was to be tuned this morning really made it a perfectly possible instrument for Mr. Novelli to have played upon last night.

John missed none of that. He hadn't been observing his sister during half a century for nothing. He glanced over to see

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how much of it his wife took in, but the fact, in this instance, was all that interested Paula.

"It was awfully clever of you," she said, "to get hold of a tuner. Who is he? Where did you find him?"

"I found him in the park," said Miss Wollaston brightly, responding to the little thrill you always felt when Paula focussed her attention upon you. "He was sitting on a bench when I drove by just after lunch. I don't know why I noticed him, but I did, and when I came back hours later he was still sitting there on the same bench. He was in uniform; a private I think, certainly not an officer. It struck me as rather sad, his sitting there like that, so I stopped the car and spoke to him. He got his discharge just the other day, it seemed. I asked him if he had a job and he said no, he didn't believe he had. Then I asked him what his trade was, and he said he was a piano-tuner. So I told him he might come this morning and tune ours."

It was Paula's bewildered stare that touched off John's peal of laughter. Alone with his sister he might have smiled to himself over the lengths she went in the satisfaction of her passion for good works. But Paula, he knew, would just as soon have invited a strange bench-warming dentist to come and work on her teeth by way of being kind to him.

Miss Wollaston, a little flush of annoyance on her faded cheeks, began making dignified preparations to leave the table and John hastily apologized. "I laughed," he said—disingenuously, because it wouldn't do to implicate Paula—"over the idea that perhaps he didn't want a job at all and made up on the spur of the moment the unlikeliest trade he could think of. And how surprised he must have been when you took him up."

"He did not seem surprised," Miss Wollaston said. "He thanked me very nicely and said he would come this morning at ten, if that would be convenient. Of course if you wish to put it off——"

"Not at all," said John. He rose when she did and—this was an extra bit, an act of contrition for having wounded her—went with her to the door. "It was a good idea," he said—"an excellent way of killing two birds with one stone."

Paula was smiling over this when he came back to her. "It doesn't matter, does it?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It isn't that it's out of tune really; it's just hopeless."

IT was strange how like a knife-thrust that word of hers—hopeless—went through him. Perfectly illogical, of course; she was not speaking of his life and hers, but of that ridiculous drawing-room piano. Somehow the mere glow she had brought into the room with her, the afterglow of an experience he had no share in producing, had become painful to him; made him feel old. He averted his eyes from her with an effort and stared down at his empty plate.

A moment later she came around the table and seated herself facing him upon the arm of his chair, clasping his neck with her two hands. "You're tired," she said. "How much sleep did you have last night?" And on his admitting that he hadn't had any, she exclaimed against his working himself to death like that.

No memory, though he made a conscious effort to recover it, of his audacious success during the small hours of that morning in bringing triumphantly into the world the small new life that Pollard would have destroyed, came back to fortify him; no trace of his own afterglow that had so fascinated and alarmed his sister. "I shall sleep fast for an hour or two this morning and make it up," he told Paula.

"I do wish you might have been there last night," she said after a little silence. "I don't believe I've ever sung so well—could have, at least, if there had been room enough to turn around in. It was all there; it's getting bigger all the time. Not just the voice, if you know what I mean, darling, but what I could do with it."

"It was partly Novelli, I expect," he said, "having him for an accompanist, I mean. He's very good, indeed, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he's good," she assented absently. "Awfully good. And he is a nice furry little enthusiastic thing, like a faun; rather exciting to play with, of course. But it wasn't that. It's you, really—being in love with you the way I am. I suppose that's the very best thing that could possibly have happened to me. I'm another person altogether from that girl you found in Vienna. Just where she left off, I begin."

SHE uttered a little laugh then of sheer exuberance, and with a strong embrace pressed his head hard against her breast. He yielded passively, made no response of his own beyond a deep-drawn breath or two. A moment later, when she had released him and risen to her feet, he rose too.

"Would Novelli be procurable?" he asked. "Could he be engaged regularly, as an accompanist for you and so on?"

She looked at him rather oddly. "Why, I don't need him," she said, "as long as I am just playing. Of course, if I were to go regularly to work, somebody like him would be almost necessary."

There was a tight little silence for a few seconds after that, he once more evading her eyes. "It seems to me you work most of the time as it is," he said. Then he announced his intention of going upstairs to take a nap. He wasn't going to the hospital until eleven.

He did go up to his room, and lay down upon his bed, and eventually he slept. But for an hour his mind raced like an idle motor. That nonsense of Lucile's about Portia Stanton's folly in marrying a young musician whose big Italian eyes would presently begin looking soulfully at some one else. Had they already looked like that at Paula? Jealousy itself was not a base emotion. Betraying it was all that mattered. You couldn't help feeling it for any one you loved. Paula, bending over that furry faunlike head, reading off the same score with him, responding to the same emotions from the music—Fantastic, of course. There could be no sane doubt as to who it was that Paula was in love with. That embrace of hers, just now. Curious how it terrified him. He felt like a mouse under the velvet paw of a cat. An odd symptom of fatigue.

What a curious thing life was. How widely it departed from the traditional patterns. Here in his own case, that Fate should save the one real passion of his life for the Indian Summer of it. And that it should be a reciprocated passion. The wiseacres were smiling at him, he supposed; smiling as the world always smiled at the spectacle of infatuate age mating with tolerant, indifferently acquiescent, youth. Smiled and wondered how long it would be before youth awoke and turned to its own. Well, he could afford to smile at the wiseacres. And at the green inexperienced young as well, who thought that love was exclusively their affair—children the age of Mary taking their sentimental thrills so seriously!

Four years now he had been married to Paula and the thing had never chilled, never gone stale. How different from the love of his youth that had led to his former marriage was this burning constant flame! Paula was utterly content with him. She had given up her career for him—No, she hadn't done that. He had not asked her to do that. Had not, on the contrary, her marriage really furthered it? Was she not more of a person to-day than the discouraged young woman he had found singing for pittances the leading dramatic soprano rôles in the minor municipal operas of Germany and Austria? Wasn't that what she had said this morning—that falling in love with him was the best thing that could possibly have happened to her? He had taken it wrong when she said it, as if she were regarding him just as an instrument that served her purpose, a purpose that lay beyond him, outside him.

That was what had given him that momentary pang of terror. Fatigue, of course. He ought to go to sleep. Paula was refraining from her morning practise just so that he could. Or was that why? Was she dreaming, up in the music-room where she was never to be disturbed, of last night—of Novelli? Damnation!

CHAPTER TWO

Sea-Drift

PAULA went up to the music room after breakfast, stood at one of its open windows for a few minutes breathing in the air of an unusually mild March day, and then abruptly left it, dressed for the street and went out for a walk.

She was quite as much disturbed over the scene in the dining-room as her husband had been. His flash of jealousy over the little Italian pianist, instantly recognizable through its careful disguise, had only endeared John Wollaston to her further, if that were possible. She had laughed and hugged his worried old head tight against her breast.

But his refusal to face facts about her musical career was another thing altogether. Once more he had, patiently and rather pitiably, evaded the subject of her going seriously to work. Did he think that she could go on indefinitely parading a parlor accomplishment for his society friends—singing nice little English songs for Wallace Hood? It was too ridiculous! That hadn't been their understanding when she married him.

What she had been sure of last night a never before she had tried down there i the dining-room to convey to him; that he powers were ripe, were crying out for use She had failed simply because he had re fused to see what she was driving at. I was just another form of jealousy really she supposed.

She was not an introspective person

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It was plain he liked having her for a younger sister instead of an older one, listening so contentedly to his tales, visibly wondering at and adoring him.

seldom occupied herself either with the analysis of other people's state of mind or with the contemplation of her own. But this, clearly, was something that wanted thinking over. It was to "think" that she went out for the walk. Only, being Paula, the rhythm of her walk, the sparkle of the spring air, the stream of sharp new-minted sensations incessantly assailing eye and ear, soon swamped her problem; sunk it beneath the level of consciousness altogether. Long before ten o'clock, when she came swinging along Dearborn Avenue toward her husband's house, she had "walked off" her perplexities.

A block from the house she found herself overtaking a man in uniform, and slackened her pace a little in order not to pass him. There was something unmilitary about the look of him that mildly amused her. It was not that he slouched or shuffled or that he was ill-made, though he was probably one of those unfortunates whom issue uniforms never fit. He carried a little black leather satchel, and it broke over Paula that here, perhaps, was Lucile's piano-tuner. She half formed the intention to stay away another hour or two until he should have had time to finish. But he interfered with that plan by stopping in front of the house and looking at it as if making up his mind whether to go in or not.

It was an odd look he had, but distinctly an engaging one. He was not criticising the architecture, if so it could be called, of the house front. Yet there was a sort of comfortable detachment about him which precluded the belief that it was a mere paralyzing shyness that held him there.

Paula abandoned her intention of walking by. She stopped instead, as she came up to him, and said: "Are you coming in here? If you are, I'll let you in." She fished an explanatory latch-key out of her wrist-bag as she spoke and went up the steps.

"Why," he said, "I believe this is the house where I'm supposed to tune a piano."

In the act of thrusting home her key, Paula stopped short, turned irrepressibly, and stared at him. She was one of that very small number of American-born singers who take the English language seriously, and she knew good speech when she heard it. It was one of the qualities which had first attracted her to Doctor John. This man's speaking voice would have arrested her attention pleasantly anywhere. Coming from the private soldier Lucile had told to come round and tune the piano, it really startled her. She turned back to the door and opened it.

"Yes," she said. "They're expecting you. Come in and I'll show you the piano."

She might, of course, merely have indicated the drawing-room door to him with a nod and gone up-stairs, but she was determined now to wait and hear him say something more. So she led the way into the drawing-room and quite superfluously indicated the Circassian grand with a gesture. Then she looked back at him quickly enough to surprise the expression that flicked across his face at the sight of it. A mere cocking of one eyebrow it was, but amusingly expressive. So, too, was the way he walked over toward it, with an air of cautious determination, of readiness for anything, that made Paula want to laugh. He dropped down sideways on the bench, turned up the lid, and dug his fingers into the keyboard.

At the noise he evoked from that pampered instrument she did laugh aloud. It was not a piano-tuner's arpeggio, but a curiously teasing mixed dissonance she couldn't begin to identify. She thought she heard him say, "My God!" but couldn't be sure. He repeated his chord pianissimo and held it down, reached up and echoed it in the upper half of the keyboard; then struck, hard, two empty octaves in the bass.

"What a piano!" he said. "What a damned piano!" He made a sort of effort to pull himself up; apologized (she thought that was what he meant to do) for the damn. But as he turned back to the piano and struck another chord or two, she could see that his sense of outrage was mounting steadily all the time.

"You can't tune a piano like this." He pushed up the cover and stared gloomily at the strings. "A mincing sickly thing like this. It's all wrong. The scale is all wrong. The man who designed it ought to be hung. But he called it a piano and sold it for a piano and I'm expected to

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come in and tune it. Slick and smear it over and leave it sounding sicklier and tubbier and more generally disgusting than ever. You might as well take a painted harlot off the streets"—he glared at the ornate extravagance of the case—"and expect to make a gentlewoman of her with one lesson in deportment. I won't tune it. It's better left as it is—in its shame."

"Well," said Paula, letting go a long breath, "you've said it."

Then she dropped into a chair and began to laugh. Never again, she felt sure, would the drawing-room piano be able to cause her a moment's irritation. This astonishing piano tuner of Lucile's had converted it, with his new christening, into a source of innocent merriment. "The painted harlot" covered the ground. Clear inspiration was what that was. The way he went on glowering at it, digging every now and then a new and more abominable chord out of its entrails, made her mirth the more uncontrollable.

"It isn't funny, you know, a thing like this," he remonstrated at last. "It's serious."

"It would be serious," she retorted with sudden severity, "if you had said all that or anything in the least like that to Miss Wollaston. Because she really loves it. She has—adopted it."

"Was she the lady who spoke to me in the park?" His evident consternation over this aspect of the case made Paula smile as she nodded yes.

"That was an act of real kindness," he said earnestly. "Not mere good nature. It doesn't grow on every bush."

To this she eagerly agreed. "She is kind; she's a dear." But when she saw him looking unhappily at the piano again, she said (for she hadn't the slightest intention of abandoning him now), "There's another one, quite a different sort of one, in the music room up-stairs. Would you like to come along and look at that?"

HE followed her tractably enough, but up in her studio, before looking at the piano, he asked her a question or two. Had he the name right? And was the lady related to Dr. Wollaston?

"She's his sister," said Paula, adding—"and I am his wife. Why, do you know him?"

"I talked with him once. He came out to the factory to see my father, and I happened to be there. Two or three years ago, that was. He did an operation on my sister that saved her life. He is a great man." He added, "My name's Anthony March, but he wouldn't remember me."

He sat down at the instrument, went over the keyboard from bottom to top and back again with a series of curious modulations. Then, opening his bag and beginning to get out his tools, he said, "Before I went into the army, there was a man named Bernstein in these parts, who used to perpetrate outrages like this on pianos."

"Yes," said Paula, "he tuned this one two weeks ago."

Without so much as a by-your-leave, Anthony March went to work.

It was Paula's distinctly child-like way to take any pleasurable event simply as a gift from Heaven without any further scrutiny of its source; with no labored attempt to explain its arrival and certainly with no misgivings as to whether or not she was entitled to it. Anthony March was such a gift. By the time he had got to work on her own piano she knew he was pure gold, and settled down joyously to make the most of him.

It was not until she attempted to give an account to the Wollastons at dinner that night of the day they had spent together (for they had made a day of it), that she realized there was anything odd, not to say astonishing, about the episode. How, in the first place, did it happen that it was Paula's piano he tuned instead of the one in the drawing-room? This was of course inexplicable until she could get John by himself and tell him about it. One couldn't report to Lucile his phrase about the painted harlot. She had to content herself with stressing the fact that he intended to tune the drawing-room piano after he had finished with hers and then somehow he hadn't got around to it.

BUT why had the unaccredited wanderer whom Lucile had found in the park even been given a chance at the piano upstairs? Well, he had looked to Paula like an artist when she had let him in the door. You could tell, with people like that, if you had an eye for such matters. And then his recognition of Bernstein's nefarious handiwork had clenched her conviction. Certainly she had been right about it; he had bewitched that piano of hers. She didn't believe there was another such tuner in the United States. If they would come up-stairs after dinner, she'd show them.

And he had been as delighted with the results as she herself. After he had played it awhile for her (oh, he didn't play well, atrociously badly really, but that didn't matter; it only made it all the more exciting) he made her play for him. Paula smiled reminiscently when she added that he had sat all the while she was playing, on the bare floor under the piano, where he could feel the vibrations as well as hear them. He had paid her an odd sort of compliment, too, when he came crawling out, saying that he had assumed from the scores on the piano that she was a singer, but that she played like a musician—only not a pianist!

He was a genius, absolutely a genius of the first water, when it came to tuning pianos. Whether his talent as a composer ran to any such lengths as that she of course didn't know. If what he had played for her had been his own, any of it, it was awfully modern and interesting, at least. You could tell that even though it kept him swearing at himself all the time for not being able to play it. And from something he said at lunch . . .

"Lunch!" Miss Wollaston gasped. (She had been away from home all day.) "Do you mean you had lunch with him?"

"Why not?" Paula wanted to know. "Me to have gone down-stairs and eaten all alone and had a tray sent up for him? That would have been so silly, I never even thought of it. He's a real person. I like him a lot. And I don't know when I've had such a nice day."

Here was where Paula's difficulties began. Because when they asked her who he was, where he lived, where he came from, what his experiences in the army had been, and whether he had been to France or not, she had to profess herself upon all these topics totally uninformed. His name she happened to know; it was Anthony March. He told her that, somehow, right at the beginning, though she couldn't remember how the fact had cropped out.

As to the other matters her husband and his sister were seeking information about, she simply hadn't had time to get around to things like that. She thought he might have been a farmer once or some such sort of person. He liked the country anyway. He had spent a lot of time, he told her, tramping about in Illinois and Iowa, earning his way by tuning farmers' pianos.

He hated Puccini and spoke rather disrespectfully of Wagner as a spell-binder. He liked Wolf-Ferrari pretty well; the modern he was really crazy about was Montemezzi. But he had made her sing oceans of Gluck—both the Iphigenias and Eurydice. It was awfully funny, too, because he would sing the other parts wherever they happened to lie, tenor, bass, contralto, anything, in the most awful voice you ever heard, though his speaking voice was lovely. Let John just wait until he heard it. It was almost as nice as his own. Oh, he was coming back again some time. He had promised to bring over some songs of his own for her to try.

IT was at this point or thereabouts that John percipitated a crisis by asking how much this paragon of a piano tuner had charged her for his professional services. Paula stared at him, stricken.

"Why," she said, "I don't believe I paid him anything. I know I didn't. I never thought of it at all. Neither did he, for that matter though, I'm sure of it."

This provoked Lucile into an outburst, rare with her, of outspoken indignation. The man, delinquent as he had been in the matter of the drawing-room piano, became once more her protégé, her soldier whom she had found in the park and attempted to do a kindness to. Paula had kept him fussing over her piano all day and then let him go without, for all she knew, money enough to buy his supper or procure a lodging for the night.

John, though he made less commotion about it, took his wife's negligence even more seriously, for he set about attempting to repair it. "You're quite sure," he asked in his crisp, consulting-room manner—a manner Paula was happily unfamiliar with—"You're quite sure he told you nothing about himself beyond his bare name? You've got that right, haven't you? Anthony March?"

"Yes," said Paula uncertainly, "I'm absolutely sure of that."

Had he any insignia on his uniform—little bronze numerals on his collar—anything like that she could remember? That would tell them what organization he belonged to and might give them a clew?

Here Lucile got drawn into the inquisition. She had seen him and talked to him. Had she noticed anything of the sort? But Lucile had not. She had, naturally, deferred all inquiries until he came to tune the piano; and had she been called, as she felt she should have been——

But John, it appeared, was not interested in pursuing that line. He turned back to Paula. "I wish you'd begin at the beginning, my dear, at the time you let him into the house, and try to remember as nearly as you can everything that you said to him and that he said to you. He may have said something casually that you didn't remark at the time which would be of the greatest help to us now."

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Paula wasn't very hopeful of obtaining any result in this way, but she dutifully went to work trying to think. She was perfectly amiable about it all. Presently her husband prompted her. "How did he happen to tell you what his name was? Can you remember that?"

After a minute she did. "Why," she cried, lighting up. "He said he knew you but you wouldn't remember him. He said you did an operation on his sister once—that saved her life."

"An unmarried sister?" he asked.

"What difference! . . . Oh, I see, because if she was married her name wouldn't be March. No, he didn't say anything about that. He did say something, though, about a factory. You went out to the factory to see his father and he was there."

John Wollaston's face went blank for a minute and his eyelids drooped shut. Then a quick jerk of the head and a sharp expulsion of breath announced success. "That's all right," he said. "Thank the Lord, I've got it now."

It would have seemed absurd to Paula, had she been capable of regarding anything he did in that light, that he should take a trivial matter like this so seriously. He couldn't have looked more relieved over the successful finish of a hard operation.

"I remember the case perfectly," he said. "The girl was a free patient in one of the wards at the Presbyterian. I didn't get a look at her until the last minute, when it was perfectly desperate. Her father was opposed to the operation—a religious scruple, it turned out. Didn't want God's will interfered with. He was a workman, a skilled workman in a piano factory. There was no time to lose so I drove out there and got him; converted him on the way back to the hospital. I remember the son, now that I think of it; by his speech, too. I remember thinking that the mother must have been a really cultivated woman. Well, it's all right. I've got the address in the files at the office. I'll send a letter there in the morning and enclose a check. How much ought it to be?"

Once more Paula didn't know. Hadn't, she protested, an idea; and when John asked her how much she paid Bernstein, she didn't know that either. It all went on the bill.

"Well, that's easy," said John. "I've got last month's bills in my desk. All right, I'll look into it. You needn't bother about it any more."

AS it fell out, John might have spared his labors because at eight o'clock or thereabouts the next morning, just as he was sitting down to breakfast, Anthony March came back to repair his omission of the day before and tune the drawing-room piano.

A minor domestic detail of that sort would have normally fallen within Lucile's province, but John rather decisively took it away from her.

"When I finish breakfast," he said, "I'll write him a check and take it in to him." He added, "I'm curious to see what this new discovery of Paula's looks like."

That was exactly what he felt, an amused, comfortable curiosity. Nothing in the least like that flash of jealousy he felt over Novelli. If it had occurred to him to try to explain the difference to himself, and he had taken the trouble to skim off the superficial explanation—that Portia Stanton's husband belonged in Paula's world, and that a tramp genius who came around to tune pianos did not—he might have got down to the recognition of the fact that the character Paula had sketched for him last night was a grotesque and not therefore to be taken seriously. You could not, at least, do anything but smile over a man who sat on the floor under Paula's piano while she played, and came crawling out to express surprise that a singer should be a musician as well.

SO the look of the man he found in the drawing-room stopped him rather short. Anthony March had taken off the ill-fitting khaki blouse and the sleeves of his olive-drab uniform shirt were rolled up above the elbows. He was sitting sideways on the piano bench, his left hand in the keyboard, his right making imperceptible changes in the tension of one of the strings. His implement, John's quick eye noticed, was not the long-handled L-shaped affair he had always seen tuners use but a T-shaped thing that put the tuner's hand exactly above the pin.

"It must take an immense amount of strength," he observed, "to tune a piano with a wrench like that."

March turned, and with a pleasant sort of smile wished him a good-morning. But he finished ironing the wave out of a faulty unison before he replied to John's remark. He arose from the bench as he spoke. "It does; but it is more a matter of knack really. A great tuner named Clark taught me, and he learned it from Jonas Chickering himself. Old Jonas wouldn't allow any of his grand pianos to be tuned with an L-shaped wrench."

"My wife," said John, "recalled you to me last night, in the effort to remedy her omission to pay you for your services yesterday. I remember your sister's case very distinctly. I hope she is . . ."

"She is quite well, thank you," March said. Oddly enough his manner stiffened a little.

John hastily produced his check. It had struck him as possible that March might suspect him of hinting that one gratuitous service ought to offset the other.

"I hope the amount is satisfactory," he said.

March glanced at the check and smiled. "It's rather more than satisfactory. I should call it handsome. Thank you very much." He tucked the check into the pocket of his shirt.

"My wife's immensely pleased over what you did to her piano. I'm sure she will be glad to do all she can in the way of recommending you among her musical friends."

March looked at him in consternation. "Oh, she mustn't do that," he cried. "I hope she won't—recommend me to any one."

John's sudden unwelcome surmise must have been legible in his face, because March then said earnestly and quite as if the Doctor had spoken his thought aloud. "Oh, it isn't that. I mean, I haven't done anything disgraceful. It's only that I know too many musicians as it is—professional pianists and such. If they find out I'm back, they'll simply make a slave of me. I don't need to earn much money and I live to live, but it's hard to deny people what they are determined to get." He added thoughtfully, "I daresay you understand that, sir."

John Wollaston nodded. He understood very well indeed. He checked on his tongue the words, "only I *have* to earn a lot of money." "You are a composer too, my wife tells me."

"Yes," March said, "but that isn't the point exactly. Put it that I enjoy traveling light and that I don't like harness. Though this one"—he glanced down at his uniform—"hasn't been so bad." He turned back toward the piano with the evident idea of going back to work.

"Well," John said, "I must be off. You've a good philosophy of life if you can make it work. Not many men can. Good-by. We'll meet again some time, I hope."

"I hope so too," said Anthony March.

John went out and closed the drawing-room door behind him. Then he left the house without going up-stairs and saying hello to Paula, and sitting down on the edge of her bed as he had meant to do, and telling her all about his talk with the piano tuner.

It really was late and he must be getting started. Only why had he closed the drawing-room door so carefully behind him? So that his wife shouldn't be disturbed by the infernal racket those fellows always made tuning pianos? Or so that she mightn't even know, until he had finished his work and gone, that Anthony March had come back at all. And not knowing, should not come down *en negligée* and ask whether he had brought his songs for her. Had he brought them? Certainly John had given him a good enough chance to say so. And if he had brought them and Paula did not come, would he leave them for her with Nat? Or would he carry them away again in his little black satchel?

All the way out to the hospital John kept turning Anthony March over in his mind, and the last thing to leave it was what had been the first impression of all. The fine strength of that hand and wrist which tuned grand pianos with a T-wrench.

He hated himself for having shut that door.

AND as it happened this act did not prevent Paula from finding March. The tyrant who looked after her hair had given her an appointment that morning at ten. So a little before that hour and just as March was finishing off his job, she came down, dressed for the street. She came into the drawing-room and, with a good-humored derision, smiled at him.

"I knew you'd come and do it," she told him.

"It isn't going to be so bad," he answered. "Moskowsky, Chaminade—quite a little of Tschaikowski for that matter—will go pretty well on it."

"Did you bring my songs?" she asked.

From the chair that he had thrown his blouse upon, he produced a flat package neatly wrapped in brown paper. And as she went over to the window with it, tearing the wrappers away as she walked, he went back to his work at the piano.

"Don't do that," she said as he struck a chord or two. "I can't read if you do." But almost instantly she added with a laugh, "Oh, all right, go ahead. I can't read this anyway. Why, it's frightful!" She came swiftly toward the piano and

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Why——?

By William G. Shepherd

Why——? is the insistent and emphatic questioning of an American who has just set foot on his native shores after nearly a year in the chaos of Europe before and after the Peace Conference. Mr. Shepherd knew—or thought he knew—the old America through his ten years or so of going up and down in the land as a newspaper man. But the America he finds now is a new and strange and turbulent one—boiling—about what? and moving—where?

Mr. Shepherd doesn't know, nor do we; but from his first-hand, head-on reaction to the mess of things you get the full force of the question—the big question written all over the face of American life.

WATCHING Americans taking themselves for granted is one of the greatest joys of traveling.

By this I do not mean watching Americans in foreign parts trying not to act like foreigners. Everyone knows that an American is never a foreigner, no matter where he goes.

I mean, coming home and looking the folks over, before you get used to them again.

After you've been away from home for many months, or several years, as some millions of us have recently been, and come home again, you discover that a strange thing has happened to you. It is an experience that lasts for only a few days—longer periods with some than with others.

You find out, when you get off the boat, that you are looking on America and the Americans with the eyes of a stranger. Instead of belonging to the great American rush and bustle you are able to stand, for a while, on the side lines, and behold. You stood on the sidelines in France, and in a detached way watched the French people as they went about their affairs. You did the same in England and in Russia and in Italy; and in whatever other country you visited—your sense of detachment depending on the degree to which you could or could not understand the language of the people—you felt yourself only an onlooker.

Everywhere I went, after a few days at home, I saw little old John L. Minority swinging away with his club at the shins and calves of the American people.

After you get home it takes a few days to get rid of this sensation. But these are a worth-while two or three days, if you stop to notice them, and if, as an onlooker, you pay strict attention to things that you see going on around you. If you are a wise traveler and if you have had this home-coming experience several times, you will hang on as long as you can to this feeling of being a stranger. If you permit the impressions you receive then to soak into your mind and remain there for after years you will, forevermore, know more about America and the Americans than American stay-at-homes can ever know.

Call this a boast, if you please. It might have been a boast five years ago, before going abroad was a common experience for the folks of the United States. But, in these days, when every farm district, every village can get first-hand information about Paris or England or Italy or Vladivostock or Archangel, from some neighbor who has been there; indeed, in these times, when so many thousands of thousands of young men are so recently returned from Europe after having been moved there and back, without expense to themselves, by a kindly government, this is no boast. It is only a fact. And, as time goes on, Americans will realize that it is the fellow who has been away to other lands, the fellow for instance who makes up the American Legion, who has the soundest understanding of American problems.

It's a time to get information about America—those few days when you feel like an onlooker. Soon enough, America will swallow you up. A few sticks of chewing gum; a drink or two at a soda fountain; six or seven cents' worth of American newspapers; an hour or two with the sporting page and the baseball dope; a whirl or two in the subway or around the Chicago loop; an hour at the movies or an evening in an American home—and the strange feeling goes; you are all American again.

Half a dozen times, during the past decade, I have come home from Europe, and this time I resolved that I would remain a stranger—an onlooker as long as I could, and that I would hungrily grab at all the impressions I could get, before I became again submerged in home affairs and lost the ability to see anything queer in them.

The first thing that impressed itself upon me this time, as I made my way from a Hoboken pier across the Hudson River to New York, was the way in which we Americans take ourselves for granted. With us, as a mass, whatever is is right. We lack the sense of astonishment. I believe if I landed in New York with the whole city on fire, I would still find the Americans of New York going about their business, as best they could, bothered by the inconvenience of it all, but taking it all as a part of the day's work. With us, it would seem, almost anything can happen, without stirring even our sense of analysis.

The small boy whose father took him to a poultry show is our type. During a long, weary day, his poultry-fancying father led him from one coop to another. They saw thousands of birds. They saw every sort of domesticated fowl known to man. They saw pouter pigeons that blew up their chests like balloons; they saw tumbler pigeons that threw somersaults. When they had run the gamut of poultry wonders, the boy was almost exhausted, mentally and physically. Just as they were about to leave the show-room, they came opposite a parrot. The parrot op-

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portunely spoke: "Hello!" he said brightly.

The boy turned a tired face toward the bird and without showing the slightest sign of astonishment or interest, said, politely, "Hello, chicken," and passed.

There are a lot of funny, queer, good and bad, things about us, if we only knew it. Any one of us few millions who have been in Europe recently do know it. But here, at home, none of us stops to think about it. An Englishman is always conscious of the fact that he is an Englishman. He'll intimate that he's sorry this is so; he doubts very much whether England is going to survive over night; everything in England is done in a wrong way. In France it is just a bit different, but not much. No Frenchman in Paris will take the pains to tell you out and out that he is a Frenchman. But you cannot listen to him long without hearing him say: "We French people think or do so and so." In Italy folks devote a lot of time every day just to being Italians and they take the greatest pains to do things only in an Italian way. The Germans spent so much time being Germans that, so it would seem, they did not develop themselves into even human beings.

But, as an onlooker, when I came home this time, it dawned on me that very few Americans stop to consider that they can make any greater claim for themselves than that they are just human beings, just folks, just two-legged, one-headed, eatin', drinkin', sleepin', hustlin' folks. It never occurs to them that folks elsewhere think differently than they; do things in a different way; have different motives and different viewpoints; different morals and different histories.

"Where do you folks keep your Liberty Bell?" an American doughboy asked a French soldier.

"Where's the Forty-Second and Broadway of Rome?" an American officer asked Henry Wood, an American correspondent.

"Well, I'll be gol-darned," said an American soldier, as he came out of a French apothecary's shop in the Rue St. Honoré, "no cherry phosphate!"

An All-American World?

I THOUGHT, as I made my way to the hotel, of these stories and others, illustrating how so many of us who went to Europe—including even our highest statesmen—rather expected to find this an American world; or, rather, having formulated no expectations whatever, were surprised to learn that it was NOT an American world.

What we do, we do unconsciously, naturally, without the self-analysis of Europeans. That was the Number One impression that I caught on the clean camera plate of my mind as I exposed it to the Americanism about me.

A thrill came over me before I had gone very far through the town. I saw a thing on the streets that told me more about the fineness of Americanism than all the speeches and all the flag-wavings and all the dreams of democracy that were expressed to us during the war by all our silver-tongued orators. It was a thing that none of the hurrying, bustling hundreds of thousands could have seen; it was a thing that they—God bless 'em—never would have noticed. If they had seen it they wouldn't have stopped to give a second thought to it. What I, with my fresh viewpoint, saw, was civilian clothes; nothing but civilian clothes. The absence of uniforms compelled my attention as it would have compelled the attention of any of us who had been in Europe. The London crowds were khaki-hued, when we left there. The Paris crowds were almost blue, except for the garb of women. They hang on, they hang on in Europe, in poor, tired, worried Europe, to the emblems of war. The clutch of war seems to be in the very seat of their lives; it has burned itself into their souls and its panoply is on their bodies. You feel that it too has fastened itself upon them to this generation's end.

International Photo Service.

Gambling in the streets of Boston was the mildest form of lawlessness during the police strike.

But how they got out of khaki in America!

No wasted time there, on that job. Those millions of doughboys whom we saw starting for home, got out of their "working clothes" just as soon as they could. No one here at home noticed them doing it; the folks here took it for granted that that was the thing to do. It wasn't THE thing to do. Lots of other soldiers didn't do it. But it was the AMERICAN thing to do. "Where are they, those soldier fellows that we saw over there?" I found myself asking. The answer was:

"All swallowed up again into American life! Buried in the crowds! Back to the job again! Back to the office, back to the bench, back to the little town, back to the farm, telling their stories with just as much wonder and astonishment in their own faces as in the faces of their hearers—back home, and fitting into it."

In several countries I might mention you encounter an overwhelming number of "heroes." The elevator man who takes you to your floor in the hotel is not really an elevator man; he's a "hero." Your waiter isn't just exactly a waiter; he's a "hero." Your taxicab driver, your street-car conductor, the usher at the theatre and even the business man with whom you come in contact are "heroes" first, and members of their profession or calling or craft secondarily. I am not speaking of real heroes. Your real hero no more needs quotation marks around his title than he needs to tell you, in words, action or attitude, what kind of a man he is.

The real hero in America, when I got home, had disappeared. He had plunged into American life and lost himself. And, thank God, the quotation-mark "heroes" of other lands that I might mention, were nowhere in evidence.

That absence of khaki in our streets—an absence which no one but an American who had been abroad recently, would have noticed—told a story of the fine Americanism that I am honored to put into type.

Let us look at these American crowds through the eyes of one fresh from Europe, as I am, and if you call on your imaginations you can see a strange thing happen. Here and there, passing in and out among us, you will see a Serbian peasant, a Swedish farmer, an Italian vine-tender, a German toy-maker, an English land-laborer, women from the towns, villages and farms of Europe. The number and variety grow. Peasants all, they would have been—cap-tipping, hand-kissing European peasants at the beck and call of every person of degree—if they had remained in the land of their forefathers. Let your imaginations garb them with the clothes which they might have been wearing except for the fact that a kind destiny called them to this land; put them back into the fields where they would have been; put them into the comfortless huts; give them the peasants' pittances; take from their minds the high thoughts that have been put there in our American schools; take from them their contact with books and with the news of the world; make them forget how to read or write—look at an American crowd, thus, shed of its Americanism . . . and then look at them as they really are;

International Photo Service.

The looting and hooliganism in Boston had its humorous side, too.

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see the peasants fall away and the American rise to your gaze . . . and you will begin to understand the wonder of America.

If we could keep our sense of proportion in America, if we could stop now and then for self-analysis, if all of us could look throughout the world for contrasts, if we had some yard-stick by which we might measure what America means to each man, woman and child of us; to measure what we, individually, might have been, but for this United States—if we only could simply look back to our European homes and see what dreary, hopeless lives we might have been leading, except for America, we would have 364 Thanksgiving days in the year 1920.

Those were ideas that went through my mind, even before I had reached my hotel. They were such thoughts as might come to the mind of any American returning from Europe. But the point I make is that they are rarely the thoughts of the millions of Americans who remain at home. Why——?

International Photo Service.

Boston, 1919.

Photo by Wide World Photo.

Silesia, 1914–1918.

Well, I'll be——!

BEFORE many hours had passed I went through an experience that, I find, has come to perhaps every one of the million and more Americans who have returned to the United States from Europe, within the past eight months.

I experienced wonder and astonishment at what was going on in America. When one knows the situation of the people of Europe and the nature of problems there that seem unsolvable, when one knows the suffering there, the idleness and the hopelessness, together with the courage and the patience of Europe's millions—when one has these things in mind and comes home to America to discover that ructions over here, in this land of plenty and busy-ness, are in no degree different from those in lands of suffering, one can only fall back on the doughboy's phrase and say, "Well, I'll be damned."

It was the Boston police strike that first caught my attention. I haven't been home long enough, yet, at this writing, to discover whether my home folks saw anything weird and grotesque and inexplicable in what happened in Boston. The newspapers in the East and in the West got mad about it, I know. They had editorials saying that policemen ought not to have unions and that a good policeman couldn't be under two masters—the city government and his union officials. All of which I understand.

But, being fresh from Europe, and paying more attention to American folks, *en masse*, than to striking policemen, in particular, I found, in the action of the Boston crowds something that leaves me with that doughboy phrase on my lips.

In Liverpool, not long ago, there was a strike of policemen. There were some desperately poor people in Liverpool. Many an ex-Tommy was going about the streets at that time in his uniform because he didn't have the money wherewith to purchase civilian clothes. During the Liverpool strike crowds broke into shops and took food because they needed food. Those were hungry crowds in Liverpool—men and women, without work, without rent money, without decent homes, were in those crowds. It was the jobless ones of Liverpool who raised the ruction. They took what they could get their hands on, while the police were striking.

Being unfamiliar with labor conditions in America I was astounded, of course, at the action of the crowds in old Boston. I could put the riots there on no other basis than that of poverty and unemployment. I got the first Boston newspapers I could lay my hands on and found them carrying hundreds of "Help Wanted" advertisements. I could have jumped on a train in New York in the morning and have been in a good job in Boston by nightfall.

In Liverpool, the window smashing, the barricades, the machine-guns and the soldiers were easy to understand. In Boston, as it appeared, men had to dodge jobs in order to stay out on the streets to mill around. Boys and men had to stay away from work in order to find time for rioting. Nobody shot craps on the Common at Liverpool or gambled at the entrance of Liverpool's Faneuil Hall. Everybody was too busy getting something he needed.

But in Boston it was all futility. The crowds didn't seem to want anything, particularly. There was every indication that they didn't sympathize with the policemen.

When I knew that Boston militia men had, at the point of the bayonet, marched throngs of men through Boston's streets, each man's hands raised above his head, just to clear the streets, my mind went to those crowds of Silesian men who, not many days ago, almost a year after the war had ended, were marched through the streets of their villages by those same ugly, hated, steel-helmeted, cruel grey men whom we were all trying to kill, by fire and shell, not many moons ago—their hands clasped over their heads, herded like cattle away from the villages in which, the Germans feared, they might later vote for Silesian independence.

That crowd of Boston men, with their upraised hands, is weird, silly, compared with that throng of Silesians.

Were the Boston crowds trying as hard as they could to be down-trodden?

Did that Boston crowd have an entity like one man, and was it trying to play the part of a down-trodden populace to the part of military oppression?

I don't know. I haven't been home long enough. But I suspect that if I stay home for fifty years, I'll not be able to answer.

All I can do is what every other man does who has recently come home from Europe and that is ask:

"Why——?"

Our Beloved Cops

AS to policemen striking, I am again puzzled. It is my observation, in long travel, that the policemen of America are more beloved than the policemen of any other land. In Russia, for instance, between the years 1907 and 1912 the citizens of that then un-Bolshevikized land killed 1735 public officials. This is an average of one a day for five years.

The Russians had to coin a word to suit folks who hated policemen. It was *khouliganstvo*. If you will pronounce it with the "K" silent and disregarding the "stvo" you will immediately recognize it. Borrowing this word from the English, the Russian government described hooligans as those who show "a lack of respect for their superiors, the local authorities and the clergy." *Khouliganstvos* by law could be whipped without trial, or their fathers and mothers could be whipped, or the whole family could be sent to Siberia.

When a policeman has to be protected by the government to that extent, one can readily understand that he is not beloved, one can not blame him for striking. But I returned home to find the police in some of the American cities demeaning themselves as if no one loved them. At my

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hotel I found the chambermaid striking. In the hotel which I had left a few weeks before, in Paris, the chambermaid who attended our room got twenty francs a month. She lived at the hotel, in a tiny attic room, and ate food which few Americans would endure. She was on duty eighteen hours a day. Just to get down to cold facts I asked the American chambermaid, when she had returned to work, with her strike all won, about her income. I put them down here, as I got them:

She received $45.00 a month. She worked ten hours a day. Her husband owned two taxicabs. He hired a chauffeur for one of them and ran the other himself. He and she were saving money to buy another taxicab.

"We save up money at home until we get fifty dollars. Then we take it to the bank. I spent $30.00 of the last fifty, though, to buy things for my folks in Europe. It cost me $19.00 express to send them $10.00 worth of things."

I asked her why she struck. And her answer showed me that we have with us in the United States an individual who ought to be silenced.

"I had to strike," she said, "because the union leaders told me to."

Union leaders! How many of them are there in the United States? What proportion of our population do they form? How many of them agree as to when and why a strike shall be called? How often do they disagree, not only with each other, but with the men they are supposed to represent?

International Photo Service.

The wrecked and charred interior of the Omaha Court House after the mob had fired it.

Americans!—Meet J. L. Minority

THE answer of this chambermaid turned my attention to the fact that a pugnacious, noisy, pestiferous little person in the United States—little old John L. Minority—is running affairs to a surprising extent. Again I found that Americans seemed generally oblivious to the fact; that they were, as usual, taking it all for granted. To a homecomer, however, the thing was obvious. A few days with the newspapers proved it. Great strikes, prophesied in the press by press agents of various organizations, did not come to pass. Those strikes that did come to pass were more often than not rank failures.

It was often only too apparent that thousands of the workers in various trades had been unwillingly driven into strikes by their leaders. Behind the strikes one found the few, behind the negro riots one found the few. In Oklahoma, for instance, a single young man of twenty-eight years discovered that he could make money by organizing the negroes to attack the whites; many lost their lives, but he, as a representative of little old John L. Minority, got away with the money. Everywhere I went, after a few days at home, I saw little old John L. Minority swinging away with his club at the shins and calves of the American public, pestering them, annoying them and making them turn out into all sorts of byways of inconvenience. Don't Americans know what he is doing? Up to now I haven't seen anybody take the swift kick at him he ought to have.

Poverty and unemployment sway the crowds in Europe. Millions of men are out of work in England; they live, with their families, on small pittances given to them by the government. The government gets the money by a rate of taxation that would seem to mean bankruptcy for the ordinary citizen in America. Not a few men in England give one-third of their income to the government. A man like William Waldorf Astor gives sixty per cent. There is no minority about poverty and unemployment in England.

The everyday folks in France find themselves in the same plight. For five years in France no one to speak of has paid any house rent. Other financial burdens of family life were also removed by the moratorium. Payments by installment on homes and furniture were stopped during the course of the war.

With the moratorium removed, with rent day coming around again, with prices higher in proportion, considering the standard of the old days, than they are in the United States, the people of France have a desperate outlook. Houses in the factory towns are full of men, waiting for the factories to start, but the factories can not start until raw material is at hand, and until plenty of coal is secured.

There are no columns of "Help Wanted" advertisements in any country in Europe. Everywhere but in America, so far as this hemisphere goes, the great masses are worried about their next meal. Theirs is, more or less, a majority movement.

And yet, here, in America, we find ourselves acting under minority control, as if we were in as great distress as any other country on earth.

I asked employers about labor troubles. They were all too busy with strikes to answer me. I asked working men. They were all too busy striking to answer me.

So I went to Washington to hear employers and employees discuss their differences at the industrial conference. There were twenty-five folks there, representing you and me. They formed what was called the public group. There were nineteen men who represented the employees of the United States and seventeen who represented employers. Advisedly, I say, these sixty-one persons were supposed to represent these three elements of American life.

But there were really sixty-two delegates present. The sixty-second man was our same little old friend, John L. Minority. Fifty-two delegates in that convention voted for peace between employers and employees; only nine voted against it. And yet peace did not come. The convention voted by groups, not by heads. John L. Minority voted in the employer's groups as well as in the employees.' On the final vote which resulted in the labor men walking out of the conference, the employers' group carried their position within their own group, by a vote of only nine to eight. If the vote had been nine to eight the other way the conference might have continued until peace had been reached.

In other words, doughty little old John L. Minority, by one vote, broke up the effort of employers and employees to come to terms. He clubbed everybody at that conference. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., worried and very earnest, spending hot and trying days in that stuffy meeting, was tantalized by Mr. Minority's sway. He was an aggressive member of the poor, down-trodden majority; he voted with labor and the bewildered public group on various issues. Dr. Charles W. Eliot arose three times in an effort to have Mr. Minority put out of the meeting. He, indeed, once counted the votes as I have and said it was shameful that things were going as they were. But Mr. Minority was elusive, like a spook at a seance. You never saw him until you were afraid he would pop up. And up he would come, having his say, and then retiring into invisibility.

And all the time Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, was tossing in his saddle. John L. Minority had put a burr under it. The third of a million steel strikers, who made up less than ten per cent of the membership of the American Federation of Labor, had insisted that their steel strike must be settled in the industrial conference, before the conference was permitted to turn to any other business.

The Lord only knows how many millions of laboring men of other trades in the United States were looking to the industrial conference to create some sort of machine for settling labor difficulties. But the spirit of old John L. Minority had possessed the steel workers like seven devils and they, with their threat to upset the entire American Federation of Labor and throw Gompers and the other leaders out of their saddles, broke up the industrial conference.

Our American Slaves

THE steel strikers, it is admitted, were foreigners. They remind me of the slaves who must have filled Rome in the olden days and who now and then carried on revolts against the Roman government. The Roman slaves were brought to Rome after every conquest. They were involuntary slaves, if I may use that term. The

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foreigners we have here in America—they used to come in past the Statue of Liberty at the rate of 5,000 a day—were voluntary "slaves." They fled from unbearable conditions in Europe and did our dirty work for us, here in the United States, for mere pittances, bare livings. Our railroads were laid by these voluntary foreign "slaves"; our coal was mined by them; our iron and steel were made by them; they cleaned our streets, dug our sewers; they were our house-servants. They were so plentiful in number that it was a poverty-stricken American home which, twenty-five years ago, did not boast a Scandinavian or a German "hired girl" who received, at the most, her board and $1.50 a week.

We haven't digested these "slaves" in America. It is our own fault, to be sure. They must be fed, they must be clothed, they must, gradually, as education and Americanization progress, be given place in our American life. Americans who freed black slaves cannot do less than this. But I think I discover, upon my return to America, that John L. Minority speaks often and loudest through these "slaves."

Why the Americans in the labor world, the leaders and the men whose fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers were born in America and helped to make it rich and strong, should adopt the revolutionary ideas of these revolting "slaves," I can't answer. I can only ask why.

Of course our voluntary "slaves" would, perhaps, like to see the government overthrown, just as German or Ethiopian or Greek slaves in the olden days of Rome would have liked to see Cæsar overthrown. What does a Russian care whether the United States of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln survives? But why an American man, of American blood, American education, American tradition, should not endeavor to see that these "slaves" are fed and clothed and treated fairly, and are finally elevated to the high state of citizenship without seeking to overthrow America itself in the effort is a question no sane American can attempt to answer.

Schoolboy Bolsheviks

ALMOST every day I read of a strike in some school; the students refused to study unless they had their way about some matter or other. Suppose, in these schools, a policeman came to every meeting of the debating society to hear what the young folks had to say, as the Russian police did in Petrograd, in 1912. Suppose, now and then, school desks were raided by policemen, and students, from twelve to sixteen years of age, were carried off to the police stations. Suppose, in the hall-way of such schools, the police were to put up a full-dressed dummy of a boy and a full-dressed dummy of a girl, and were to insist that each boy and girl use the clothes on these dummies as the model of their own. There might be a good reason to strike, then. But the reasons which I saw given for the strikes in American schools were so silly that I am sure the American student of six years ago would have laughed at them as heartily as a new-comer to America, with a European viewpoint, laughs at them now.

Everybody had a grudge in Russia. There wasn't a single member of society in that vexed land who didn't have a grudge against the old government. Things in Russia were bad enough to make a Baptist turn Bolshevik; four Baptist ministers, for instance, were sent to jail for a month each for baptizing communicants without a police permit. Things were bad enough to turn Catholics into Bolsheviks; the Russian detectives had a way of slipping into the dark of a confessional booth and whispering out a fake confession to a listening priest. When the priest would seal the confession by imposing a penance, the detective would drag the priest off to jail because the priest had failed to ask him, before confession, to show his police certificate of church membership. Russia was enough to make any one turn Bol-

International Photo Service.

The Mayor of Omaha, lynched by the mob during the race riots.

shevik. Forty families in the town of Lubin, in 1912, were arrested for holding cottage prayer-meetings. It was enough to turn a prohibitionist into a Bolshevik. The police absolutely prohibited all temperance meetings. At a time when the 180,000,000 citizens of Russia were spending a dime a day for booze, the government got K. K. Tolstoy to write a brochure proving that the Russian people were not drinking enough. You weren't allowed to even try to be good in Russia.

And here we are, some of us, trying to keep up with Russia, but we can't. It's hopeless. Why, Russia's alcohol record and her crime record, even in normal times, are things we can never approach.

We haven't got grudge enough in America to be Bolsheviks. We haven't had one millionth enough of things done to us to make us mad. Russia exploded because her safety valve had been tied down. The hissing of steam I hear in America is the noise of our same little old John L. Minority. His noise is endured like his shin taps.

That Soviet Stuff

AND the worry we have about Mr. Minority's talk about Soviets!

Sovietism would no more fit into American life than would Confucianism.

Sovietism, on the other hand, is as much a part of Russian life as is Confucianism of Chinese. Folks who have been to Russia know this; Americans who have never been there don't know it.

A thousand years ago and more, in Russia, when half a dozen or so of men in a town wanted to go into the forests to cut timber, they organized what they called an "artel." This was a sort of company. They elected a foreman; they decided how the work was to be divided, and the proceeds. On the coasts of Russia the fishermen, too, formed their "artels" before they went on a trip. As the centuries went by Russian life became "artelized." Nowhere in Russia, for the past six hundred years, could you have found a peasant who would not be able either to conduct a parliamentary session of the one or more "artels" to which he belonged, or to take part in its deliberations.

Reading and writing had nothing to do with it. The intellectuals of Russia had nothing to do with the forming of this "artel" system. Neither did the government. It was a growth among the people. All that Lenine and Trotsky did, in forming their soviet government, was to seize upon the Russian artel idea.

When you say to a Russian, "Let's rule our country by artels," he knows, immediately, no matter how ignorant he may be in other respects, just what you mean. But when a long-haired Russian soap-box orator in America stands before a crowd and says practically the same thing, the American crowds wonder what he is talking about.

Republicanism is ingrained in the American mind as "artelism" is ingrained in the Russian. No one who knows the Russian situation can ever worry whether sovietism will find a foothold in America. About those Americans who do worry over it, I do not ask my question, "Why?" I know why. They worry because they don't know any better.

It has occurred to hundreds of thousands of us who have come home from Europe that the folks here at home aren't exactly themselves. While we were away we looked back to the United States as one place in the world where things would stay put.

Mob Americanism

WHEN we return to find a mob of thousands of persons in Omaha lynching a negro, trying to lynch a mayor and setting fire to the court house, we know that all our dreams of good, sound old United States were only dreams. Since I have returned home I have seen an unprintable photograph of a crowd of young men surrounding a pyre on which that negro's body was burned in Omaha. It was a night-time picture. The flash of that photographer's powder caught on the faces of the twenty-one young men who were gathered around that fire smiles that were terrible in their simplicity. On the face of a well-dressed girl who stood at the head of the charred corpse there was the same smile. If those faces had been grim and set, you could have understood why that awful thing happened in Omaha. But these were gala smiles, holiday smiles, the smiles of cannibals killing for a feast. The photograph tells truly enough how the veneer had been scratched away from that American crowd in Omaha and how the savage had come to the surface.

It was not a happy task to seek for our oldtime Americanism in the midst of the new mysteries we found in America. It was a trail that took me through many strata of life in several American cities. I found, as I went about, that millions of other Americans are feeling their way back—or forward, if you please—toward Americanism.

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Havens, something to tie to—every American is seeking them.

And is there any hope? Have we anything to build our new America on?

Have we home-comers found any traces of the old American spirit to which Americans may anchor?

Amid all the weirdness and strangeness and mystery of American affairs to-day, have we caught any glimpses of the solid foundations on which Americanism once rested?

I say we have.

One night recently the hundred theatres in New York City were chock-full as usual of Americans from every corner of the United States. The great city with the day's work done was passing through its nightly silly hour. Not much hope for America you could have found in those pleasure-seeking crowds, you think; no signs of earnest hopes for America, no signs of effort for America's betterment; no traces of the saneness and solidity of our forefathers who built up our great land.

In the great theatre where I sat a huge spectacle was being given. As a home-comer I was more interested in the audience than I was in the spectacle. Among the hundreds there you could have found Americans from every state in the Union, for it is a part of every American's visit to New York to view the season's show at this particular theatre.

The audience split up on various things. Some liked some of the acts and some didn't. Some liked the music, some liked the girls, some liked the scenery and some liked the vaudeville acts.

Could such an audience—and it was only an average American audience, as uncertain as anything else in these uncertain days—have agreed on anything?

The Old Songs

BETWEEN acts the theatre was darkened and a white screen was dropped. On the screen were thrown the words of that simple old song, "Nellie Grey." Above the verse was the date, "1854."

Who wants to sing "Nellie Grey" these days? Who cares about a song written in our fathers' times?

The orchestra softly played the air:—

"Oh, my darling Nellie Grey,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my Nellie any more."

The audience sat chatting, waiting for the curtain to rise.

A new song was thrown on the screen.

"Little Brown Jug," it was.

Here and there about me men and women mumbled the words of that song which our daddies sang laughingly half a century ago.

"My wife and I lived all alone,
In a little brown house, we called our own."

Then came another song. It was "Grandfather's Clock."

No one came on to the stage and asked us to sing, but before we knew it, ourselves, all of us, in that greatest theatre auditorium in New York City, all of us pleasure-seeking folks, were singing "Grandfather's Clock."

Then came "Wait for the Wagon." How we all knew the old songs, I don't know. But it was a great roar of song that filled the theatre. Emigrants from Galicia and Italy and Russia and the various corners of Europe—hyphenated Americans—don't know those old songs that our daddies sang while they were fighting the wilderness and were settling the rebellion of the sixties, but we all sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," just as if a leader were conducting us with a baton, and we were in an old-time country-town singing-school.

We all liked the last song that was thrown on the screen.

It wasn't the "Star-Spangled Banner," though that is a good song. It wasn't "Over There," or "Keep the Home Fires Burning." We would have stood up for "The Star Spangled Banner," of course. But I'm sure that some one would have had to come out on the stage and coax us into singing any song of the recent war—and then we wouldn't have understood why he wanted us to sing it.

But this song that they put on the screen—how we DID sing it.

We sang the verse with a roar and when we came to the chorus the orchestra had to play its loudest to keep up with us. I know that there were thrills going up and down more spines than mine, while we sang out, in all tones, times and cadences:

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah.
Down with the traitors and up with the stars.
We'll rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom."

The Old Spirit

WE had found a common meeting-ground, we folks in that New York theatre that night; not the common ground of music but the common ground of the old days, the common ground of our history and of our throbbing, glorious past.

For a moment we had stopped thinking of the puzzled present; for a moment we had stopped looking at the blurred future. We had looked back and it seemed to me that the benediction of all our fathers and their fathers' fathers came down upon us like a blessing and then hovered before us like a guiding star.

America is not made up entirely of negro-baiting savages; it is not made up entirely of fighting laborers and greedy capitalists. It is not made up of millions of odd folks who have recently gathered here from every corner of the earth and who look upon the United States not as a nation but only as a place.

Beneath and behind all these distracting seemings, these manifestations of the temporary rule of little old John L. Minority, there is the Americanism of our fathers. Our shore lights, in these troubled times of low visibility, are not to be seen ahead of us. On the contrary, they lie behind us and they are all the lights we can see. Why not lay our course by them, until the lights ahead grow brighter?

Why have we forgotten the old lights? They still shine.

THE STORY OF HOOVER

Begins in the February Number

By his friend and aide
VERNON KELLOGG

Begins in the February Number

BEHIND the silent but titanic war achievements of this man whom millions of Europeans call their savior, there is a story rich in romance and full of meaning for lovers of America. This is the one possible complete story of HOOVER—written by a lifelong, intimate friend, who has himself shared actively in MR. HOOVER'S war work.

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How to Go On the Stage

By Timothy Vane

IT is probable that Maude Adams has received from young girls just out of school or college at least 79,000 letters containing words to this effect:

My dear, dear MISS ADAMS:

I want to go on the stage. I am only nineteen but I feel that I have a gift for acting. My friends all tell me so. I made quite a hit in our modest production of "The Little Minister," put on here by the Petunia College Dramatic Society, though of course I simply couldn't compare with you as Babbie. If it does not take too much of your valuable time, will you advise me about how to go on the stage? How did you manage it? I often tell myself you must have started some time. To what do you attribute your perfectly wonderful success? I do admire you so much.

Yours sincerely,
ALICIA SMITH.

To which, it may be guessed, Miss Adams has sent Heaven knows how many gentle, stereotyped replies, with vague allusions to hard work, stock companies, dramatic schools, patience and so forth. If she were ever to speak her mind, her answer would doubtless run something like this:

My dear MISS SMITH:

Before going on the stage, it is best to select as your grandmother a competent and experienced actress. Of course, both your father and mother should be toilers in the theatre in some capacity. Personally, I found it best to go on the stage before I learned to talk, so that, by the time the first speaking part was assigned to me, I was well past any chances of stage-fright. It is kind of you to speak of my success. Whatever part came to me through more than the mere caprices of Fortune, I owe to the fact that my father and my mother were players before me. You tell me you are nineteen. "Only nineteen." Oh, my dear, dear child, I'm afraid you are much too old to go on the stage.

Yours very sincerely,
MAUDE ADAMS.

The wisdom of that letter from Miss Adams—maybe she never wrote it, but she should have, and we can give her the benefit of the doubt—is attested in every chronicle of every play. Very rarely in the theatre is distinction achieved in the first generation. Back of every really notable performance there is likely to lie forgotten decades of work upon the stage. Most of the great players of the last hundred years were *born* players. Duse, Ellen Terry, the Booths, the Wallacks, Joe Jefferson, Mrs. Fiske, the Drews, the Barrymores, the Sotherns, the Hernes, all have belonged to the first families of the stage.

Photo by Apeda Studio

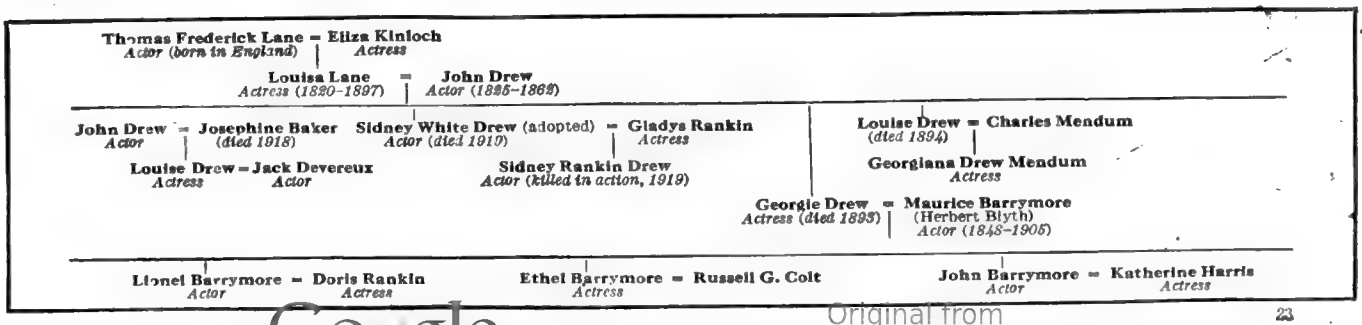
If you can select noted actors and actresses for your ancestors for three generations, as these Barrymore children — Lionel, Jack and Ethel—did, your career is assured.

It rarely happens that a play is staged without one or more persons in the cast whose ancestry could prove this point. Not many months ago, at a time when the successful strike of the actors was at its height, there was staged at the huge Lexington Avenue Theatre in New York a fragment from Shakespeare. It was the garden scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with Ethel Barrymore and Conway Tearle somewhat uncomfortably out of their respective elements in the leading rôles. The ghost of many a forgotten greenroom must have stood in the wings to listen, for more than a century of acting was behind that brief interlude. When Ethel Barrymore's great-grandfather was playing to yokels in the English provinces at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Mr. Tearle's great-grandfather, whose real name was Rugg, was known both in London and in America as Handsome Conway.

It is often that way, oftener than the young aspirants dream, or they would be more easily discouraged than they are. To be sure, it does not happen often—as befell once at Lancaster, when the Jeffersons put on "The School for Scandal"—that all the principal rôles of a play can be enacted by members of one family with a program that read something like this:

Sir Peter Teazle..... Joseph Jefferson, Sr.
Sir Oliver Surface.....John Jefferson

(*Continued on page 114*)


Thomas Frederick Lane = Eliza Kinloch
Actor (born in England) | Actress
Louisa Lane = John Drew
Actress (1820–1897) | Actor (1826–1862)
John Drew = Josephine Baker
Actor | (died 1918)
Sidney White Drew (adopted) = Gladys Rankin
Actor (died 1910) | Actress
Louise Drew = Jack Devereux
Actress | Actor
Sidney Rankin Drew
Actor (killed in action, 1919)
Louise Drew = Charles Meadum
(died 1894)
Georgiana Drew Meadum
Actress
Georgie Drew = Maurice Barrymore
Actress (died 1893) | (Herbert Blyth)
Actor (1848–1905)
Lionel Barrymore = Doris Rankin
Actor | Actress
Ethel Barrymore = Russell G. Colt
Actress
John Barrymore = Katherine Harris
Actor | Actress

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His Hold

By Walter and Susan Frost

ALL day long the harbor had slept, its surface the color of snow ice under the slate-gray sky; and the able three-masted schooner, the *Charming Lass*, low in the water with her cargo of coal for Placentia, Newfoundland, seemed dozing at her dock.

But now and then, under her clean, green hull, she would feel a vast undulation, vague, ominous, compelling, triumphant over distance and depth, more mighty than current and tide, pressing in past headland and inlet, over rip and reef, penetrating the harbor itself—the unrest of the sea; and she would move uneasily, as if half-roused from her dreams, and tug taut the listless lines at her stern and bow.

"It's comin' from th' Sou' East," said Jim McKenzie, the mate. He had not looked at the barometer. He was a son of the sea, and he knew. The first scream of the wind corroborated him as the early gloom settled quickly, and the fog, aloof, silent, impassive, seeming always just to have halted to listen, edged in.

"It's goin' to fetch strong," the only green hand of the crew said half-anxiously: "it's been long since I didn't see her make up so hard."

Jim set his big-boned face into the wind which now was whitening the harbor. "Purty near everything'll be loose," he agreed; "but," knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the gunwale, "it kin fetch how it likes: we'll take all it's got an' make it work fer us all th' way down North to Placentia. We clear th' first thing in th' morning. You better sleep aboard."

He stepped over the rail to the dock and swung up the narrow path between the warehouses to the darkening street, then turned in at Fraser's barber-shop. Entering, he shut out the wind by crowding the door to with his shoulder, and seated himself, loosened his sweater at his muscular neck, and said, "I want a hair cut."

The little barber nodded, beginning at once with his scissors, but he kept turning, the better to hear the stranger whose checked suit, cut close to his stout body, made him conspicuous.

"No," the stranger was saying confidentially to the crowd, "I haven't got any use for a wife; all she wants is a man to provide for her, and a warm basket by the fire she can fill full of kittens. Once you marry, your fun's over. Your wife won't go out with you, and she won't let you go out and have your fun alone. Let's get back to the bar: I'm thirsty."

Through the swinging doors which separated the rooms, the monologue came back, punctuated by the rattle of the glasses, the metallic clamor of the cash register, and the snip-snip of the barber's scissors. But Jim paid little attention to it. When the barber was through, the sailor paid the twenty-cent charge and went out into the gale-slashed night smiling contentedly, for he was going home.

Captain Murdick Bethune's house was close by, and Jim ran up the steps and clouted the door with his big knuckles, and a moment later stood blinking in the lamp light. "No, Cap'n Murdick," he said, "I won't come in. Good night," he said, bobbing his head to the Captain's wife. "I just thought mebby you'd both of you like to go to th' moving pitcher show with Nora an' me to-night." He waited, eager and embarrassed.

"We'd like to reel well, Jim," said Cap'n Murdick. "All you an' Nora's got to do is stop in fer us."

"But you an' Nora's got a wee young baby," reminded the Captain's wife, "an' mebby Nora won't think the night's fit to take 'im out, or want to leave 'im alone."

"She'll come," Jim laughed. "I'll make 'er. I bin trying to make her come out to a show ever since th' baby came, and to-night she's got to!"

"We'll be here ready," Captain Murdick called after Jim, "but don't get set onto doin' what Nora don't see right fer th' baby."

"*That* 'll be all right," Jim called back. But subconsciously he remembered what the gabby stranger at Fraser's had said, and Jim frowned as he followed the black street to his little house.

BUT a moment later he forgot everything else in the world, for he was holding her in his arms. "What have you been thinking about, Jim?" she asked after their dinner was over and she had wiped and put the last dish away. "You've got a knot in your forehead." She smiled and looked down over his wide shoulder tenderly. Her deep, sweet eyes were as clear as sea water; her full, soft hair was the color of sand in the sunrise and her young body was fine, graceful and strong.

She had been his wife a year; she was the mother of his child, and he knew that she was even more beautiful now than she had been when he picked her out from all the girls in Menadou. And this should have made him the more gentle. But a few moments later as he stood, his hand on the knob of the door, he forgot it all in the blind obstinacy which, latent so long, had suddenly mastered him: "I've asked you to come to the show to-night, but you won't!"

"Careful," she warned, "or you'll wake 'im."

Jim glowered down at her. "I tell you," he cried passionately, "I'm fed up with that 'you'll wake 'im.' It's all you think of now. I don't count any longer."

"Oh, Jim, that's not fair or true, an' you know it!" Her sweet, young voice trembled with indignation. "You *know* how you count to me: you know you an' 'im are all I care for, all I think of. An' when you're off on th' ship an' 'im an' I're all alone, I talk to 'im all about you an'——" She put her hand quickly on his arm and looked up into his sullen eyes. "What's th' matter, Jim? You've never been like this before to me, an' 'im so little, too——"

"Well," Jim flung in so harshly that her hand dropped to her side, "he'll be little fer months yet, won't he? An' haven't I any rights in th' meantime? Wrap 'im up an' we'll take 'im along to the show!" Then his obstinacy penetrated by the appeal of her youth, beauty, and gentleness, he added, "Come on, Nonie, do it just this one time fer me!"

She breathed deeply, her breast swelling, her eyes full of tears. "Oh, Jim, I've been waitin' fer you to call me that. But, don't you see, dearie? I can't take 'im to shows like some o' th' girls do their babies: he's not as strong as some."

STUNG when he should have been softened, he brought his eyes close to hers. "Who's to blame fer 'is not being strong as some?" he demanded. "Not *me!* Find who!" Then, as she winced and stepped back, he said, "Never mind that. What I said 's th' truth: you don't think about me any longer; all you want is to be took care of, you an' 'im. That's all any woman wants, once she's married!"

"That's not so!"

"Then come to th' show an' bring 'im!"

"He's too little an' it's not a fit night anyway."

"Then leave 'im 'ere!"

"Alone?"

Jim studied her as he might have studied an unreasonable stranger. "Nora," he said doggedly, "I bin home three days an' th' schooner's sailin' ag'in th' first thing in th' mornin'. Come with me to this show to-night, or I'll find my fun myself. I've got some good pals waitin' fer me down at Fraser's."

"You won't go there, Jim, to those loafers!"

"I won't?" He studied her defiantly. "Why won't I?"

"Because you've got 'im an' me," she said. She clasped his arm with her soft, strong hands. "Jimmy, it's not you an' me that's been talkin' this way; it's some people who haven't got themselves an' a little baby an' geraniums in th' windows and a nice fire to sit by for you an' yer pipe. Let's just go an' look at 'im, Jim dearie: he's so little an' dear an' sweet; lyin' there, trustin' us, he's gone off to sleep."

"No," Jim said sullenly, "let's finish this up: you come to this show with me to-night, with 'im or without 'im, or I go to Fraser's. An' if I go to Fraser's, I don't come back to-night, an' you don't see me before th' schooner sails in th'

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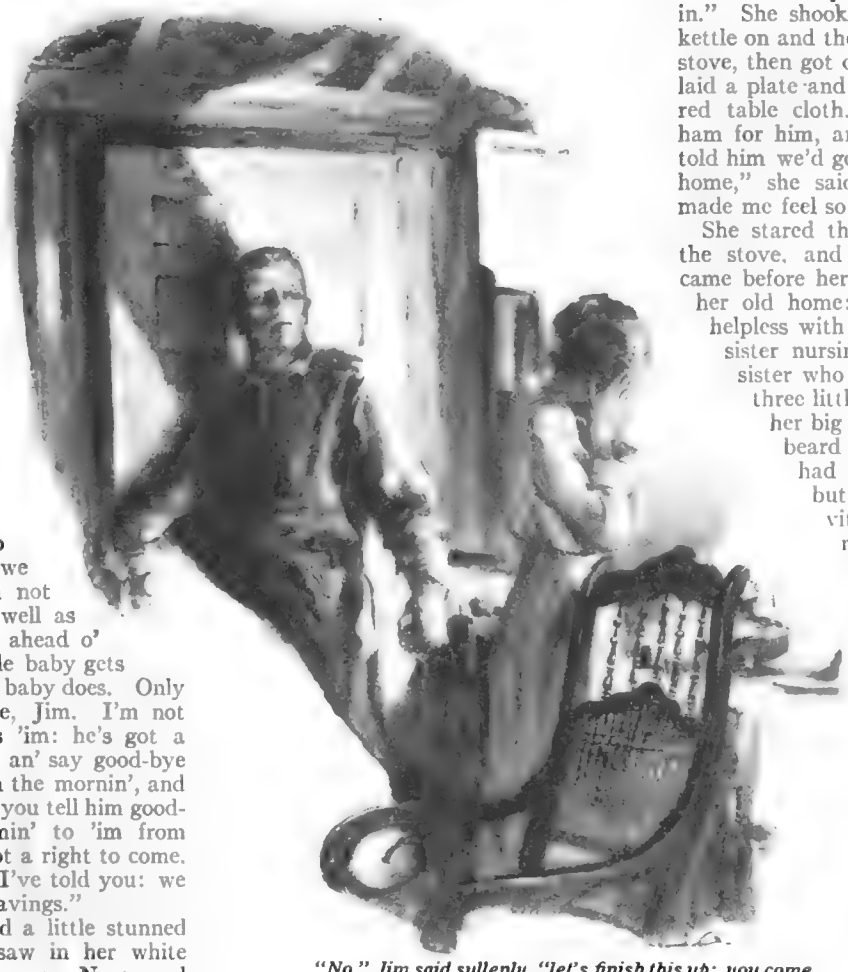
mornin'!" He set his jaw stubbornly.

He had never seen her face go down into her hands before and something in him cried out, but he would not hear it. Then her hands fell and her head went back; stung and hurt as she had never been before, she sprang back from him, her eyes flaming.

"All right, do as you like! But," she said with the solemnity of an oath, "if you don't come back to-night, you won't find us here when you do come." Her voice rang out, clear but unfamiliar; her face was dead white. "You're too selfish to have a wife an' child, if you don't come to 'em before you sail. You're thinkin' of your own pleasure, not o' what's good for 'im or fair to me. I stay here day after day, night after night, lookin' after a wee baby with no one to help me. You know I love to take care o' 'im, Jim. You know it. But do you ever figure mebby I'd like to go out sometimes myself? I used to go every week before we were married, and I'm not old yet. I like fun as well as you do. But he comes ahead o' fun, an' I guess our little baby gets as good care as any little baby does. Only you've got to help me, Jim. I'm not thinkin' o' myself; it's 'im: he's got a right to have you come an' say good-bye to 'im before you sail in the mornin', and he's got a right to have you tell him good-bye without your comin' to 'im from Fraser's, and you've got a right to come. So, if you don't come—I've told you: we aren't takin' Fraser's leavings."

Jim was surprised and a little stunned at her outburst. He saw in her white face and flashing eyes a new Nora, and he felt his sense of injury dying away and a new appreciation of her growing in its place. He was ashamed of himself and he wanted to tell her so, but in his slow-moving mind he was not quite ready yet to admit it. He stood looking stupidly down at her, his eyes blinking in the pitiless light of the unshaded kerosene lamp. Then he remembered how he'd told Captain Murdick that Nonie would come and how the captain's wife had *said* it was a bad night for the baby to be taken out. Proud of the care he knew Nonie was taking of the baby, glad, grateful, tender, penitent, Jim took a sudden step toward her. But before his slower tongue could form the first words of reconciliation an alarmed sleepy little cry came from the bedroom. In swift instinctive response Nonie was gone. And all Jim's blind obstinacy swept back over him. In a rage at himself and all the world, he flung on his oilskins and sou'wester, and tore the door open to the black night outside.

Nonie went into the bedroom in a daze. She lifted the baby and stood by the cradle holding him in her arms, rocking herself back and forth as she patted the crying child with her trembling hand. That was not at all what the baby wanted, as Nora knew well: the baby missed the kisses and the cuddling, the soft words and little songs with which she was accustomed to comfort him and herself when Jim was away. But there was a lump in Nora's throat, and a perplexing anger and pain in her heart which for the first time in her life found no solace in the baby's soft little body so close to



"No," Jim said sullenly, "let's finish this up: you come to this show with me, to-night, with 'im or without 'im, or I go to Fraser's"

hers. Then, over the sound of the baby's crying, Nonie heard the front door close loudly and defiantly.

She cried to herself fearfully that it couldn't be Jim—that it must be the wind, just the wind. Hugging the baby tightly, she flew through the bedroom out to the tiny kitchen and then to the little front hall, calling as she ran, "Jim? Oh, Jimmy?" There was no answer. She opened the front door half way, shielding the baby with her hand and arm, and looked out into the darkness already so violent with the rising storm that the wind almost blew out the lamp, then slammed the door in her face.

Looking dully about, she saw that his oilskins and sou'wester were gone; but his kit bag was in the corner where he had flung it when he had come in before dinner. "He can't go away without that, baby," she said gravely to the little uncomprehending face on her shoulder. "Now you must go to sleep—and we'll wait for 'im."

She went quietly back to the kitchen stove, where she warmed the child well and then put him to sleep again in his little bed. Then she dropped into the rocking chair in the kitchen, laughing nervously and pressing her hands to her smarting eyes.

"He's only teasing me," she said aloud to herself. "Of course he means to come back, only I wish he hadn't given me such a fright. I ought not to have told him we'd go away, but he made me feel so badly. It's such a bad night I'll have some tea ready for him when he comes in." She shook up the fire and put the kettle on and the pot on the back of the stove, then got out bread and butter and laid a plate and a cup and saucer on the red table cloth. "And I'll fry a little ham for him, and—I ought not to have told him we'd go away if he didn't come home," she said aloud again; "but he made me feel so bad . . . "

She stared through the open draft of the stove, and in the red coals there came before her fixed eyes the picture of her old home: her mother, bedridden, helpless with rheumatism, her younger sister nursing the mother, the older sister who lived next door with her three little children; and there was her big silent father with tawny beard and rough, curly hair—he had always been kind to her, but his eyes had never invited her confidence. She remembered how sure her father had been that Jim would not be kind to her and how sure she had been that he would. No, she could not go home, not there! And she thought of Jim's father, silent and austere, and of all that Jim had told her of his lonely home—the remote island, the stark lighthouse.

So that a sudden feeling of protectiveness, almost of maternal love, rose up in her for her Jim—that and a thrill of pride that she had given him his first real home. How good he was to her, how kind and strong and fine and faithful! He had been cross with her to-night, and she'd felt very badly, but he hadn't really meant what he'd said any more than she had.

"He'll be wet and cold when he comes in," she said to herself. She shook the fire up again. "And he'll like some eggs with his ham: he always says——" She smiled. Her eyes swam with tears. As she broke the first egg into the cup, she said, "Of course he'll come home to-night, but if he hadn't—we'd—have—*gone*." The egg slipped from between her shaking fingers. She laughed half fearfully. "If he hadn't we'd have——" She shivered, then gathered herself and moved deftly about the tidy kitchen, preparing the little feast for her Jim; and the strained muscles of her eyes and throat relaxed, and a little timid smile ventured to her lips.

When everything was ready she found that it was late, and she realized suddenly that she was very tired. She secured the windows and doors against the storm,

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gave a housewifely look to the fire in the stove, turned the lamp low, and lay down on the bed beside the sleeping baby to wait for Jim. In a few moments she was fast asleep.

When he burst from the house, Jim had turned his sullenly bent head toward Fraser's. He was a product of that reserved race which holds the bleak coasts of the North Atlantic. His father had kept the lighthouse on an island which the sailing directions, gotten out by the Hydrographic Office, describe as "not permanently inhabited." There Jim had been born. To his young eyes, the octagonal seventy-foot lighthouse had loomed huge and high, and he had felt a pride in its indomitability. It was painted a sheer white, and the red lantern had glowed with a vivid warmth. Between the end of the island and Menadou Head on the mainland raced a tide-rip so savage and strong that the kelp on the easily seen bottom stretched like rubber ropes and writhed like fathom-long eels, seeming always to make headway against the fierce current, yet never gaining a hair's breadth. On the rocks, gulls built their nests so close together that one almost over-lapped another, and the silver-white birds rose cumbrously whenever a ship passed, flinging down on her from heavy beaks harsh cries as of desolation and despair.

THE lighthouse, the diaphone, the gulls and the waves were the only companions the boy had known. His father never took him to the mainland. The only woman he had ever seen had been the mother he could scarcely remember. His father had taught him to read and write and given him a little arithmetic.

"That's all you'll be needin' to know fer to tend th' light," Colin McKenzie had said laconically. And, inheriting his father's taciturnity, the boy had said nothing. But in a seaman's chest, salvaged from a wreck on the northern end of the island, he had found a book called "General Navigation," and it had fascinated him. The obstinate father had taken the book away, but the obstinate son had searched for the book until he had recovered it; and on long nights when the North East gales tried to tear the lighthouse from its base on the trap rock, then, foiled in that, hauled to the South East and tried to choke the revolving white light with fog, Jim, snug in his blankets, had grounded himself in navigation. He had begun at the book's very beginning, that is, with the note:

> The directions of the winds are given for the points from which they blow; the directions of the currents, for the points toward which they set.

References to Mercator's chart had puzzled him. He knew nothing of the loxodromic curve. But he learned that sound, when travelling against the wind, often is thrown upward, so that a man aloft may hear a fog signal inaudible on deck; of the use of oil for modifying the effect of breaking waves; he learned that when at anchor in an open roadstead he must suspend his oil bags from the jib-boom or haul them ahead of the vessel by means of an endless rope rove through a tail-block secured to the anchor chain.

These and innumerable other odd bits of information his book gave him, fragments, all valuable, of the accumulated wisdom of men who from the beginning had answered the subtle summons of the sea. Tingling he read, and thrilled he dreamed. By the time he was twenty, straight as a spar and wide as the door of the lighthouse, the summons had become irresistible. The *Charming Lass*, trying to keep her course through a flat calm, had glided one glistening, blue day close to the island, and Jim had rowed out and stepped eagerly over her rail into the life for which he had longed.

They had put in for water that afternoon at Menadou and to Jim, all of whose magnificent, untried young energies cried out for temptation, the town was a marvel. The crew said they'd take him through. But before they could keep their promise Fortune had stepped in and showed him young womanhood in all its perfection in Nora Tavish. A storm had kept the schooner in the harbor for four days, and when she tore out through the white water for Placentia, Newfoundland, Jim went with her, celibate as a monk, his one desire to make money enough to marry Nora.

Captain Murdick, who had thrown the two together, was grim, oblivious, and delighted. The crew jeered Jim, but he turned laconic. When one of the men grew bolder, Jim knocked him cold. After that, they respected him and his love affair. Tireless as the tide and obstinate as drift ice, he worked to learn the schooner and what she required of him. This, added to his ability to handle the crew, settled it: Captain Murdick put Jim in as mate. Jim rented and furnished a little house just outside the town of Menadou, and married Nora.

A short year, that marriage, the coming of that marvelous Paradise. But it seemed to him now a memory vague and concluded as a dream. For the glare and the heat in Fraser's saloon, and still more the fact and the cause of his coming, fixed him motionless before the crowd. He knew almost none of them. Though he was a sailor, he was not a drinking

But in the morning, when he woke, and sprang shivering up the ladder to the deck, the schooner, with everything set, was tearing down North to Placentia, Newfoundland.

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man. He had always despised the longshoremen who hung about Fraser's.

And his face showed this and the crowd gave way, watching him diffidently. But when he ordered whiskey, they pressed around him, claiming him familiarly as one of themselves. "You'll have a fair wind fer yer run out in th' mornin'," said Duncan McClave, wiping his scraggly mustache with the back of his hand. He was a cod-scrubber in a fish-packing house on the dock and could neither swim nor sail; he was a dirty, ineffective complainer, who never tried either to better his lot or stay sober. "Come over 'ere. 'ere's Jim McKenzie," McClave called to the gabby stranger in the tight-cut checked suit. "Jim McKenzie's mate o' th' *Charmin' Lass*, th' best three-sticker in any harbor between 'ere an' Placentia, Newf'undland."

Mr. Cullum, the fat stranger, caught Jim's hand between two soft, hot palms. "Yes," he said, "I've seen your skimming dish. And," he went on familiarly, "I wouldn't mind looking her over when you take me aboard of her. You'll find me here, right where I am, any day or night for another week."

Jim tore his hand free.

"I'm a city man," Cullum went on, "here on business. So you're sailing your schooner up to Newfoundland? Lots of pretty girls there, I guess," he added playfully. Then, seeing Jim's frown grow blacker and blacker, Cullum resumed, "You're not a married man; I can tell that! Girls are all right, but when it comes to wives and children—! As I was telling the boys here . . ."

Jim gulped down the contents of his glass, flung himself into a chair by the wall, and stared savagely about him. This was Fraser's. Here was the fun he had boasted to Nora would be his so readily. These were the friends he'd told her would be waiting to welcome him, these dirty, blear-eyed sweeps! For this, he had . . .! Cold with fury at himself now, he got to his feet, looked threateningly about, forced down another drink of the fiery cheap whiskey, then went back to the chair he had left, and sat forbidding and still for a long time.

Through the close air, dimly lighted by the smoking lamp, he looked about that foul room and pictured his own snug little home, comfortable and sweet and clean because Nonie made and kept it so. That was it: it was Nonie. They had little enough money: the mate, even of a three-sticker, is not paid overmuch, but she made his earnings serve, and more than serve; and though many girls he knew seemed content, on becoming wives and mothers, to sink into slovenliness, Nonie had preserved the daintiness of her girlhood. And against the background of her daintiness, her devotion, her loyalty, and her self-denial, he saw his obstinacy, the fault which had been his.

He got to his feet without formulating what he should say to her. He was as direct and as simple as his Scotch ancestors who had "told the time of day by the shadows in the glen"; but he had as well all the intensity of his strong, Northern blood and the passion of superb physical vigor; and even in his humility he hungered to hold her in his arms.

"Jimmy," she warned again timidly, "do be careful. There's a light an' some one'll see us."

As he charged the swinging door, making for the street, the door swung in, and Captain Murdick faced him, saying evenly, "Lochie Buchanan told me you'd gone in 'ere, but I didn't believe 'im. My wife an' I figgered we 'd go an' see you an' Nora, to-night. Goin' to be home?"

"Why, yes, Cap'n. Course!" Jim began eagerly and stumblingly. He put his hand to his head and moistened his lips. "Nonie 'll be glad to see you. We'll both be."

But when they reached the sidewalk, Captain Murdick said slowly, "We'll come an' see Nonie another night."

"Come to-night," Jim urged. "Come now!" He tried to lead the captain along. But Captain Murdick held back, saying, "No, Jim, not to-night; it wouldn't be best."

"Why not?" Jim asked, putting his hand on the captain's sleeve. "Why not to-night, Cap'n?"

"You know, or you ought to," said the Captain, shaking off Jim's hand. "What'd you go in there fer an' get likker onto yer breath? My wife don't like to smell likker onto a man, an' neither do I, when th' man's mate o' my schooner an' 's got a nice wife an' a nice little babby!"

In shame Jim looked across the level between his eyes and the captain's, and said haltingly, "Cap'n Murdick, I—bin—a—"

"You bin," said the Captain. "That's what you bin."

"An'," Jim went on huskily, "she won't never have th' like o' it again from me. I'm goin' home now an tell her so."

"Not now," said the Captain gruffly. "Not like you are now. You're not right to—to-night."

"But I got to say good-bye to 'em before we clear in th' mornin'," Jim said, then looked away, tormented and trembling at the memory of his last words to Nonie: his threat and her promise. "I'm goin' home now," he said: "I got to go home and see 'em *now*."

Captain Murdick brought his face close to Jim's, and said; "I tell you you're not fit to say good-bye to 'em to-night, an' neither are you, not with likker onto your breath. Go down to th' schooner an' turn in. I'll have one o' th' hands wake you afore we clear in th' mornin' so you can run up home an' say good-bye."

Captain Murdick turned abruptly and faced off to his house. He said to his wife as he hung up his dripping sou'wester, "I'm thinkin' Nora'll be lonely: she's young, an' with Jim off on th' schooner—Likely you'd best go up an' see her in th' morning."

"I think likely, I think likely," his wife said, "an' I'll go."

Jim walked blindly down the black path to the wharf. The *Charming Lass* now lay at her moorings a hundred yards off shore. Lochie Buchanan was just putting out in a dory, and Jim hailed him, clambered in, and sank down on the after thwart.

"Looks as if we was in for a howler," Lochie began awkwardly. "We won't need to scrub down no decks to-morrow or next day, likely."

Jim said nothing. He felt numbed, unable to endure the merciless insistence of his thoughts. He kept his weary eyes on the green riding-light of the schooner, boarded her the moment the dory bumped her side, then crept below and stretched himself just as he was on his bunk.

It was long before he slept: even the

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Jim was on him in one stride; the sailor's fingers held like new hemp, and with a fist as hard as frozen rope he struck Cullum twice.

heave of the schooner as the seas lifted her clean bow, then eased her smoothly down and swept under and astern of her, brought him no peace. For in the gloom he saw Nonie's face and the sadness in her eyes.

"In th' mornin'," he said to himself over and over. "I'll tell 'er in the mornin'." He would make all well in the morning.

But in the morning, when he awoke and sprang shivering up the ladder to the deck, the schooner, with everything set, was tearing down North to Placentia, Newfoundland.

"We cleared in th' night," Captain Murdick said gruffly. "I sent word to yer folks."

"But," Jim began in a daze, "you said you'd have me waked—"

"You wouldn't *be* waked," Captain Murdick retorted. "Take th' wheel!" Then, as Jim obeyed mechanically, Captain Murdick added, "You kin send 'em a letter by th' Reid boat from St. Johns. It won't be too late."

"It's too late *now*," Jim said hoarsely. "I didn't say goodbye to 'em before we sailed, an' it's too late to say it now."

WITH ordinary weather, it's a three days, run from Menadou, Nova Scotia, to Placentia, Newfoundland. But the *Charming Lass* had half a gale on her quarter, and Captain Murdick and Jim drove her: she lowered no canvas and kept a bone in her teeth all the way. So they clipped twenty-eight hours off the three days. When they entered the big bight that makes in back of St. Johns they found that coal had jumped to $9 a ton, so they made that their port, and Captain Murdick had the slings on the gaffs and the big buckets going out of her hold and dumping into the carts on the wharf almost before Jim had got her lines on the piles. Then, with the same speed, they ballasted her with gravel and cleared, a Hake's Mouth in the West and a slashing breeze loose for the long run home.

The schooner flew through the water, but to Jim she seemed inert as a coil of anchor chain. Towering rigid as a column away forward, he fought his blurred vision over the sweeping miles of sea. Would the schooner ever round Cranberry Head and show him Menadou? And when it did, and he had reached the little house, would *they* be there? He hadn't said goodbye to them before he sailed.

The weather grew thick. By late afternoon of the second day out, the wind hauled back into the eastward, then to the s'uth'ard, and the *Charming Lass*, close-hauled, slit the rising seas. The breeze grew to a living gale. The spray, which had drenched him through his oilskins, was supplemented now by waves which boarded the bow, foamed aft, and boiled through the scuppers and over the rail; next the entire deck was awash: she was *takin' 'em green*. But Jim kept his post forward. The seas rose at that motionless, indefatigable figure; they commanded him to go below; they threatened him; then, furious, they waited for him to relax for one instant the clutch of this strong hand on the shrouds.

But he kept his hold. To do that, always to do that, had been the first thing he had learned on board ship; but it was his hold on all he held dear, on what was Life itself to him, of which he was thinking now: his anchor to safety, to happiness, to Life—his hold—first Nonie, and now Nonie and 'im.

Night was down, roaring, black and thick with fog, when the schooner felt her way cautiously in between Menadou Head and the lighthouse off Lazytown. The instant she'd picked up her moorings, Captain Murdick took Jim aside, saying: "I 'm sendin' Lochie in with th' tender. He'll take you, then come back fer us. You're fit to go to your folks now, Jim; you ain't got no likker onto yer breath now, an' you won't never have ag'in." Two big hands, wet with spray and cold with the night and the tension, locked on each other. Then Jim went over the heaving side into the pitching tender, and Lochie cast off.

"Gimme th' oars, Lochie," Jim said hoarsely to the slighter man. Lochie obeyed, and Jim drove the dory through the combers not to the wharf but to a cleft in the craggy beach—a short cut to the little house. The lights of the village were at his back, but he knew that every heave of his oars against the thole pins brought him nearer—nearer— The cleft in the foaming shore leaped at them out of the gloom. Jim clutched the wet rail, steadied himself for the leap, then was over, waist-deep in the whirling water. In another moment he had shoved the dory off and was hurrying up the dark path to the little house.

THERE was no light in the window, and he went weak on the door-step. Afraid to enter, yet unable to endure waiting, he found the door-knob and turned it, but the door was locked. He knew then that this was what he had dreaded even while denying its possibility. He tried one of the front windows, then another. They were fast. With leaden feet he went to the back of the little house and, finding this door open, he groped his way in.

The little kitchen, revealed by the match he held high before him, was immaculate; so was the little, empty living room; Nonie's sewing basket was there on the table; but the draw-string was tight—

(*Continued on page 111*)

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The Colyumists' Confessional

I. Don Marquis, *by Himself*

THE newest theory about humor (which is also the oldest) is that every joker has it in for something—chiefly for himself—and that his jokes are merely the way he slips by his politeness censor and gets in his licks at the old world without shocking anybody.

If this is so, every colyum conductor must carry around a staggering burden indeed, yearning for some confessional whereat to ease his soul unfacetiously. Judging by the fun he has at the expense of the world in the songs and sallies that make up that dearly beloved American institution "the colyum," and by the enthusiasm with which his fans root him on—Heaven knows what terrible hidden things rankle in his bosom.

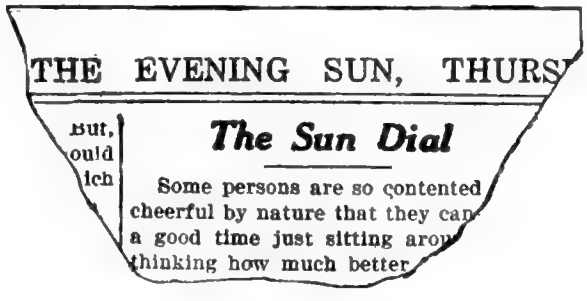
Most of us who laugh with these punchinellos of the press know them little and would be glad to get a line on what sort they are; what they think of their jobs; how they came to be in them, and what of their own work they like best.

That's why we've opened this colyumist's corner, where every month one of them may take off his motley, ease his hammer and tell us about himself without restraint. We don't care a hang what they say; we don't even demand that they be funny. Was there ever a humorist who took himself humorously?

THE EDITORS.

Paul Thompson.

Don Marquis, the gnomon of the EVENING SUN'S "Sun Dial."


THE EVENING SUN, THURS

But, ould Ich

The Sun Dial

Some persons are so contented cheerful by nature that they can a good time just sitting arou thinking how much better

I ONCE asked a negro, who was waiting to be quite legally hanged in a county jail down South, how he had happened to commit the crime which had brought him to the shadow of the gallows. He gave the question some moments of intense thought—I could almost see his skull rising and falling in billows as the inquiry moved underneath it, through the mazes of his convoluted cerebrum; and the unusual mental effort brought the streams of sweat down his face. Finally he answered:

"Well, I dunno, boss."

At an earlier period of my newspaper experience I inquired of Mr. Booth Tarkington how he had happened to write a certain play. I was a cub reporter on a Washington, D. C., newspaper; "Monsieur Beaucaire" was being tried out there, and Mr. Tarkington was on hand to see it.

I had never interviewed a playwright before. The city editor had said: "Go and interview Booth Tarkington about his play," and I went. But when Mr. Tarkington received me, I didn't know what to ask him. Finally I broke a silence that was becoming distressing, to me at least, by saying:

"This is your first play, isn't it, Mr. Tarkington?"

"Yes," he said, "this is my first play."

The silence gathered again, and after a while Mr. Tarkington offered me a cigarette, or something. By the time it was consumed I had thought of another question.

"Do you *like* the play, Mr. Tarkington?" I inquired, brightly and cheerily.

"Oh, yes, I *like* the play."

During the next period of silence Mr. Tarkington, who had been feeling sorry for me, began to feel sorry for the entire human race; he felt sorry for the human race because it contained a person as stupid as I; I perceived this sorrow working in Mr. Tarkington and determined to make one final effort to redeem myself—and I did achieve a third question. I projected, with a false vivacity:

"How did you happen to write this play, Mr. Tarkington?"

Mr. Tarkington had answered the former questions easily—in an offhand manner—almost trippingly, one might say—but this gave him pause. I could see that he had never had it asked him before; that he had never asked it of himself. He fell into profound thought, which continued minute after minute, and grew momentarily more profound. I could feel that his consciousness and his subconsciousness had leapt apart, startled, and were now standing and staring at one another, each begging the other for the answer. At last he broke down and confessed:

"Well—I don't know—I don't know."

I had never realized how I had made these two victims suffer—Mr. Tarkington, who was to see the curtain go up on his first act that night, and the negro who was waiting for the final drop to fall—until recently, when I received a letter from EVERYBODY'S asking me:

"How did you come to be a column conductor?"

After twenty-four hours of anguished self-examination I am forced to reply: "I don't know—I don't know."

The idea has been advanced in the *Evening Sun* office that the thing came about because I got too fat to do anything else—anything useful, at least. Fat men have always been suspected of geniality and good-humor, frequently without justification. It was nearly ten years ago that I began to notice that some of my most serious remarks were received with smiles. I chafed under it at first. But as my girth increased, and my casual words grew wiser, and my habit of mind became more earnest, my reputation as a humorist, among a little group of friends, likewise waxed. I ceased to struggle, after a while; I ignobly allowed myself to seem what the world evidently wished me to be; I pretended to a joviality of disposition that is foreign to my nature; I began to affect an external frivolity which is really revolting to me.

The thing has gone so far now, that there are certain persons who would be

(*Continued on page 85*)

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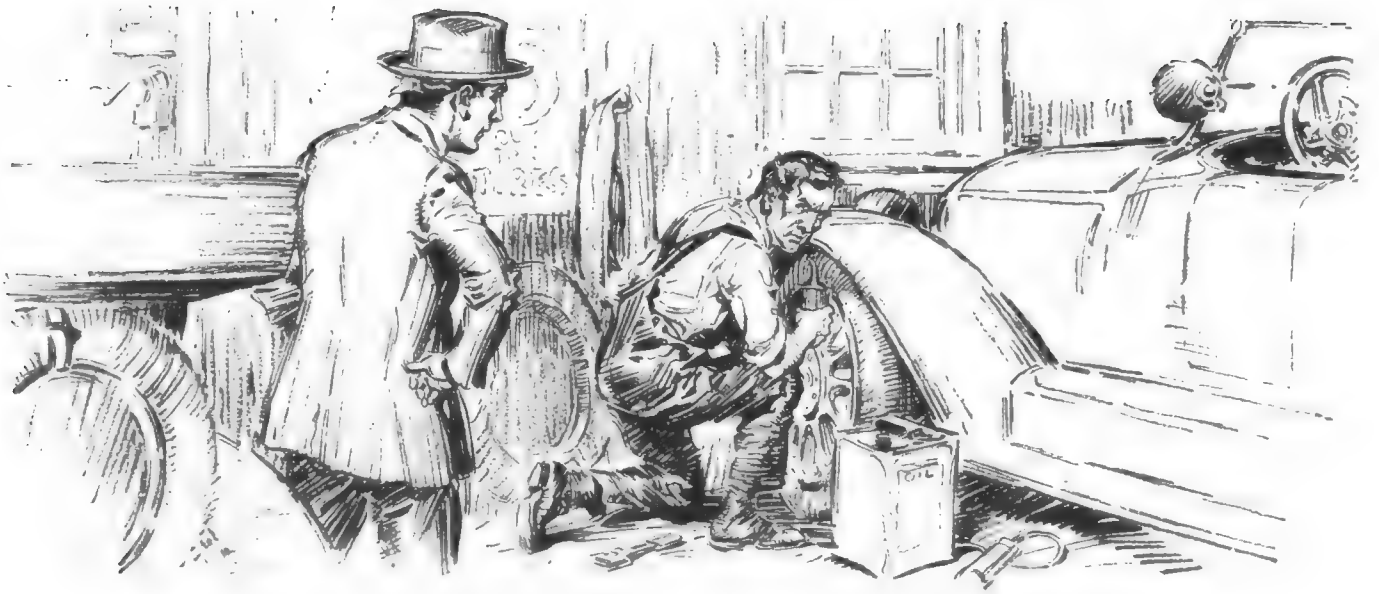

Tommy was surprised to find in Andy Smith's eye a look that was neither friendly nor easy.

You Can't Miss It

By George F. Worts

A Two Part Story — Part Two

V

TOMMY was wondering, as he commenced to dress, if a train had been robbed at Baker's Junction, or merely if the post-office safe had been looted. Both these theories he dismissed, however, on psychological grounds. Certainly an ordinary robber would not receive such personal treatment as that proffered by the threatened tar-brush. At all events, he had little to fear now from the sheriff. He had been purchased without the expenditure of a penny! Tommy's feeling of uneasiness went away completely after he had soaped his face and hands and splashed in the bowl of icy water. Inwardly and outwardly he was glowing. He was finding the situation interesting, and he wanted to see the dark-eyed girl again; wanted to find out what it was about her that seemed to appeal to him so strongly.

When he went downstairs and into the garage he was surprised to find in Andy Smith's eye a look that was neither friendly nor easy. This puzzled him, because he had overheard most of the sheriff's second conversation with Andy. He wondered if the garage owner still retained his suspicions and, if so, why he had not taken the pains to urge his beliefs on the easily persuaded officer.

"How does she look this morning?"

Andy Smith shook his head surlily. "Rotten. Mebbe I can tell better later on. See if the blacksmith'll straighten out that front axle. Guess I c'n prob'ly hammer out the fender. Haven't looked her over inside yet," he added gloomily. "Can't tell. Mebbe you'll need a whole new engine in her."

Tommy steered clear of the other's touchiness. "Shucks. I need a car right away. How far away from here is Wilkinsville?"

Andy Smith gave him a startled look. " 'Leven miles," he growled. "Next station on the railroad past the junction. Goin' to sell one of them Steam Star tractors b'fore breakfast?"—this with a trace of sarcasm.

Tommy laughed softly, but he was irritated. "That's the idea! Going to make hay while the sun shines. Have to see a man over there first thing."

"What say his name was?"

"Brown"—thoughtfully.

"What Brown? You mean Jake Brown?"

"That's the one."

Andy Smith eyed him narrowly. "What in Sam Hill does Jake Brown want a tractor for?"

"What do people generally want tractors for?" Tommy came back testily.

"I can't see what in Sam Hill an undertaker wants a tractor for!" was the equally testy rejoinder.

They seemed to have arrived at an *impasse*. "Well, anyhow," Tommy said briskly, "I've got to get to Wilkinsville. Haven't you a car I can rent by the day until mine is fixed?"

Andy Smith's disapproval of the plan was thorough.

"I don't know. I don't like to rent out cars unless I drive 'em myself."

"How about that old Gorgon runabout in there?"

"Well, I don't know. She ain't so old as you mebbe think she is."

"How much by the day?"

"Well, I don't know. My price would prob'ly strike you as bein' pretty stiff. Have to have a deposit, anyhow."

Tommy said to himself that twenty-five dollars ought to be fair to all concerned. Andy Smith was wondering if he dared advance his price to ten dollars.

"Nine-fifty," said Andy, with a take-it-or-leave-it air. "An' you buy your own gas."

"That's fair enough."

"Fifty dollars' deposit," the garage owner added sulkily.

"What's the matter with my Dulcier? It's worth two dozen Gorgons."

"How do I know she's yours?"

It seemed as if the next stage of the conversation would be physical. Electric sparks were all but visible in the atmosphere. Tommy Bennett surrendered unconditionally by producing a fat roll of bills.

Andy Smith accepted the money and went across the floor to the runabout, growling under his breath. Tommy, watching him, tried hard to decide what had happened to embitter the pleasant

SYNOPSIS

TOMMY BENNETT, a wealthy young playwright, gives Gwendolyn Playfair, a talented chorus girl, a leading part in his new play. The night of its production, excited by their joint success, he enters her dressing room at the theatre, enthusiastically kisses her, and invites her to a celebration supper in his rooms, to which he is asking the entire cast. Gwendolyn, frightened, leaves for Chicago on the Green Diamond Express and Tommy pursues the train by motor, hoping to overtake it at Baker's Junction.

Near Baker's Junction, he passes a young woman trying to repair her car. He refuses to help her, and she in return directs him to the wrong road. His car is wrecked a little later and the same young woman, Dorothy Miller, comes up in time to haul him to the village, where her friend Andy Smith gives him a bed. Next morning he is surprised to find that the town is in hot pursuit of him, and that, though no one knows him by sight, he is evidently regarded as a dangerous character. Tommy is ignorant of the reason for this, and, when cross-examined by the sheriff, represents himself as L. A. Burbank, a steam-tractor salesman.

In this story Mr. Worts has made his first appearance before EVERYBODY'S readers. They will be glad to know that there are at least four more stories of his to look forward to during 1920.

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"Which is the way to Wilkinsville?" he called pleasantly to her.

young garage man overnight. He had intended originally to ask him about the nice girl who had towed him in, but decided that asking questions in the present surcharged condition of the atmosphere might readily lead to bitterer feeling.

The Gorgon runabout had been painted distantly in the past by someone with an evident thirst for originality. Some of the tints of the rainbow were lacking, but not many. Out in the sunlight the mixture of colors affected a crawling motion, not unlike the illusion produced by some of the more vivid steamship camouflage patterns.

"How do I reach Wilkinsville?" Tommy asked, when gasoline and oil had been introduced.

Andy Smith's full red lips tightened; darkness made its way between his eyes. An unexplained impulse abolished this hardness instantly. He pointed down the road.

"Turn left at the four-corners and go straight for ten miles. First town you strike."

"First town, eh?"

"Yep. You can't miss it."

It happened that Tommy was watching the gritty hands. He observed that when, or shortly after, Andy Smith said "Turn left," his right hand gestured decisively toward the right. First-hand contact with numerous levels of humanity had taught Tommy that a man's feet and hands will often tell the truth even while his lips and tongue are framing falsehoods.

HE thought it over on his way to the corners, and he wished that someone would explain to him the sudden hostility that had taken possession of Andy Smith. The explanation of course would shed light upon the stupid sheriff's interest in this Bennett person. What outrage had Thomas Allan Bennett committed?

At the four-corners he looked for signposts, but there were no signs. Nothing but a rusty iron watering trough. He waited for a ramshackle buggy drawn by a dejected brown horse which approached slowly from the right.

The driver of this ancient rig was an old woman with yellow-white hair and a drawn, bloodless mouth.

"Which is the way to Wilkinsville?" he called pleasantly to her.

"The way I just come," she snapped at him. "Giddap!"

"Nice morning," he remarked, and manœuvered around her.

About five miles down the road he passed a white farmhouse, set back from the road behind a thicket of Japanese maples, their leaves shimmering like oxidized copper in the clear sunlight. It was not an unattractive farmhouse, and Tommy absently considered the details with the feeling that it was nice looking but rather prim and austere. He was so enamored of an oblong cluster of fine white clouds massed in the blue sky behind the house that he failed to give more than a passing glance to the Flinnet which was parked in front. The cloud formations with the tropical blueness of the sky surrounding them reminded him of paintings by Howard Pyle. The composition, the color scheme, were perfect.

Inside the house a girl with anxious dark eyes stood at a wall telephone, holding in her right hand a heavy old-fashioned rubber receiver against an ear pink as South Sea coral.

Five miles away Andy Smith was informing her that the man she had towed in last night claimed to be a tractor salesman, that he had rented the Gorgon runabout for the day.

"Is—is it—him?" the girl said softly.

"Well, I don't know. The sheriff woke him up this morning and gave him a little of the old third degree. Least, he told me he did."

"Did—he hurt him, you mean?" Dorothy demanded feelingly of the mouthpiece.

"Nope. Just cross-examined him. Told Jim he was sellin' a new steam tractor, and Hopper fell for it. Claims his name is Burbank, an' he asked me the way to Wilkinsville. Wants to see Jake Brown, he says."

"Why on earth does he want to see Jake Brown?" the girl demanded.

"Don't know. Prob'ly's goin' to try sellin' him a steam tractor."

"How perfectly ridiculous!"

"Yeah. Well, Jim went up there and swallowed it all, hook, line an' sinker. He's slick an' smooth, that fella is! But he can't fool me."

Dorothy said nervously: "Do you s'pose he is coming right out here?"

"Certainly! That Wilkinsville excuse was too darned flimsy. Anyhow, I went and sent him off the wrong way, to give you time to get ready for him."

"Hold the line a minute!" she cried. "Somebody is going past the house now!"

SHE dropped the receiver and ran out to the corner of the porch where, through the clematis vine, she could look down the Wilkinsville road for nearly a half mile. Rising white dust all but prevented her from recognizing the familiar sky-blue runabout which was scampering away from her. She seemed bewildered when she hastened back to the telephone.

"He went right by without even hesitating!" she told Andy breathlessly. "He was going fast, too—thirty, anyway."

Again the voices were silent. Then—

"Listen!" Andy exclaimed. "It ain't nothin' but another stall. Why don't you call Jake Brown up in a little while, and find out whether he's sellin' tractors or whether he's bluffin'? An' I'm goin' right down the street, and tell Jim Hopper what I think!"

"Don't you dare!" Dorothy commanded indignantly. "If you get him into trouble with Jim Hopper and that bunch I'll buy my gasoline in Wilkinsville!"

"Aw, Dorothy," Andy's hurt voice came over the wire; "ain't I only tryin' to do what's right?"

"I am old enough to manage my own affairs," she said coldly. "I've asked you to do just one thing for me. If he wants to know where I live—don't tell him."

"But everybody in the village is layin' for him!" Andy protested. "Old Jeff Glanner was in here only a minute ago, and he says—"

"I don't care a snap what Jeff Glanner or anybody says!" Dorothy stopped him. "I am not responsible to a lot of nosey men!"

"But why've you gone' and changed your mind so 'bout him?" Andy was anxious to know. "You know he's a sneak an'—"

"Good-bye!" she cut him off unkindly.

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"I was awfully afraid I might miss seeing you," Tommy said tensely.

"I won't be in town this afternoon, after all. If he asks you who I am or where I live, you will kindly tell him that you do not know. Good-bye!"

She turned from the telephone to encounter the angry stare and the suspicious countenance of a tall, lanky old man in blue overalls, who had stolen into the dining room from the back yard.

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Who was you talkin' to over that telephone?" her grandfather barked at her.

"It was Andy Smith, Grampa. He—he says that that man we saw on the road last night is in Greenbrook. He had a smash-up after he left us, on that bad hill into the village, and his car is in Andy's garage now being repaired," she concluded in a gasping, frightened voice.

"Is it T. A. Bennett?" he snapped.

The girl darted a scared glance at her hands, while her tongue remained still, divided between two utterances, the one she wanted to make, and the one she knew she ought to make. He was glaring at her suspiciously.

"Jim Hopper cross-examined him this morning," she answered. "He told Jim his name is Burbank. He is selling steam tractors. He went by on his way to Wilkinsville about ten minutes ago. He had Andy's blue runabout."

"Did you see him go by?"

"Yes, Grampa."

"Did he slow down?"

"No, Grampa; he went right past."

Old man Miller wetted his lips without relaxing. His expression was no less ireful than before.

"Why'd you say you wasn't goin' to town this afternoon?" he said angrily.

"I—why—I thought it would be wisest," she stammered, "n—not to let him see me." Her glance wavered.

The old man took a step toward her. "Yo're up to some of your old tricks!" he accused her shrilly. "Somethin's goin' on I ain't s'posed to know about. Yo're up to somethin'! You better watch out, young woman. I ain't goin' to put up with no nonsense. Yo're *goin'* to town this afternoon. I guess I c'n take care of the sneak!" His voice rose to a squeal. "I guess I c'n still use a shotgun!"

He glared at her averted face.

"Georgia come down stairs yet?"

"No, Grampa; I think she's still sleeping."

"Where's that jug of cider?"

Dorothy, backed against the wall beside the walnut telephone, glanced up startled, as if he were about to strike her. Most of the warm color had deserted her face, and her lips were pale, too, and trembling. But her eyes upon him were now starlike in their brightness and steadiness. She moved a small hand, quickly, to touch a coil of her glossy dark hair.

"In the pantry," she told him sullenly.

With the indifference of the household autocrat to the moods of women the angry old gentleman stalked past her and entered the kitchen. She heard him growling. A little later she heard the loud slamming of the kitchen door—he always slammed doors when he was angry—and she saw the skinny, overalled figure with its surmounting red neck and bristling white hair move jerkily down the path toward the barn.

DOROTHY dropped down upon the nearest dining-room chair, with her fists in the lap of her blue gingham dress, her lips sealed whitely, and stared furiously at the old-fashioned red linen tablecloth. She wanted to scream. She wanted to smash something.

Sunlight reflected greenly from the trees filled the room with a soft glow and brought out her paleness against the dark wallpaper with the rich effectiveness of a dry-point etching.

She sighed as if with actual pain. Suddenly her firm chin flew up in its accustomed gesture. She dragged the chair to the sideboard, and looked at herself across a cut-glass bowl filled with apples and peaches.

The hair about her forehead was slightly disarranged. She made the necessary improvements, held her head to one side and contemplated the effect critically. Her lips became sullen again, with dark depressions at the corners.

She sprang up, banged open the swinging door into the kitchen, and snatched a long white apron from a nail near the old woodstove.

Heat waves from the antique started perspiration on her face, neck, and slim bared arms.

"Now wouldn't you suppose," she addressed it bitterly, "that any man would have enough consideration for any woman to buy her a kerosene stove for the summertime in place of you—you darned nuisance?"

To which the woodstove replied with nothing that woodstoves had served her feminine ancestors before her, and that if a woodstove was good enough for them a woodstove was good enough for her. That, you see, was Grandfather Miller's inevitable come-back.

About an hour later, Dorothy pushed a chair supporting an earthen bowl of fragrant dough into the sunlight which poured through the window in the back door.

She then washed her hands in a tin basin, went to the telephone, and cranked the little magneto handle with vigor. To the Wilkinsville operator she conveyed the following formula: "One five seven—ring nine."

Presently Mr. Brown, the undertaker, was on the wire.

"I hope you won't think I'm intrusive, Mr. Brown," Dorothy said in her sweet young voice, "but I am—that is, we are—interested in a Mr. Burbank, who is selling steam tractors. We were simply wondering if he really is selling tractors, or if—"

"You bet your life he is!" boomed Mr. Brown's hollow bass voice. "Who sent that darned pest up here?"

"I don't know, Mr. Brown," Dorothy said meekly. "Why?"

"He left here less'n ten minutes ago, after doggone near talkin' the arm off o' me!"

VI

HAVING succeeded in boring Mr. Brown to a state bordering upon the impulse to commit murder—although his intention had been merely to carry the lie to a conclusion—Tommy Bennett drove to the Wilkinsville railroad station, and slid the best cigar he had been able to purchase at the grocery store across the worn oak ledge to the station agent. The station

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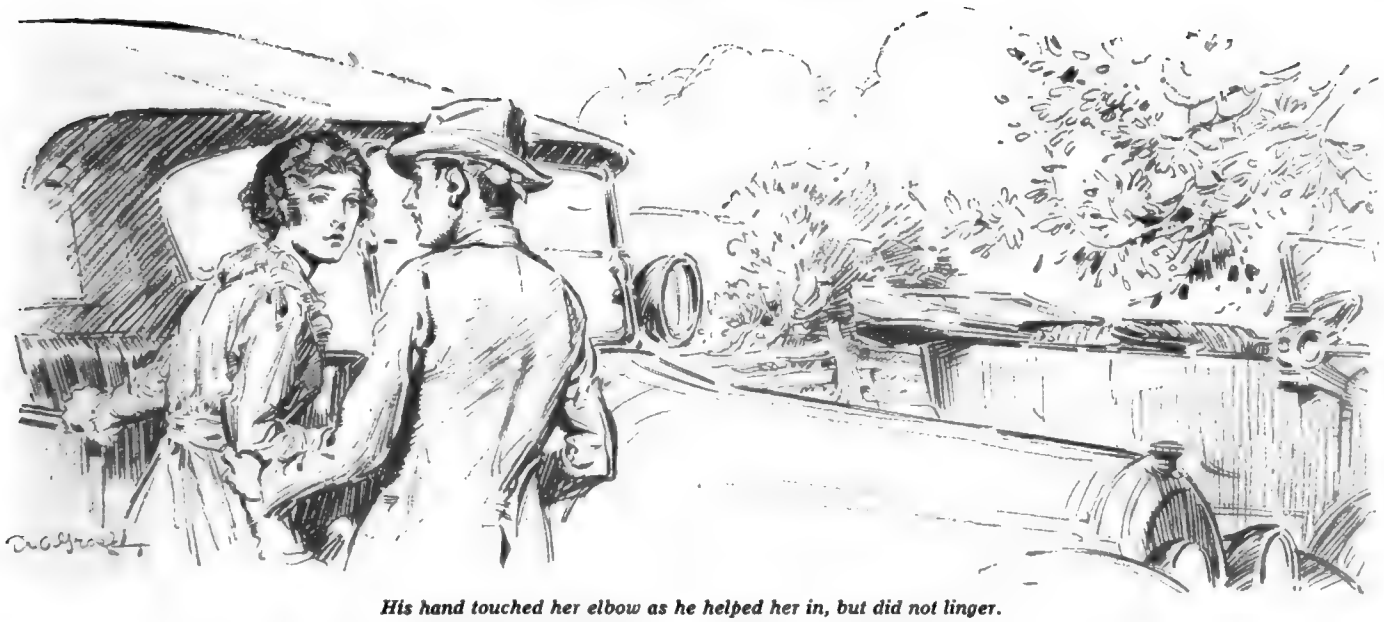

His hand touched her elbow as he helped her in, but did not linger.

agent was a tow-headed young man with freckles and a five-inch grin.

"How are the chances to send a couple of telegrams?" Tommy asked him.

"Why not?" Freckles retorted jokingly, accepting the cigar and sliding it into a drawer.

"First," Tommy continued, "I want to find out where the Green Diamond is by now."

The station agent produced a time-table, turned studiously to the third page, concentrated a while, and announced that, if on time, the Green Diamond would be in Elkton in seventeen minutes.

Tommy thereupon composed a telegram to Gwendolyn Playfair, care train conductor, Green Diamond Limited, westbound Elkton.

Please accept sincerest apologies. I promise will not annoy in any manner in future. Does five hundred weekly interest you? Kindly advise return wire collect.

T. A. BENNETT.

And this to his competent assistant in New York, Bobby Larke:

May be away longer than expected. Missed Playfair. Tell Globol go easy with press stuff until I advise.

TOM.

When Tommy returned from the Quick Lunch Emporium a reply was on the hook for him, with an Elkton dateline.

No such person on this train.
CONDUCTOR, *Green Diamond Limited.*

IT was well past mid-afternoon when Tommy Bennett returned to Greenbrook. He was so absorbed in thought that he did not even glance at the house with the Japanese maples when he went past. He had definitely decided by this time that Playfair must have left the Green Diamond at Baker's Junction, that she had taken refuge hereabouts, and that the animosity displayed first by the sheriff, then by Andy Smith, had something to do with a coincidence—her arrival and his. It occurred to him at the same time that the girl who had misdirected and later aided him might have some knowledge of the affair. But whether she was mixed up in it, or not, he wanted to see her again anyway on general principles.

He found Andy Smith still at work on the Dulcier. The crumpled fender had been hammered out and given a coat of black enamel. Andy Smith was, when Tommy entered the garage, engaged in washing the front-wheel bearings in a can of gasoline and inspecting them. Tommy decided not to mention the road to Wilkinsville.

"Have you tried out the engine?" he asked.

The garage owner glanced up at him sullenly; his attitude of the morning apparently had not been entered by mellowing influences.

"Nothin' wrong 'bout the engine, is there?" he said testily. "Little tappet knock, ain't there? Might've been there b'fore, mightn't it? Soon as I get this wheel back on, try 'er out. Why don't you come around again in fifteen minutes?"

"I'll do that," Tommy consented, and added in his most indifferent manner: "Who was the young woman who towed me in last night?"

Andy Smith, with his hands submerged in the gasoline, looked up with eyes blazing.

"How do I know?" he snarled.

"But didn't she call you by name? And didn't you call her Dorothy? Great Scott, man, I heard you!"

"When I don't know a girl's name," the garage man explained in gentler tones, "I always call her Dorothy. It's a habit with me."

Tommy realized the futility of argument. He went out onto the street. Several men who were lounging in the entrance stopped talking when he approached, and one of them muttered something under his breath. Tommy did not hear the remark.

He went on down the street, wondering if his imagination was playing tricks, or if the animosity of the sheriff and the garage man had spread to every man in town.

A large man with a red face, a pink shirt, and hair the color of the goldenrod, called to him briskly from the porch of a narrow white edifice which years ago had been a railroad passenger coach. The wheels had been removed, and the car, mounted on a foundation of stone which recently had been whitewashed. A card in the door window identified the derelict as the sheriff's office.

Tommy lifted a hand cordially.

"Them cat'logs come yet, Burbank?"

"They ought to be here. I'm going in now to find out. I'll let you know."

"Business pretty good?"

"Oh, I'm not quite ready for business."

"Just lookin' the ground over, eh?"

"That's the idea."

AS Tommy entered the post-office, idlers on the steps took pains to turn entirely around and stare at him. He was aware that they did so. If it was merely an indication of curiosity, he supposed that the bandage about his forehead was accountable. But the bandage about his forehead was not accountable for the deliberate push which one rowdy gave him, or the low chuckle which accompanied it.

The window was on the right, with tiers of small glass-paned boxes extending to the opposite wall. A woman and two men were waiting in line. A hand-lettered sign, "Mail Distributed," was suspended from a pin above the window.

A woman of indeterminate age whose knife-like, gaunt face gave the impression that life was, taken by and large, a grievous disappointment, looked coldly and without inspiration at Tommy as he took the place of the middle-aged farmer at the counter.

Her hair was taffy-colored, and her mouth and eyes were the vortices of whirls of fine wrinkles. Tommy said to himself that there ought to be a corking story in her somewhere. Disillusionment as meted out by village existence stood out all over her. Poor girl!

"Any mail for L. A. Burbank?" he said distinctly.

Her opening mouth revealed jagged, un-white teeth. "Not even a picture postcard!" she came back at him in a surprisingly tart and disagreeable voice.

Tommy examined her faded blue eyes steadily; the intense indignation of his glance was his only reproof.

"I presume that it is not necessary to look?" he said frigidly.

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"Gwendolyn," he said quietly, "tell me what this means."

"I looked before you come in," she retorted, turning her back rudely upon him and seizing a bundle of New York newspapers which had been brought in from the junction by the R. F. D. carrier.

Angrily inhibiting any number of possible rejoinders, Tommy started for the door. He accomplished only two of the twelve steps necessary to convey him to that objective, when a familiar small black automobile stopped in front.

INTO the warm afternoon sunlight a slender girl with sun-tanned arms and glossy dark hair descended. She wore a blue gingham dress and trim brown walking boots. There was grace and sprightliness in every move she made. The doorway idlers awkwardly but respectfully made a passage for her.

Tommy's mature heart sank, bounded, and danced. He felt panicky. His healthy, clean-shaved skin commenced to burn. It had been a long time since he had been attacked by any of these symptoms.

The girl did not see him at first. Then she recognized him. Her eyes opened widely, closed part way, and seemed to glow. And she, too, appeared to be disturbed.

"Oh, Mr. Burbank!" she murmured.

"I was awfully afraid I might miss seeing you," Tommy said tensely. "I wanted to thank you for—last night. I wasn't exactly myself, you see. I wanted—"

"I'm so glad you're yourself again," she said sweetly, and hastened past, leaving him standing there, wordless.

Tommy started to follow her to the window, but a deep voice rooted him where he was. The hearty voice was the property of our friend, Sheriff Hopper.

"Good Lord!" Tommy sai despairingly to himself.

"Thought I might as well drop in an' see if them cat'logs 'a' come yet," the sheriff enlightened him leisurely.

"No! Not a sign of them!" Tommy groaned.

"What a doggone shame!"

Tommy looked frantically behind him. The girl secured several letters and an unwrapped farm journal and passed the two men slowly, studying the drab cover of the magazine with an expression of intense preoccupation.

"Well, the mails are darned slow nowadays," the sheriff was philosophizing.

"It makes me so damn mad!" Tommy muttered.

The girl did not pause or look back until she had regained the seat behind the wheel. She then glanced through the window indifferently, leisurely turned the car in a semicircle, and started off in the direction from which she had come.

"I don't s'pose you know if they was shipped first class or parcel post."

Tommy sensed an accent of coarse skepticism in the sheriff's drawl. He wanted to punch the bungler in the nose. He wanted to run after the disappearing girl; he even speculated wildly upon asking the sheriff who she was and where she lived. He managed to suppress all of these impulses.

He believed that his uneasiness was attracting attention. To affect composure, he started to reach in his pocket for one of his cigarettes, remembered that his initials were printed on them, and hastily recalled that the sheriff had asked him a question.

"First class," he said. "Probably come tomorrow. If they don't I'll certainly send a telegram to the sales manager."

The sheriff replied in a low voice. "I got one prospect lined up already, pardner. Soon as that lit'rature comes, drop around to my office, and—Well! Well! Hel-*lo*, Jeff!"—to a cadaverous man with gray beard, unhappy eyes, and baggy corduroy pants, who was bearing down upon them.

Tommy took advantage of the opportunity to hasten to the window. The postmistress's glance was even less sympathetic than before.

"Would you mind telling me," Tommy implored, "the name of the young lady who left the window a minute ago? She had on a blue—"

"I ain't a public information bureau!" she snapped at him.

Tommy looked at her, as if dazed. "I certainly can't see that that is an out of the way question to ask," he said stiffly. "Certainly a person's name—"

"—Or a matrimonial bureau, either!" the taffy-haired postmistress cut him off unqualifiedly.

Tommy strode angrily out of the building, so angrily that his fingernails were biting into his palms, and his face was gray and moist.

At the edge of the road, with his thick red fingers tangled behind him, Sheriff Hopper was listening stolidly to the rapid, softly uttered speech of the stoop-shouldered man who had spoken to him in the post-office. Jeff Glanner's melancholy eyes seemed to find something to interest them in Tommy's wrathful expression.

"Sheriff," Tommy stepped up to them determinedly; "would you mind telling me who that girl was who came in and got her mail while you and I were talking?"

Both men regarded him blankly. Then the sheriff winked broadly at Jeff Glanner.

"He won't sell her no steam tractors," he said boisterously, "or her granddaddy neither. Heh, Jeff?"

"No, sir. You won't sell old man Miller no tractor," affirmed Jeff Glanner gloomily.

Tommy thought it best to explain, partially.

"She towed me in last night, you know" —he glanced smilingly from one to the other—"I'd like to see her—to thank her."

Jim Hopper appeared not to comprehend, but Tommy saw him look furtively, as if for a cue, at his unemotional companion.

JEFF GLANNER seemed at once to become imbued with inspiration. His sunburned forehead under an old straw sailor wrinkled and flattened. His gray-bearded jaws moved several times. He spat into the road. There was menace in the rough jocularity with which he addressed Tommy.

"Ya figurin' on drivin' out to the Miller place?"

"I might," Tommy conceded.

Jeff Glanner waved his hand toward the four-corners.

"Take this road here for—well 'bout ten miles. Mebbe a little more; mebbe a little less. That fetches you to a fork. It ain't posted. Ya go left and drive on a clay road 'bout a mile, mile 'n' a quarter.

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"Young woman," he said sternly, "you went out ridin' with that sneak."

That fetches you to a brick house. Big brick house, with a big brick barn. That's best way, ain't it, Jim?"

"Uh-huh; good's any," the sheriff agreed, neglecting to meet Tommy's glance. "Big brick house. Big brick barn."

"Big brick silo, too, ain't they, Jim?"

"Yeah—big silo."

"Ya can't miss it," Jeff Glanner assured him.

"See you later," said Tommy, and left them.

He was sure that the sheriff and the pessimistic scarecrow with the sunken eyes and the disfiguring black mole were staring at the back of his neck. He believed, also, that they were only waiting for him to pass out of earshot before they burst into laughter.

HE was relieved and surprised when he saw the big roadster standing out in front of the garage. Except for scratches and shallow dents about the hood, and a freshly enameled lumpiness extending to all but the lower inside section of the remolded fender, the Dulcier was evidently as serviceable as formerly.

The motor was whirring smoothly.

Andy Smith's rumpled dark hair and sparkling eyes rose up from the engine. He closed the hood and clamped it down. He was almost grinning. Their former differences were mutually set aside for the moment.

"Well! How does she sound?" Andy asked proudly.

"You sure are some mechanic!" Tommy told him enthusiastically. "Ready for me to give her a try-out?"

"She ain't goin' to give you a speck o' trouble!"

"Show me a good stretch! Going to open her up a bit. That'll tell." He hesitated and glanced in the direction which Jeff Glanner had indicated. "Where does this road go? Leads to a fork, doesn't it?"

"Shucks, no. Goes to old Tillinghast's flour mill. Ain't but two miles long, an' sand most of that."

Tommy crawled behind the wheel. The loungers stepped back and stared at him with expressions unanimously blank.

"I'll try the Wilkinsville road." Tommy opened the cut-out. "Seemed pretty fair this morning. See—you—" The rest was lost in the roar.

"It's an elegant automobile," Jeff Glanner remarked as the glistening brown roadster flowed past. "An' it ain't comin' back, if you want to know my opinion."

"Bosh," said Sheriff Hopper, unfurling the copy of a New York morning newspaper which had just come to his hand.

VII

NOW Dorothy Miller was reasonably certain that the bothersome driver of the Dulcier—66, who purported to be opening this territory for a new make of steam tractor—and who she was quite sure was in reality doing nothing of the sort—would at least make the effort to follow her.

She knew that he had something on his mind, and that sooner or later he would come out with it; and while she detested him for acting a lie and for showing so plainly that he admired her, she believed that she had some things aside from the main issue to say to him herself.

Down the slope, less than a quarter of a mile from the house, although hidden from it by intervening trees, she sat in the Flinnet and waited with the motor shut off. The buzzing of the telephone line and the chirping of a nomadic cricket were the only diversions. An odor of wild peppermint drifted casually to her upon the vagrant late-afternoon breeze, and was gone again.

She was looking down the road toward Greenbrook expecting to see the hideous blue Gorgon of Andy Smith, and she frowned slightly as the rhythmic blast of the powerful unseen car rolled to her across the fields.

He was coming fast—like a gale. Reflected sunlight on a windshield abruptly dazzled her eyes. The enormous black radiator, the low khaki top, the veering wheels, seemed to be hurled at her. She did not realize that her heart was starting to pound.

Dusty confusion. Whistling tires. A flood of heat. Out of the blur the metronomic *chump! chump! chump!* of the explosions stood forth.

He was leaning out of the car within two feet of her, with a smile at his even lips and tenderness in his pleasant blue eyes.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Miller?" he said.

"Y-you're not in s-such a hurry as you were l-last n-night!" she accused him.

Tommy went about informing her with his eyes how very considerate and thoughtful he was anxious to be right now.

"No," she said, having collected herself. "I stopped and waited for you. I think you and I better have a little talk."

"Bully! I do too! Why not in here, where it's comfortable?"

The girl seemed doubtful. That is to say, tiny ridges appeared in the area between her great dark eyes, and she caught in her lower lip between glowing snowy teeth.

"I don't believe I'd dare, really," she murmured, waiting for him to insist.

"Aw, just a little ride!"

"I really oughtn't. I'm supposed to go home with the mail and—finish getting supper ready."

Tommy sprang out and opened the door. He looked up at her so pleadingly that she laughed.

"Well—we mustn't be gone long."

"Righto! Low bridge! Watch out for your head!" And opened the door on the other side of the Dulcier.

HIS hand touched her elbow as he helped her in, but did not linger. This rather surprised her. She was accustomed to having men's hands linger on her arm when they helped her in, and she had grown to ignore it. Still—

He slammed the door.

While he went around to the other side she tested the depth of the leather seat and looked at the complicated system of dials, finely machined and nickeled handles, knobs and buttons, and wondered how it would seem to handle a Dulcier—66.

She admired the confidence and ease with which he started the great mass to rolling.

"Our house is up the road on the left, about a quarter of a mile," she told him

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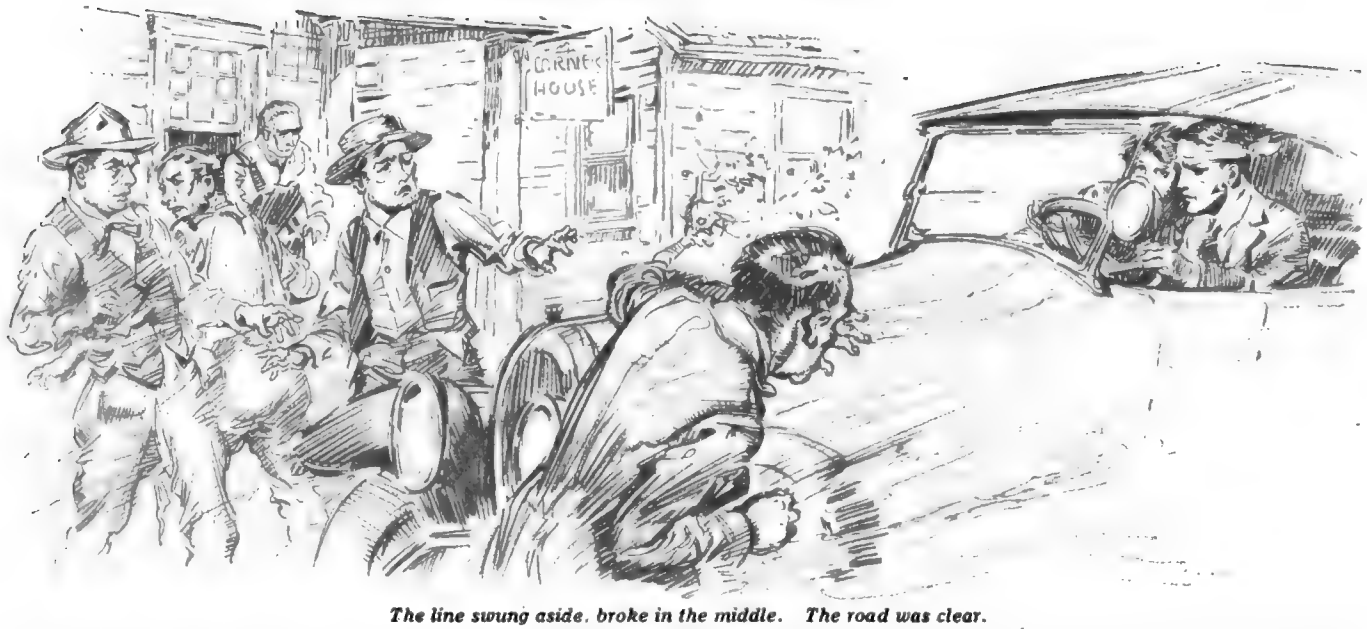

The line swung aside, broke in the middle. The road was clear.

as he shifted gears. "Would you mind driving by pretty fast? Taking a ride with you is the eighth deadly sin, you know."

She seemed to be thrown against the back of the seat—"a mile a minute in half a minute," was what the most familiar Dulcier advertisement said.

Trees, weeds, and fence posts sailed past in a rich green blur. Dorothy was surprised to hear no complaint on the part of the engine—only that lusty roar somewhere underneath. She did not recognize the Japanese maples until she glanced rearward. The white house quickly dwindled into a miniature.

TOMMY slowed down to a sane and comfortable forty.

"Oh!" the girl cried; "I should think you'd want to go on and on—with such a heavenly car!"

"Like it?"—tensely.

"It's wonderful! We seem to be floating. And such oceans of leg-room." She gave him a sidelong glance. "It must be wonderful to be a traveling salesman."

"I suppose it must be," Tommy agreed.

She leaned forward, to see his expression. "Why?" she took him up sharply. "Aren't you?"

Tommy shut off the gas until they were only rolling. His expression was serious, almost stern.

"I am not," he said distinctly. "I've told a pack of foolish little lies to every one who has asked me questions so far; and I don't intend telling lies to you, now or in the future. My name is not Burbank. This morning I heard the sheriff telling Smith that if he laid hands on me he'd have me tarred and feathered. Do you blame me for changing my name?"

"Are you—Thomas Allan Bennett?" Dorothy replied in a low voice.

"I am!" Tommy said emphatically. "What have I done?"

"Why—why—" she stammered.

"Why does Andy Smith act as if I'd robbed his grandmother? Why did that yellow-haired hag in the post-office take my head off when I asked her where you lived? And that old monster with the gray beard—Jeff Glanner? Every time he looks at me he makes me think of the guillotine. The only person who hasn't looked daggers at me is Hopper, and he hasn't enough sense to capture a train robber with the loot in his hands!"

"It seems to me you're awfully bitter," Dorothy murmured, glancing away from him uneasily.

"You bet I'm bitter!" Tommy agreed. "I came to this town on perfectly legitimate business!"

"Selling tractors?" she said mockingly.

"Why should they talk of tarring-and-feathering me? Why does everybody send me off down the wrong road when I ask directions? Why did you send me down that oiled road when I asked you the way to Baker's Junction?"

"I was angry. You were rude."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Perhaps not"—defiantly.

"Then won't you tell me why I'm in bad?" he begged. "I know it has something to do with Gwendolyn Playfair. What have I done?"

"I'd rather you'd turn around," she said coldly, "and drive me home. You may be able to bluff Jim Hopper, but you are not going to bluff me, Mr. Bennett!"

"My dear girl," Tommy exclaimed in exasperation; "will you be good enough to explain what you mean?"

"And if I were you," she added calmly, "I'd leave town as soon as possible. Otherwise, you're apt to be hurt!"

"Why? By whom?"

"Some of the men in Greenbrook—the vigilantes, who were organized during the war."

"Do they think I'm a spy?" he gasped.

"No, but they think you are something just about as bad. Simple farmers, you know, haven't much patience with men with bad reputations from the cities."

Tommy fell back into his corner, and laughed rather wildly.

"Am I—that bad?"

"Everybody seems to think so," she answered.

"Irony! What irony!" Tommy muttered, as if to himself. "It's pretty hard to know what to say—now." His mouth closed grimly. There was something harsh and terrifying in his voice when he went on. "I don't care a snap what your vigilantes think! I don't care what anybody in this whole county thinks—but you! And—I—don't intend—to—leave—until—you—come—with—me!"

The girl was unmoved. "Please don't be theatrical," she said with no small measure of disapproval.

Then she saw that his hands were trembling on the wheel, that the look he gave her was one of pain; and she saw that his lips, also, were trembling.

"Dear girl, I hate affectation as much as you do," Tommy managed to get out in a queer, uncertain voice. "But maybe you don't realize what a blow this is to a man's pride, when he has tried to live squarely and decently." He added with finality: "I am going to be stubborn as a mule. I am not going away without you. Not by a jugful! Why, I've been looking for you all of my life!"

Until the last sentence, the girl seemed almost convinced of his sincerity.

"Do you know what that reminds me of? It reminds me of a line in one of your novels. Mr. Bennett, I can't say I'm at all flattered. Don't tell me now that you don't say these things whenever a girl happens to strike your fancy!"

"I don't!" Tommy denied in a voice of agony.

"Or that you really are a good man?"—incredulously.

"If you thought so," Tommy said promptly, "would it make any difference?"

"Is this a trap?"

Tommy replied: "Aren't you willing to at least give me the chance to prove that I'm not as bad as you seem to think I am?"

"It can't be done. There's too much evidence against you!"

TOMMY groaned. He had thought, at first, that she was joking, He was rather dazed now. He had never been talked to in this fashion before, largely because it had never been necessary.

"You probably call Andy Smith a hick or a rube," the level, merciless voice went on; "but he described you——'smooth and slick.'"

"You're all mistaken," Tommy told her hopelessly. "There's no use our quarreling. I love you; and if you won't

(*Continued on page 102*)

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The Last of the Oldmasters

By Dana Burnet

JOHN GARDINER OLDMASTER, gentleman, had two fundamental beliefs. One was that Yankee commercialism had ruined the South; the other that his ancestors looked down upon him watchfully and unremittingly from the skies.

Mr. Oldmaster was the sole surviving member of a once proud and prosperous Florida family. Hence he was well supplied with ancestors. The latter, of course, were dead; but they were all the more precious for that reason. Mr. Oldmaster loved his ancestors as much as he despised the Yankees, and in all things sought to be governed by the imaginary wishes of his celestial guardians. What more natural, therefore, than that Mr. Oldmaster should obey without question a command so direct, so authentic as that which motivates our story?

It was late afternoon of a day in March. Mr. Oldmaster, tall and slender, with a pale, handsome, aristocratic face, stood before the pine-log fire of his ancestral living-room and addressed with a seriousness approaching solemnity the little man seated opposite him.

"They filled their glasses, held them up to the light and looked at me. 'To the last of the Oldmasters!' they said, both of them."

"Sir," said Mr. Oldmaster, in a voice that fell harmoniously upon the atmosphere of that dim, decaying room, "I have made up my mind upon the point. I am going to die, sir—and I'll hear nothing against it from *you*, Mose Pultney!"

Mr. Pultney, the little man, raised his eyebrows, spread out his hands, looked up at Mr. Oldmaster and shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth rapidly from one cheek to the other.

"I ain't goin' to argue with you, John Gardiner," he said gently. "I ain't goin' to argue with you—*none!* But what I'd like to know is how-come you're so *sure* you're goin' to die? That's what I'd like to know!"

Mr. Oldmaster lifted a delicate hand.

"I am sure," he answered, "because I have seen the ghosts of my grandfathers!"

"Lordy!" ejaculated the little man. "Both of them?"

"Both of them!" said Mr. Oldmaster.

Mr. Pultney sank back in his chair and fixed his small round blue eyes upon his friend and employer. A quaint character was Mose. He had a high forehead and a bright pink pate from which extended irresponsible tufts of gray hair. He wore a pair of steel spectacles permanently pushed up above his brows. His figure was stout and rotund, and his clothes were unbelievably wrinkled; they resembled nothing so much as the bark of a tree.

"John Gardiner," he said, "this yere matter is gettin' serious. When did you see those ha'nts, and *where?*"

"Last night—in a dream—in this very room!" Mr. Pultney stirred uneasily; Mr. Oldmaster continued: "I dreamed that I was standing here by the fire—just as I am standing now—when suddenly the door opened and *they* walked in, arm in arm, the Colonel and the Judge, and I saw them as plainly as I see you, Mose Pultney!"

"Go on," said Mr. Pultney.

"They walked directly to the sideboard yonder. They took glasses. They filled them from our old family punch-bowl. I remember the drops of liquor falling like rubies from the silver ladle—"

"Glory Hallelujah!" exclaimed Mr. Pultney softly. "The Hereafter ain't gone dry yet!"

"They filled their glasses, held them up to the light and looked at me. 'To the last of the Oldmasters!' they said, both together. Then they bowed to me; . . . and drank; . . . and disappeared. . ."

"Is that *all* they said?"

"All! Isn't that enough? Don't you think I know what they meant? They meant it for a warning, sir! They meant it for a *summons*."

"Why should they want to summons you?" demanded Mr. Pultney in a tone of mingled awe and curiosity. "Why?"

"Because they know that the world at present is no fit place for a gentleman to live in!" responded Mr. Oldmaster. He drew himself up with a pride that invested him with a certain melancholy grandeur. He made a gesture that was noble. "They are right," he said, "those dead grandfathers of mine! Ever since the Surrender the country has been going to the dogs. The South has become a mere province of Yankee progressiveness—Yankee imperialism I call it, sir! We have suffered a second invasion more complete than the first. We have been overrun by an army of dollars! We have been conquered by Capital! Our natural resources have been exploited, our civilization destroyed, our

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time-honored manners corrupted!"

He strode suddenly to a window, and with his back to Mr. Pultney stood gazing out over the broad sweep of the St. John's, upon whose placid bosom sparkled occasional jewels of winter sunlight. In the distance, where the stream crooked a great elbow, lay piled a white heap of office buildings crowned with smoke.

"Look, sir, if you will, at that City towering yonder! Observed from here, it seems almost beautiful! At least, it has dignity. But when you go into it, what do you find? You find a hornet's nest of greed; a bee-hive of Business—nothing but Business! Every one of those buildings is divided into little cells with glass doors, and behind those glass doors are thousands of little brains plotting to get money out of Florida! Florida is an orange to be sucked, a pine tree to be tapped, a paradise to be commercialized! It is no longer a land of freedom, culture and chivalry! No, sir, a gentleman cannot live in such a world! My grandfathers are right!"

Mr. Pultney nodded his head several times; then shook it mournfully from side to side. Finally he said: "But you're a young man, John Gardiner! You're under forty, and you've got your health—"

"My health is not what you think it is, sir! For some time past I've been having symptoms . . . pains . . . in the region of my heart. I've paid no attention to them heretofore, but now I understand. . . . I understand! I am going to die of heart failure, sir—and I'll hear nothing against it from *you*, Mose Pultney!"

Mr. Pultney sighed heavily and rubbed his pink pate with a vigorous hand.

"Have you—hmm!—set the date?"

"No!" replied Mr. Oldmaster calmly, "I shall let Dr. Dupree attend to that. I have already sent for him. There is one thing, however, upon which I am determined. I have decided to write before I die a History of the Oldmaster family, which, after my decease, you will publish serially in the *Enterprise and Political Intelligencer*. It is to be a tribute from the expiring present to the glorious and inextinguishable past. It will constitute my only monument. I shall depend upon you, Mose Pultney, to carry out my wishes in this respect."

THE little man got up from his chair and grasped the other's hand. "I'll do whatever you say, John Gardiner, I'll do whatever you say. I ain't goin' to argue with you—*none!* But I declare I can't see the reason—"

"I have told you the reason, sir! Let us consider the matter settled. For myself, I have neither fears nor regrets. I have tried to maintain myself as a gentleman in an age that laughs at the word! Rather than indulge further in this orgy of commercialism I prefer to join my ancestors in the quiet of the tomb! My resolve is taken. I shall write the History of my House, and die!"

Mr. Pultney was speechless. He seized Mr. Oldmaster's hand a second time, pumped it up and down, nodded his head, worked his eyebrows and otherwise gave expression to the various emotions within him. A few moments later he departed to catch a trolley back to town, and Mr. Oldmaster was left alone in the cavernous, dingy living-room with his thoughts for company.

It was a chill evening. A blustering north wind (unpleasant, like all things northern) rattled the shutters. Mr. Oldmaster shuddered, and drawing up a chair—a hand-carved mahogany chair upholstered in a faded brocade—seated himself by the fire. His only servant, Richard, a small, wizened negro of fabulous age, came in and threw fresh wood upon the blaze. Mr. Oldmaster did not stir. He had already begun to plan the opening chapters of his History.

John Gardiner Oldmaster, as has been said, was the last of his line. He had been a dignified failure at every task to which he had turned his hand. His whole existence showed it. He lived in an ancient, rotting, sad, enormous house upon the shore of the St. John's river; a house that had passed long since beyond the redemption of paint or the hope of repair, whose tall pillars leaned wearily upon their bases, like sentries worn with marching and with battle. The house had been once the stately mansion of his maternal grandfather, Colonel Philip Gardiner, who, with his paternal grandfather, had been distinguished figures of the Florida of the '50's.

BOTH the Gardiners and the Oldmasters had lost their fortunes in the Civil War. But from the wreck of the former—the famous Gardiner estate—there had remained the old house and a few acres of land along the water-front. These acres had descended upon John Gardiner Oldmaster—a fact which led him in a certain sense to regard himself as a gentleman engaged in the real estate business. He had gone so far, indeed, as to erect a cheap cottage, or bungalow, upon the lot adjoining his own, vaguely intending to rent it to wealthy tourists. But wealthy tourists, it appeared, preferred the large glittering hotels of the East Coast, so that he had not made a success of being in the real estate business. . . .

In another sense he regarded himself as a gentleman engaged in the profession of journalism. From his father's estate he had inherited a small and practically moribund weekly journal entitled the *Florida Enterprise and Political Intelligencer*. This paper maintained a modest circulation wholly through sentiment and was subscribed to by various families of the city simply because their fathers and grandfathers had subscribed to it. The parlors of the old aristocracy would as soon have been without the "Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson" as without a copy of the *Enterprise and Political Intelligencer*.

The *Enterprise* carried upon its dignified front page a standing advertisement of Mr. Oldmaster's real estate offerings. The advertisement read as follows: "*John Gardiner Oldmaster, Esq., announces that he has to let a modern Bungalow situated upon the former Gardiner estate (not unknown to local history before The Surrender), and will let the same to suitable persons of high probity, character and social standing. Strict references will be required.*"

The editor of the *Enterprise* was Mose Pultney, who contrived by unknown arts to extract from it his own meagre salary, and enough cash besides to keep John Gardiner from actual starvation. The origin of Mr. Pultney's connection with the paper was immemorial; was hardly known, indeed, to John Gardiner himself. No one in northern Florida could remember when Mose Pultney had not been editor of the *Enterprise*.

Mr. Oldmaster was still sitting before the fire, his thoughts upon such profound matters as Death and his History, when Richard, the negro, shuffled in and announced that Dr. Dupree had arrived.

Dr. Dupree was ushered in straightway. He was a man of seventy or thereabouts, with white hair and long drooping white whiskers. He walked with a stoop, and continuously uttered little groans, as though in comment upon the whole sum of human misery. His philosophy as a physician consisted of permitting his patients to have whatever illnesses they preferred. In consequence, he was noted for his wisdom.

"GOOD evenin', John Gardiner," said Dr. Dupree, sitting down in a chair opposite Mr. Oldmaster. "Good evenin', sir! You—ah!—you sent for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Oldmaster. "I sent for you. I want you to tell me what to do for my heart trouble, Dr. Dupree!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor in some bewilderment. "Ah! Your heart trouble! And how long have you *had* your heart trouble, sir?"

"For years, probably, though I've noticed the symptoms only lately. Pains and twinges, sir!"

The Doctor groaned assent. "Pains and twinges! Of course! To be sure! Perhaps I had better make an examination."

"An examination! Don't you take my word for it?"

"Ah, of course—to be sure! The word of an Oldmaster . . . But, damn me, sir, you're not ill—"

"I tell you I am ill, sir! I'm going to die, sir. And I'll hear nothing against it from you or from any one else, sir!"

The Doctor uttered a prodigious groan. "An Oldmaster to his bootheels! An Oldmaster if there ever was one! What a race! What a wilful headstrong race—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir! My own will is subordinated—entirely subordinated. I have received notice from the Beyond!" And Mr. Oldmaster recounted the story of his dream, which Dr. Dupree heard with a series of gasps, groans and ejaculations. "What I want of *you*," said Mr. Oldmaster in conclusion, "is to prescribe a treatment for a man with heart trouble who doesn't want to die *immediately*. The fact is, sir, I have an important work to accomplish."

The Doctor sighed, and surrendered to the importunity of his patient. One could do nothing with such a firm-minded race. If an Oldmaster were determined to die, he would die in spite of all the physicians in the world.

"How long will it take you to accomplish this work?"

"From six months to a year."

"In that case," said the Doctor, pursing his lips and looking wise, "you will have to be careful. You will have to be very careful, indeed, John Gardiner. No exercise, sir! No running up and down stairs!"

"I never run, sir!"

"No walking, then; that is, no more than is strictly necessary. Eat sparingly, drink no tea or coffee, rest frequently and sit a great deal, John Gardiner, sit a great deal!"

"I shall sit, sir!"

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"Above all, John Gardiner, avoid excitement! Avoid excitement of all kinds!"

Mr. Oldmaster smiled grimly. "I'm perfectly safe on *that* score!" said he.

Dr. Dupree rose, took his hat and stood pulling his mustaches preparatory to departure.

"I think—ah!—that I may give you a year—ah! Yes, I may give you a year! But you must follow my directions, sir! Damn me, John Gardiner, you must obey your physician. Avoid excitement, you understand,—and—no, no, don't get up! I forbid you to get up! Health before manners, sir, health before manners!"

Mr. Oldmaster, who had started to his feet, sank back dutifully into his chair. His left hand went to his heart.

"You are right, sir," he said, "I must consider my health before everything."

MR. OLDMASTER'S career as an invalid dated from that moment. He devoted himself wholly to his work and his heart-trouble. He sat in an armchair with a little table before him, composing his history and resting; resting and composing his history. Richard brought him his meals. Dr. Dupree came regularly to groan over him. He walked perhaps more than was strictly necessary, but only as a man under sentence of death would walk, leaning upon a stout stick and holding his left hand continually pressed to his heart—in the region of which he now felt numerous and severe pains.

He had been an invalid for about a month when Mose Pultney came bearing extraordinary news.

"I don't want to startle you, John Gardiner," said the little editor, blinking his round blue eyes. "I don't want to startle you *none!* But the fact is, we've had an answer to the Advertisement!" (The notice about the modern Bungalow was always spoken of as the Advertisement.)

"Impossible!" said Mr. Oldmaster simply.

"No, sir, it ain't impossible! Nothin's impossible any more! Party came into the office this mornin' and wanted the Bungalow. She—"

"She!"

"Why, yes, John Gardiner! It was a female party. She—"

"A Yankee?"

"Well, yes. But I reckon not from *choice*, John Gardiner. You know some Yankees are Yankees by *accident*."

"Hm-m! Was she a lady?"

"Yes, sir," avowed Mr. Pultney. "A real lady! She offered to pay a month's rent in advance!"

"Mose," said Mr. Oldmaster in a voice of gentle melancholy, "why didn't you take it?"

"I did," said Mr. Pultney.

"Then you—as the matter stands you have *rented* the Bungalow?"

"I have! I didn't want to tell you at first for fear the shock might—hum! That is—your heart—"

"The shock is negligible," said Mr. Oldmaster. "What is the lady's name? Has she suitable references?"

"References!" exclaimed Mr. Pultney. "I reckon *so*, John Gardiner! Her family goes straight back to Charlemagne, that's where it goes to! She told me so herself."

Mr. Oldmaster's expression brightened visibly.

"Better than I had expected," he observed. "Much better."

"Her name is Dunn," continued Mr. Pultney, "Georgianna Dunn—*Miss* Dunn," he added with an inexplicable sigh.

"Ah!" said Mr. Oldmaster; then a shadow settled upon his pale, handsome face. "But why should I be interested in such news? It is purely of a temporal nature, while I—"

"That ain't *all* the news I got for you, John Gardiner," interrupted the other. He paused, and looked at Mr. Oldmaster with the air of a man handling a delicate explosive. "Dan Hopper," he said, "is goin' to run for Congress!"

"What!" roared Mr. Oldmaster, bringing his clenched fist down upon the table. "That peon of the private interests, that

"We've had an answer to the advertisement. Party came into the office this mornin' and wanted the bungalow. She—"

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There was no way out of it. Mr. Hopper perceived that his political career had come to a real crisis. Slowly he began to pull off his coat.

betrayer of the people, that corporation puppet run for Congress? Nonsense, Mose Pultney, nonsense, sir! Isn't Dan Hopper editor of the *Courier*, and doesn't the whole town know that the *Courier* is owned by the Plutocrats? Why, damn me, sir, if that's the sort of thing the South is coming to—"

Mr. Pultney laid his hand upon Mr. Oldmaster's arm. "Your heart, John Gardiner! Remember your weak heart!"

"Ah, to be sure!" said Mr. Oldmaster, and sagged down in his chair. The fire went out of his eyes and the color from his cheek. "You are right," he murmured. "I must not excite myself. Such matters no longer are important to me. What is a controlled legislator more or less in a world of controlled legislators? Have you mentioned Mr. Hopper's ambitions editorially, sir?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Pultney. "But I reckon the *Enterprise* is unalterably opposed, ain't it, John Gardiner? Always has been," he concluded argumentatively.

Mr. Oldmaster's hand lifted as though to strike the table again, but instead it crept back slowly to his breast.

"I'll leave that to you, Mose. I myself am not concerned. Perhaps it would be better to ignore than to oppose."

"All right," agreed Mr. Pultney cheerfully. "I'll begin to ignore Dan Hopper next issue. I'll ignore him good and *plenty!*"

"After all," mused Mr. Oldmaster, in a weary tone, "it's nothing to disturb one's self over. One can not alter this sad garment of humanity; one can merely exchange it for the oblivion of the gods."

Several days later, upon a morning that might have served as the golden link between spring and summer, John Gardiner sat upon the mouldering front piazza of his house with his writing table before him. He was working at his history. A mocking-bird sang to him from the limb of a magnolia tree. A squirrel chattered from the rotting skeleton of the fence that once had stood between the old house and the Bungalow. Beyond the sweep of lawn, already turned green, stretched the languorous and noble river, its surface wrinkled with little waves that the sunlight touched to silver. Sunlight fell in bright patches through the massive live-oaks draped in their lordly, if somewhat melancholy, robes of Spanish moss. In the tangle of rose vines over the porch a swaggering red-bird flirted desperately with its intended mate.

Mr. Oldmaster leaned back in his chair and permitted his soul to contemplate the prodigal beauty of the world. Almost he wished he might not die. It was so good to sit there in the warm sunshine, with the river sparkling and melting into the blue distance; to watch the dignified old crane fishing in the shallows; to hear the exquisite song of the mocking-bird and to know that life in a thousand forms was awake, blooming and winging, soaring and crawling, making of the stern business of propagation a romance and a splendor.

A mischievous breeze, whirling suddenly down the length of the piazza, snatched up the top sheet of Mr. Oldmaster's history and sent it flying. Like a white bird it fluttered high in the air, blown by the whimsical gale, then it came down in a long slant that fetched it across the fence into the next lot.

"The devil!" ejaculated Mr. Oldmaster. He was about to shout for Richard when an

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The crowd broke into prodigious cheers, and as though by magic a space was formed upon the smooth green turf.

unexpected complication occurred. Down the steps of the neighboring Bungalow ran a young woman without a hat, evidently with the intention of recovering Mr. Oldmaster's manuscript. But the wind had not yet done with its pranks. It caught the errant sheet again, and rustled it across the grass. The young woman pursued it.

Mr. Oldmaster saw, with emotions too strange for analysis, the pronounced glint of gold in her hair, the quick, graceful movements of her supple body, the firm columns of her strong young legs showing beneath her skirt as she sped after the piece of paper. Finally she stooped, with a bubbling, spontaneous laugh that reached Mr. Oldmaster's ears, and seized it in her fingers. Then, turning, and brushing back her hair with a single gesture, she walked through one of the gaps in the tumble-down fence, crossed the strip of lawn and mounted the steps to Mr. Oldmaster's piazza.

"Here it is," she said in a clear, resonant voice that still contained a note of laughter. "I've had a chase for it."

Mr. Oldmaster rose and bowed, his hand upon his heart as usual. "I'm very grateful to you, ma'am. I regret that you have been put to inconvenience—"

"Oh, it's no matter! I'm a writer myself; so I know how precious a page of manuscript is! And then I've been wanting a chance to speak to you. The stove doesn't draw!"

"The stove!" exclaimed Mr. Oldmaster in amazement. "What stove, ma'am?"

"Why, the stove in the Bungalow, of course! I'm your tenant, you know—I'm Georgianna Dunn."

"Yes, yes," murmured Mr. Oldmaster. "I know. I—" So this was the lady who went back to Charlemagne! Somehow he had expected her to be older.

"Probably the flue needs cleaning," said Miss Dunn in her cheerful, friendly manner.

"I'll have my man clean it," said Mr. Oldmaster.

She thanked him. "I live alone, you see, and do most of my own cooking. I prefer it to fussing with a servant. But it's rather difficult when the stove doesn't draw."

"Very difficult, I should think."

Miss Dunn smiled brilliantly, showing a set of teeth whiter than any teeth that Mr. Oldmaster had ever seen. "You are a most unusual landlord," she said. "In New York one battles for the least concession."

Mr. Oldmaster's face grew cold. "Not all of Florida" he said, "has been converted to the commercial standard. I trust that you will ask for anything you may need, ma'am."

"I will," Miss Dunn assured him. Then, with the intrepid boldness of a child, she put out her hand to him. "Mr. Pultney—is that his name?—told me that you weren't well. I'm so sorry! If I can be of any service to you—"

A faint color warmed Mr. Oldmaster's cheek. He bowed again. "You're very good, ma'am," he replied in considerable embarrassment, "very good indeed—"

When she had gone he sat for a time utterly motionless, staring at the space where she had stood. He was not resting. Much less was he composing his history. He was trying to formulate his impressions of the young woman who went back to Charlemagne.

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Those impressions were remarkably definite. Miss Dunn obviously was not of the elusive type of woman. On the contrary she was as vivid as the red-bird flirting in the rose-vines, as transparent as the sunlight falling on the river, as prodigal of her energies as the mocking-bird pouring out his spirit from the magnolia tree.

"I should not say that she was pretty," finally decided Mr. Oldmaster. "I should say that she was healthy!"

THAT afternoon Mr. Oldmaster put on his best coat and went to call upon his tenant. The reason for this call was not altogether clear in his own mind; enough that Miss Dunn was a stranger in the land and, so to speak, a charge upon his conscience. As he walked across the weed-grown lawn toward the Bungalow, leaning upon his stick and pausing occasionally to rest, Mr. Oldmaster persuaded himself that he was performing an act of neighborly courtesy, the omission of which no mere circumstance of ill-health could excuse.

Miss Dunn apparently was glad to see him. She welcomed him with her brilliant smile and firm hand-shake. She had finished work, she said, and was about to make herself a cup of tea. Would not Mr. Oldmaster join her? Mr. Oldmaster, who had been expressly forbidden to drink tea, said that he would be charmed. Whereupon Miss Dunn produced a small alcohol stove, over which she placed water to boil in a brass kettle.

"My tea things are disreputable," she said. "I really should have silver. One begins one's literary career with brass, but when one is a success one has silver."

"Are you a success, ma'am?" asked Mr. Oldmaster, with genuine curiosity.

"I'm said to be. I'm not important, you understand; but my books have a definite value. The publishers are sure of me. They know I'll never do anything startling or original."

"But I thought that originality in a writer was desirable?"

"Not unless one is a foreigner—or has been dead for some time," said Miss Dunn in her cheerful, practical manner.

"Have you written many books?"

"One every year since I was twenty. I'll be twenty-eight in June."

"Hum!" said Mr. Oldmaster. "You *have* done things, haven't you?"

"Yes, of a kind. I'm getting up a story of the Seminole War at present. That's why I came to Florida."

"My grandfather fought in the Seminole war," vouchsafed Mr. Oldmaster. "There are some records in my library—I shall be glad to place them at your disposal."

"I should like tremendously to see them! I know something about your family," she added, glancing at him with curiosity upon her own account. "I've been told that it's one of the oldest in the South."

"Your own must be quite ancient, ma'am," said Mr. Oldmaster, gravely, "since it dates back to Charlemagne."

Miss Dunn's lip twitched, then she broke into a ringing laugh. "That's pure braggadocio," she confessed, "though I've a wealthy great-aunt who paid large sums to prove it. Personally I've no use for ornamental genealogy. This is the day of the common people."

Mr. Oldmaster's face took on a profound melancholy. "Unfortunately, yes!"

"Why unfortunately?"

"Because the common people are a vulgar, money-grubbing horde."

Miss Dunn shook her head. "You are mistaken. The common people are the soul and inspiration of the race. They need only leadership to attain any height."

"Leadership is not lacking," said Mr. Oldmaster, "but it is a vulgar and selfish leadership. For instance, in this community, a man is to be elected to Congress next fall who—I assure you, ma'am—is nothing more than the lackey of certain powerful corporations. He will be backed by these corporations and he will win. He will receive the nomination. He will go to Washington—"

"Why do you permit it?" asked Miss Dunn, vigorously.

"We are helpless, ma'am. The private interests—"

"Private interest can always be beaten by public spirit! Why doesn't some good man run against him—some man with courage and ideals and a trifle of intelligence?"

"Such men are too busy making money," said Mr. Oldmaster.

"I thought only Yankees did that," replied Miss Dunn with a smile. "Surely," she added, "there must be some one free enough and interested enough—some one like you—"

"I!" said Mr. Oldmaster. The blood rushed into his head, pounded at his temples, frightened him. He laid his hand upon his heart and took a deep breath or two. Then he smiled a little at the healthy Miss Dunn.

"You don't understand, ma'am," said he. "I have only a few months to live—a year at the most. Then I shall die. Under the circumstances I could hardly run for Congress."

Miss Dunn studied him for several moments without speaking. Finally she turned to her brass kettle, which had begun to steam.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't understand. May I give you some tea?"

DURING the course of the next few weeks Georgianna Dunn made considerable use of the records in Mr. Oldmaster's library. Miss Dunn found it amazingly sombre, dusty and unhygienic, but she was not dismayed. She put on an old frock, pried open one of the windows to let in a little sunlight, and delved industriously among the memoranda of Mr. Oldmaster's ancestors. Her bright hair and vivid coloring seemed the more striking when cast against those dark walls and musty rows of books.

Mr. Oldmaster came in frequently while she was working there. Sometimes he helped her with the records, or recounted anecdotes of the old South, the passing of which he never ceased to mourn. "Ah," he would say—"we had a civilization in those days! Now we have only prosperity—" Sometimes he merely sat watching her, his hands crossed upon the top of his invalid's cane, his eyes observing with curious fascination her quick buoyant movements about the room.

"You are fortunate, Miss Georgianna!" he said, one afternoon when she had been particularly vivacious. "You can find something to be enthusiastic about. Now I—all I have is my history, and even that—at times—"

"Why don't you give it up?" replied Georgianna, glancing at him over her shoulder—she was standing on a chair in front of the shelves—"I should, if it bored me. What's the use of working at a thing if one can't get any fun out of it? Enthusiasm," she concluded largely, "is life, and the lack of enthusiasm—"

"Is death!" said Mr. Oldmaster.

Miss Dunn got down from the chair and came directly toward him. "I've something on my mind," she said. "It's personal, it's unpleasant, it's about you. Shall I say it?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mr. Oldmaster, with a faint smile.

"Very well. It's this: If you are going to die, why don't you die *fighting?*"

"Ma'am!"

"Why don't you die *doing* something? You've got a year. Other men have accomplished marvels in less time than that! You might make yourself felt, you might make yourself *count*. The whole wide world is crying for light and leadership—trying to find peace! And you who are born to lead, who have intelligence—education—breeding—you sit back and prepare to die without a word, without a gesture—"

"STOP," exclaimed Mr. Oldmaster sharply, "you've said enough." He looked at her and his eyes glowed. She thought that he must be furiously angry. But when he spoke his voice was deep and clear. "I've been tempted," he said. "I've been mightily tempted. It isn't in my blood to quit without a struggle. If it weren't for my history—and this pain in my side. . . ."

He paused suddenly, and clapped his hand to his heart. He had no sooner mentioned the pain than it pricked him. He made a wry face and muttered, "One of my twinges. . . ."

Miss Dunn was overcome with remorse. She gave an exclamation and dropped to her knees beside his chair. "Oh, please," she cried, "forgive me! I had no right—I shouldn't have spoken—" She took his hand and began to chafe it gently. She was frightened. He looked so queer. There were red spots in his cheeks and his eyes burned as they gazed into hers.

At that precise moment a cough sounded from the doorway. Both Miss Dunn and Mr. Oldmaster started, turned, and saw standing upon the threshold of the room a little man with wrinkled clothes and a pair of spectacles worn upon a bright pink brow.

"Why, it's Mr. Pultney!" said Georgianna, and rose, blushing, from her knees.

"Good evenin', ma'am," said Mose, advancing with rather an embarrassed air. "Good evenin', John Gardiner! How you feelin' this evenin'?"

"I've just had a little spell," said Mr. Oldmaster. "But I'm better now."

Mr. Pultney rubbed his pate. "I don't want to upset you, John Gardiner," he said, "I don't want to upset you *none*. But—you seen the *Courier?*"

"The *Courier*, sir? No, sir! And I hope I never may!"

Mr. Pultney glanced from his employer to Miss Dunn. "Maybe this ain't the time to be talkin' politics," he suggested.

"I'll go," offered Miss Dunn promptly.

"No, stay," said Mr. Oldmaster. "What is it, Mose?"

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A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing," etc.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Wherein Abe Lincoln Reveals His Method of Conducting a Lawsuit, in the Case of Henry Brimstead et al versus Lionel Davis.

THEY found many of Davis's notes in Tazewell County. Abe Lincoln's complaint represented seven clients and a sum exceeding twenty thousand dollars.

"Now, Harry, you don't like Davis and I can't blame you for it," said Honest Abe before they parted. "Don't spoil our case by trying to take it out of his hide. First we've got to take it out of his pocket. When I get through there may not be any hide on him worth speaking of, but if there is you can have it and welcome."

With the papers in his pocket Harry went to the Honey Creek settlement. There he found that the plague had spent itself and that Bim had gone to the detention camp outside the city of Chicago. He rode on to the camp, but was not permitted to see her, the regulations having become very strict. In the city he went to the store of Eli Fredenberg. The merchant received him with enthusiasm. Chicago had begun to recover from the panic. Trade was lively. Eli wanted Harry to go to work in the store until he was prepared for the law.

"You must stay here until you haf got a wife already," said the thoughtful Eli. "It is bat for you and Bim to be not marrit so much."

The young man favored both the commercial and the sentimental suggestions of Eli. He had long felt the lure of that promising little city on the lake shore.

"I wish you'd take this complaint and serve it on Davis," he said. "I don't want to see him if I can help it. If you don't mind, you can tell him that I have come to life and am here in the city and that if he kills me again he'd better do it while I'm looking. It would be more decent."

Eli was delighted with a task which promised a degree of discomfort to the man who had endeavored to ruin him. Harry spent the afternoon with Mrs. Kelso and Bim's baby boy. The good woman was much excited by the arrival of the young soldier.

"We have had a terrible year," she said. "We couldn't have lived through it without the help of a friend. Bim went away to take care of the sick in the smallpox neighborhood. She was rather discouraged. Our friend Mr. Davis is in love with her. She promised to marry him. It seemed to be the only way out of our troubles. But she will not even write to him now. I think that she is very unhappy."

"I shall not try to increase her troubles, but I shall prevent her from marrying Davis if I can," said Harry.

"Why?"

"Because I think he is dishonest."

"He has convinced me that all the reports are wrong," Mrs. Kelso declared. "I think that he is one of the kindest and best of men."

"I shall not argue with you as to the character of my rival," Harry answered. "The facts will be on record one of these days and then you can form your own judgment. I hope you won't mind my coming here to see you and the baby now and then."

"You are always welcome. But Mr. Davis comes often, and feeling as you do, it might be unpleasant for you to meet him."

"It would. I'll keep away until the air clears," said Harry.

He wrote a very tender letter to Bim that day. He told her that he had come to Chicago to live so that he might be near her and ready to help her if she needed help. He wrote:

The same old love is in my heart that made me want you for my wife long ago, that has filled my letters and sustained me in many an hour of peril. If you really think that you must marry Davis, I ask you at least to wait for the developments of a suit which Abe Lincoln is bringing in behalf of many citizens of Tazewell County. It is likely that we shall know more than we do before that case ends. I saw your beautiful little boy. He looks so much like you that I long to steal him and keep him with me.

In a few days he received this brief reply:

DEAR HARRY: Your letter pleased and pained me. I have been so tossed about that I don't know quite where I stand. My brain is like a bridge that has been washed out by floods. I am picking up the fragments and trying to rebuild it. For a long time my life has been nothing but a series of emotions. What Honest Abe may be able to prove I know not, but I am sure that he can not disprove the fact that Mr. Davis has been kind and generous to me. For that I can not ever cease to be grateful. My little boy can not be made to like him. He will have nothing to do with Mr. Davis. He will not be bribed or coerced. Time and kindness do not seem to diminish his dislike. My soul has been drugged with argument and—I can not help saying it—bribed with favors. But the boy has been steadfast. He has kept his frankness and honesty. I saw in this a prophecy of trouble. I left home and went down into the very shadow of death. It may be that we have been saved for each other by the wisdom of childhood. I must not see you now. Nor shall I see him until I have found my way. Even your call can not make me forget that I am under a solemn promise. I must keep it without much more delay unless something happens to release me.

I am glad you like the boy. He is a wonderful child. I named him Nehemiah for his grandfather. We call him Nim, and sometimes "Mr. Nimble" because he is so lively. I'm homesick to see him and you. I am going to Dixon to teach and earn money for mother and the baby. Don't tell any one where I am, and above all don't come to see me until in good heart I can ask you to come.

God bless you! BIM.

In a few weeks the suit came on. It was tried in the new brick court house in Chicago. Davis's defense, as given in the answer, alleged that the notes were to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of lots, and that in consequence of the collapse of the boom there had been no such proceeds. His claim was supported by the testimony of his secretary and another, and by certain letters of his, promising payment as soon as the land was sold, and by letters from the plaintiffs allowing that grace. As to the understanding upon which the notes were drawn, there was direct issue of veracity of many facts in the history of the young speculator, including the important one that he had been convicted of fraud in New Orleans.

MR. LINCOLN'S cross-examination was as merciless as sunlight "falling round a helpless thing." It was kindly and polite in tone but relentless in its searching. When it ended, the weight of Davis's character had been accurately established. In his masterly summing up, Mr. Lincoln presented every circumstance in favor of the defendant's position. With remarkable insight he anticipated the arguments of his attorney. He presented them fairly and generously to the court and jury. According to Samson, the opposing lawyers admitted in a private talk that Lincoln had thought of presumptions in favor of Davis which had not occurred to them. Therein lay the characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's method in a lawsuit.

"It was a safe thing for him to do, for he never took a case in which justice was not clearly on his side," Samson writes. "If he had been deceived as to the merits of the case, he would drop it. With the sword of justice in his hand he was invincible."

First he put the thing to be weighed on the scale fully and fairly. Then one by one he put the units of gravity on the other side so that the court and jury saw the turning of the balance.

He covered the point at issue with a few words, "every one of which drew blood," to quote a phrase from the diary. He showed that the validity of such claims rested wholly on the character of the man who made them, especially when they were opposed to the testimony of people whose honesty had been questioned only by that man.

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"Now as to the secretary," said Mr. Lincoln, "I honestly regret that he has disagreed with himself. A young man ought not to disagree with himself as to the truth, and especially when he contradicts the oath of witnesses whom we have no reason to discredit. I want to be kind to him on account of his youth. He reminds me of the young man who hired out to a captain in Gloucester and shipped for the China coast and learned presently that he was on a pirate vessel. He had been a young man of good intentions, but he had to turn to and help the business along. When the ship was captured he said:

"'I didn't want to be a pirate, but there was only one kind o' politics on that ship and the majority was so large that the vote might as well be unanimous. At first I was in favor of reform, but the walkin' was that bad I had to decide between a harp and a cutlass.'

"This parable serves to illustrate the history of most young men who fall into bad company. The walking becomes more or less bad for them. They get into the bondage of fear. We know not how it may have influenced the action of Cap'n Davis's first mate. Probably since the hard times began the walking has looked bad to him, but still there was walking. I am sorry it must be said that there was walking and I hope that he will now make some use of it."

HE did, and in time confessed to Samson Traylor that Mr. Lincoln's reproach had been the saving of him. A judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiffs for the full amount of their claim with costs. The character of Lionel Davis had been sufficiently revealed. Even the credulous Mrs. Kelso turned against him. Mr. Lincoln's skill as a lawyer was recognized in the north as well as in the middle counties. From that day forth no man enjoyed a like popularity in Tazewell County.

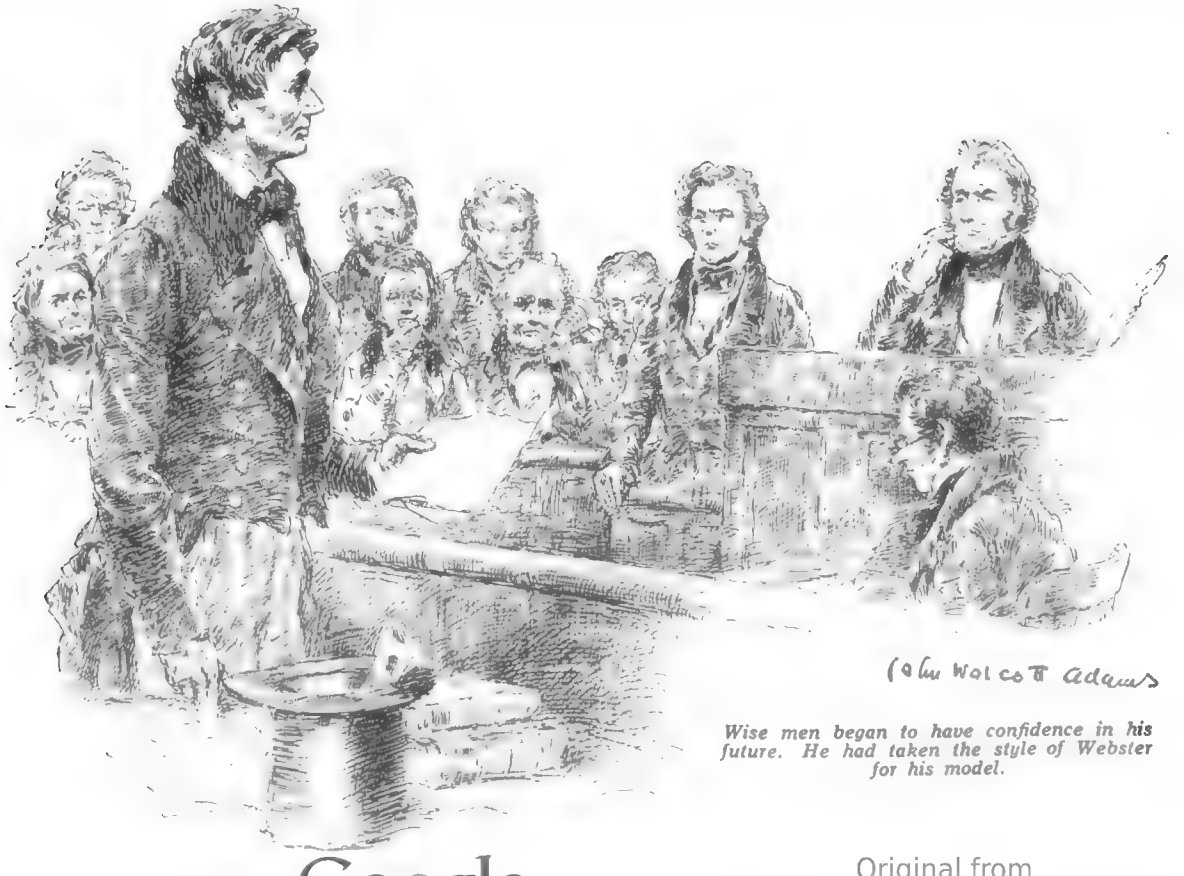
When Samson and Harry Needles left the court-house, there seemed to be no obstacle between the young man and the consummation of his wishes. Unfortunately, as they were going down the steps Davis, who blamed Samson for his troubles, flung an insult at the sturdy Vermonter.

SAMSON, who had then arrived at years of firm discretion, was little disturbed by the anger of a man so discredited. But Harry, on the sound of the hateful words, had leaped forward and dealt the speculator a savage blow in the face, which for a few seconds had deprived him of the power of speech. That evening a friend of Davis called at the City Hotel with a challenge. The hot-blooded young soldier accepted it against the urgent counsel of Samson Traylor, Mr. Lincoln having left the city. It was a fashion of the time for gentlemen to stand up and shoot at each other after a quarrel. But Davis since the trial had no character to defend, and therefore no right to enter the field of honor with a man of Harry's standing. But the young officer had promised to fight and was not to be dissuaded.

As to the details of the tragic scene that followed next day, the writer has little knowledge. Samson was not the type of man for such a chronicle. The diary speaks of his part in it with shame and sorrow and remorse. His mind seems to have been too much engaged with his own fears and thoughts to take note of the color. We may infer from one remark in it that the sky was clear. Probably it was at daybreak that he and Harry rode to a point on the prairie "something more than a mile from the city limits." There he tells us that they met Davis and one friend of the latter and two surgeons who had driven to the scene in a box wagon. It is evident too that great secrecy had been observed in the plan and its execution, and that until some time after the last act, Lincoln knew nothing of the later developments in the little drama. For the rest of that deplorable scene the historian must content himself with the naked details in the diary of a Puritan pioneer. They are at least direct, and derive a certain vividness from their haste to be done with it as a proceeding of which the less said the better.

"I went because there was no escape from it and with the shadow of God's wrath in my soul," Samson writes. "The sun rose as we halted our horses. We paced the field. The two men took their places twenty yards apart. Harry was a little pale, but he stood up as straight and steady as a hitching-post. The pistols rang out at the command of fire and both men fell. Davis had been hit in his left shoulder. My handsome boy lay on his face. The bullet had bored through his right lung. Before I could reach him he had risen to his feet ready to go on with the battle. Davis lay like one paralyzed by the shock of the bullet. His seconds declared they were satisfied. The surgeons began their work. I saw them take the bullet out of Harry's back where it had lodged under his skin. I helped them put the wounded men into the wagon and rode back to the house of one of the doctors near the city—wherein were rooms for the accommodation of critical cases—leading Harry's horse and praying for God's help and forgiveness. I took care of the boy until Steve Nuckles came to help me.

"Bim arrived when Harry was out of his head and didn't know her. She was determined to stay and do the nursing, but I wouldn't let her. She did not look strong.



Wise men began to have confidence in his future. He had taken the style of Webster for his model.

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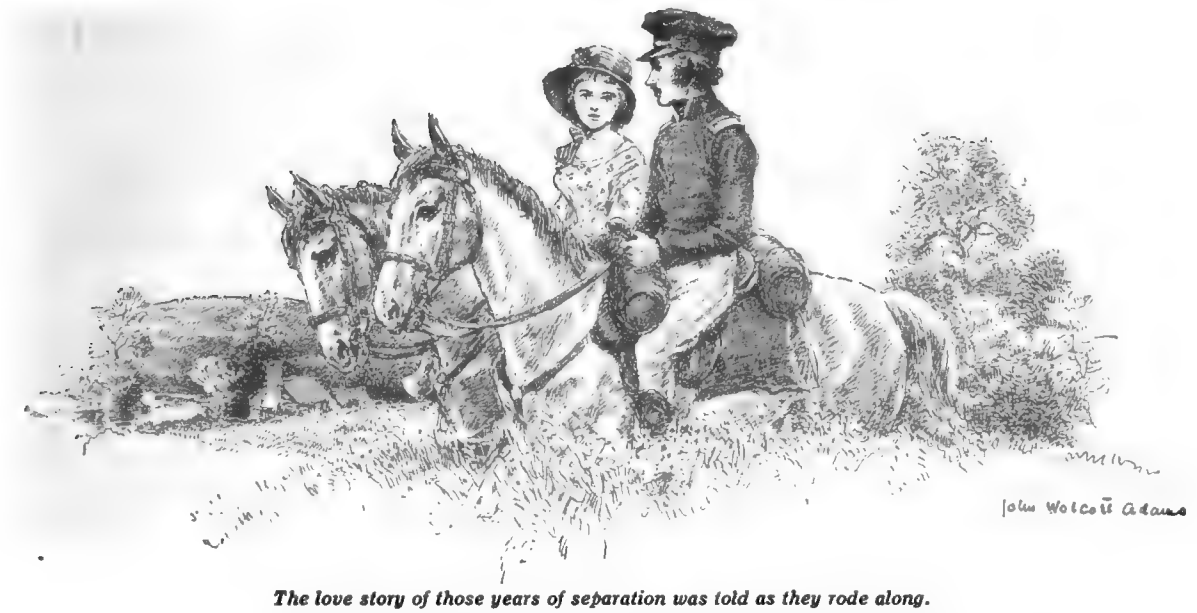

The love story of those years of separation was told as they rode along.

I loaned her the money to pay her debt to Davis, and persuaded her to go back to her work in Dixon. She went and was rather heartbroken about it.

"As she was leaving she looked into my face and said: 'Don't tell him or any one what has happened to me. I want to tell him.'

"I promised to keep her secret, and did it. Soon I learned that she was down sick. I sent her mother to her and kept the small boy with me.

"The surgeon said that Harry would live if lung fever didn't set in. It set in, but he pulled through. He mended slowly. I had some fear of arrest, but the conspiracy of silence kept the facts under cover. It was partly due, I guess, to the friendship of John Wentworth for me and Honest Abe. He kept it out of the papers. There were no complaints and the rumors soon fell into silence. I spent about six weeks at Harry's bedside and in the store, which has begun to prosper.

"The boy, 'Mr. Nimble,' is a cunning little man. When he began to get better Harry loved to play with him and listen to his talk about the fairies. The young man was able to leave his bed, by and by, but he didn't get over his weakness and pallor. He had no appetite. I sent him with Nuckles into the Wisconsin woods to live in the open. Then I took the small boy to Dixon with me in the saddle. Bim had just got back to her work. She was distressed by the news of Harry's condition.

"'I fear he has got his death-blow,' she said, with a sad look in her face. 'I had hoped that we could be married this autumn. But something comes between us always. First it was my folly, and now it is his folly. It seems as if we hadn't sense enough to get married when there's nothing in the way of it.'

"She told me that Eliphalet Biggs had been there. He had heard of the boy and wished to see him and demanded to know where he was. For fear that Biggs would try to get possession of 'Mr. Nimble,' I took him with me to Springfield in the saddle.

"I learn that Davis has recovered his health and left the city. A man can not do business without friends, and after the trial Chicago was no place for him."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Which Presents the Pleasant Comedy of Individualism in the New Capital, and the Courtship of Lincoln and Mary Todd.

SAMSON, with "Mr. Nimble" on a pad stuffed with straw in front of him, jogged across the prairies and waded the creeks and sloughs on his way to Springfield. The little lad was in his fourth year that summer. He slept and talked much on the way, and kept Samson busy with queries about the sky and the creeks and the great flowery meadows. They camped the first night in a belt of timber, and Samson writes that "the boy slept snug against me with his head on my arm. He went to sleep crying for his mother."

He adds: "It reminded me of the old days of my young fatherhood. 'Mr. Nimble' wanted to pick all the flowers and splash his bare feet in every stream. In the evening he would talk to the stars as if he were playing with them. To him the whole world is a plaything. He is like some of the grown folks in Chicago. He would sit hanging on to the reins and talk to the horse and to God by the hour. He used to tell me that God was a friend of his, and I think he was right. It was good to get back to Sarah and the children. They took the little stranger into their hearts. 'Heart room, house room' is the motto of this part of the country."

It was a new town to which Samson returned. The Governor and the State officers had moved to Springfield. The new capitol was nearing completion. The hard times which had followed the downfall of '37 had unjustly diminished Mr. Lincoln's confidence in his ability as a legislator. He enjoyed the practice of the law, which had begun to turn his interest from the affairs of state. But the pot of political science boiled before the fireplace in the rear of Joshua Speed's store every evening that Lincoln and his associates were in Springfield. The wit and wisdom which bubbled into its vapors, and the heat that surrounded it, were the talk of the town. Many came to witness the process, and presently it was moved for a time to more accommodating quarters.

Before a crowd of people in the Presbyterian Church, Lincoln, Logan, Baker, and Browning for the Whigs, and Douglas, Calhoun, Lamborn and Thomas for the Democrats, having assiduously prepared for the trial, debated the burning issues of the time. The effort of each filled an evening, and Lincoln's speech gave him new hope of himself. Wise men began to have great confidence in his future. He had taken the style of Webster for his model. He no longer used the broad humor which had characterized his efforts on the stump. A study of the best speeches of the great New Englander had made him question its value in a public address. Dignity, clear reasoning and impressiveness were the chief aims of his new method, the latter of which is aptly illustrated by this passage from his speech in reply to Douglas in the debate mentioned:

"If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before high heaven and in the face of the world I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty and my love."

In these perfervid utterances one may find little to admire save a great spirit seeking to express itself and lacking as yet the refinement of taste equal to his undertaking. He was no heaven-born genius "sprung in full panoply from the head of Jove." He was just one of the slow common-folk, with a passion for justice and human rights, surely feeling his way upward.

HIS spirit was growing. Strong in its love and knowledge of common men and of the things necessary to their welfare, it was beginning to seek and know "the divine power of words." Every moment of leisure he gave to the study of Webster, Burke, Byron, Shakespeare and Burns. He had begun to study the art of Irving and Walter Scott and of a new writer of the name of Dickens. There were four men who slept with him in the room above Speed's store, and one of them has told how he used to lie sprawled on the

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floor with his pillow and candle, reading long after the others had gone to sleep.

Samson writes that he never knew a man who understood the art of using minutes as he did. A detached minute was to him a thing to be filled with value. Yet there were few men so deeply in love with fun. He loved to laugh at a story-telling and to match his humor with Thompson Campbell—a famous *raconteur*—and to play with children. Fun was as necessary to him as sleep. He searched for it in people and in books.

He came often to Samson's house to play with "Mr. Nimble" and to talk with Joe. Some of his best thoughts came when he was talking with Joe and some of his merriest moments when he was playing with "Mr. Nimble." He confessed that it was the latter who reminded him that he had better be looking for a wife.

But Lincoln was only one of many personalities in Springfield who had discovered themselves and were seeking to be discovered. Sundry individuals were lifting their heads above the crowd, but not with the modesty and self-distrust of Honest Abe. "Steve" Douglas, whom Samson had referred to as "that little rooster of a man," put on the stilts of a brave and ponderous vigor. His five-foot stature and his hundred pounds of weight did not fit the part of Achilles. But he would have no other. He blustered much with a spear too heavy for his hands. Lincoln used to call him a kind of popgun.

THIS free-for-all joust of individualism —one of the first fruits of freedom in the West—gave to the life of the little village a rich flavor of comedy. The great talents of Douglas had not been developed. His character was yet shifty and shapeless. Some of the leading citizens openly distrusted him. He sought to command respect by assaulting men of full size, and was repeatedly and soundly thumped for his presumption. He had endeavored to publicly chastise the sturdy Simeon Francis and had been bent over a market cart and severely wigged by the editor. Lincoln used to call these affairs "the mistakes of Douglas due wholly to the difference between the size of his body and the size of his feelin's." He never liked this little man, in opposing whom he was to come to the fulness of his power on the platform. It is evident that Lincoln regarded him as an able advocate of small sincerity, looking chiefly for personal advancement.

There is a passage in the diary which illustrates the character of Douglas and Lincoln's knowledge of it. The passage relates to a day in the famous debates of 1858. Lincoln had not reached Havana in time to hear the speech of his opponent. A great crowd had come by train and in wagons. Taking advantage of his absence, Douglas had called Lincoln "a liar, a coward and a sneak," and declared that he was going to fight him.

Lincoln heard of this and said in his speech:

"I shall not fight with Judge Douglas. A fight could prove nothing at issue in this campaign. It might prove that he is a more muscular man than I or that I am a more muscular man than he, but this subject is not mentioned in either platform. Again, he and I are really very good friends and when we are together he would no more think of fighting me than of fighting his wife. Therefore, when the judge talked about fighting he was not giving vent to any ill-feeling, but was trying to excite—well, let us say, enthusiasm against me on the part of his audience."

Justice accomplished her ends now and then with comic displays of violence in the prairie capital. One night Abe Lincoln and certain of his friends captured a shoemaker who had beaten his wife. and held him at the village pump while the aggrieved woman gave him a sound thrashing. So this phase of imperalism was cured in Springfield by "hair off the same dog," as Lincoln put it.

One evening while E. D. Baker was speaking in the crowded village courtroom under Lincoln's office and was rudely interrupted and in danger of assault, the long legs of Honest Abe suddenly appeared through a scuttle hole in the ceiling above the platform. He leaped upon it and, seizing a stone water-pitcher, defied any one to interfere with the right of free speech in a worthy cause.

So it will be seen that there were zestful moments in these sundry vindications of the principles of democracy in the prairie capital.

ABOUT this time Miss Mary Todd, the daughter of a Kentucky banker, arrived in Springfield to visit her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards. She was a fashionably dressed, good-looking girl with blue-gray eyes and dark hair. She had been well educated in the schools of Lexington, and could speak French as well as English.

"Well, Mary, haven't you found the fortunate young man yet?" Mr. Edwards playfully asked, the day of her coming.

"You know my husband is going to be President of the United States and I hoped that I should find him in Springfield," Mary answered in a like vein.

"There's great fishing here," said Mr. Edwards. "I know the very man you are looking for. He has come up from the ranks and is now the most popular member of the legislature. He can make a stirring speech and they say he is going to be the President of the United States. He's wise and witty and straight as a string, but a rough diamond—big, awkward and homely. You're just the girl to take him in hand and give him a little polish and push him along. His name is Abraham Lincoln."

Speed knew the Todds—a distinguished Kentucky family with a Governor of Virginia and other historic figures in its record. When he called upon Mary, she asked about Mr. Lincoln and said she would like to meet him.

"She's just the girl for you, Abe," Speed said to him that evening. "She is bright and well educated and her family has influence. She could be a great help to you."

This interested the member from Sangamon County, who was indeed eager to get along. The companionship of a refined young lady was the very thing he needed.

"Let's go over and pay our respects to her," Speed suggested.

They went, Lincoln being carefully dressed in his first suit of black clothes. Miss Todd was a bright, vivacious girl of middle stature, twenty-two years old. She was fashionably dressed and carried her head proudly—a smart-looking, witty, well-spoken girl, but not especially handsome. She was most agreeable to the young men. Honest Abe was deeply impressed by her talk and fine manners and general comeliness. He felt her grace and charm and spoke of it with enthusiasm.

But to him and to her there seemed to be an impassable gulf between them. She changed her mind about that, however, when she heard him speak, and felt the power of his personality and saw his face lighted by the candle of his spirit. It was a handsome face in those moments of high elation. Hardship and malarial poison had lined and sallowed his skin. He used to say that every time the fever and ague walked over him they left a track on his face. The shadows of loneliness and sorrow were in its sculpturing. But when his eyes glowed with passion one saw not the rough mask which the life of the pioneer had given him. His form lost its awkwardness; his face took on a noble and impressive beauty. At those times every eye looked longingly upon him because of the great and wonderful things with which he was interfused. To quote his own words to the boy, Josiah Traylor, his character was speaking as well as his lips. Mary had the insight to recognize his power. She felt the strength of his spirit. She agreed with her friends that here was a man of great promise. She felt the need of him.

To one who loved beauty and respected women as he did, the grace and refinement of this young lady had a singular appeal, coupled as it was with the urge of his strong, masculine nature. It was a revelation. He was like a young poet going out into the open and seeing for the first time the mysterious beauty of the mountains or "the exquisite, delicate, thin curve of the new moon in spring." He began to seek and study refinement of thought, of manner, of dress, of expression. He knew that he needed Mary, but had the feeling that she was not for him.

A WOMAN who lived near the Edwards's house had a small, hairy poodle dog. One day as Abe and Mary were walking along the street they met this woman, who asked them if they had seen her dog.

"I shouldn't wonder if some one down the street had got him tied to the end of a pole and is using him to swab off his windows," said Abe Lincoln with a good-natured laugh. "I'll try to find him for you."

Mary enjoyed fun and this and like sallies of the young legislator added a certain zest to their friendship. Women are like children in their love of humor.

The diminutive Douglas saw in Miss Todd an asset of much value and his attentions began to be assiduous. Mary was indifferent to his lofty manner and sonorous vocalism. Abe Lincoln liked her better for that.

She encouraged the visits of the latter and invited his confidence. The fact filled him with a great joy. They went about together. In the Edwards's parlor he modestly told her of his work and life plan. She differed with him on certain subjects which were unfortunately fundamental. But her personality pleased and fascinated the young legislator. One evening under the spell of it he asked her to be his wife. She consented. Then he began to think it over.

It was like Lincoln in his relations with women to get the cart before the horse, so

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Mr. Lincoln asked his friends and neighbors to pray for his success. He was moved by the sight of them.

to speak. The points upon which they disagreed came up for consideration. She could not think as he did on the subject of slavery and the kindred one of state rights. His manners were not like hers.

He was thirty-one years old that summer. It was rather late in life to undertake any great change in his manners. They grew naturally out of one's history and character. He could be kind and gentle in his way. But, mainly, his manners would have to be like the rugged limbs of the oak. The grace and elegance of the water-willow and the white birch were not for him.

IT saddened him to conclude that he would have to be for a long time just what he was—crude, awkward, unlearned in the graces and amenities of cultivated people. He rightly judged that his crudeness would be a constant source of irritation to Mary. As their acquaintance progressed, the truth of his conviction grew more apparent. This, however, did not so much concern him as her lack of sympathy with some of his deepest motives. He decided that, after all, he did not love her and that to marry her would be committing a great wrong.

Some of the unhappiest days of his life followed. His conscience gave him no rest. He did not know what to do. He told a friend that if his misery were equally distributed to the whole human race each would have a troublesome burden. He was wont to take long walks into the country with "Mr. Nimble" those days, often carrying the boy on his shoulders. It is likely that the little lad was a great comfort to him. He wrote a letter to Miss Todd in which he reviewed the history of his thinking on the subject of their marriage, and frankly but tenderly stated his conviction that it would imperil her happiness to marry him. Before sending it he submitted the letter to his friend, Speed.

The latter read it over and looked very grave.

"What do you think of it?" Lincoln asked.

"I would never send a letter like that to a lady," Speed answered. "If you feel as you say, go and tell her so, but don't put it in a letter."

Lincoln went to see her that evening and returned to his friend in a cheerful mood.

"Did you tell her?" Speed asked.

"Yes, I told her."

"What happened?"

"She burst out crying and I threw my arms around her and kissed her and that settled it. We are going to be married."

What an illustration of the humanity and chivalry of Honest Abe was in the proceeding!

"I'm sure you'll get along all right together," said Speed. "Your spirit is jealous of any one likely to get in its way. But she won't. She'll fall in line and do what she can to help you."

Meanwhile Henry Brimstead and other creditors of Davis had gone to Chicago in the matter of the satisfaction of their judgments against him. Henry had driven a wagon across the prairies and, returning, had brought Bim and her mother to his home and then to Springfield. It was while they were there that Harry had come down to the city out of the woods in a condition of health which had alarmed his physician. The latter had put him on a steamboat and sent him East. He was bound for the mountain country in northern New York. Bim and her mother had returned to Chicago on the stage, the former to take a place in the store as a representative of Samson's interest.

Harry was three years in the wilderness trying to regain his health. Success came in the time and year of his banishment.

Toward the end of it he received a letter from Mr. Lincoln. It was written soon after that curious climax in the courting of Mary Todd. In this letter he said:

I am serving my last term in the legislature. I learn that you are in better health and I hope that you will have the strength and inclination to return soon and be a candidate for my seat in the house. You are young. You have won distinction in the service of your country. You have studied the problems of the county and the State. Samson and Baker and Logan and Browning agree with me that you are the man for the place.

As for myself, I am going to be married in a year or so. I shall have to give all my time to the practise of the law. I am now in partnership with Stephen T. Logan and am slowly clearing my conscience of debt.

(*Continued on page 86*)

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Material Motives

By Du Vernet Rabell

I AM holding no brief for Myra Willoughby. I admit frankly that she should never have married Jason Hardwick—that is, married him with the material motives that actuated her when she consented to become his wife. Not that Myra would have expected any one to hold a brief for her—she held none for herself. Jason's proposal came as a stunning surprise to her, and she accepted him quickly, very quickly, before she had time to think; she accepted him mechanically, subconsciously, so to speak, like closing her fingers on a diamond of first water dropped into her hands from the sky.

Afterwards she didn't let herself go into the ethics of the matter.

She told herself with a determination which would have been praiseworthy enough under slightly different circumstances, that even though she was not blind to the material advantages marrying Jason would bring to her, an even disposition and a firm resolve to make a man proud of the girl he had married were perfectly fair substitutes for love; love, that peculiar, often fleeting, emotion, in whose name a woman eternally demanded of a man something he generally didn't know how to give, and which made her weep over the defections and straying into life's by-ways for which the masculine sex appeared to have a proclivity.

FOR a girl in the chorus of any of the Kirby-Morrison companies, marrying Jason Hardwick would certainly have been a temptation next to impossible to resist. He was the director, stage manager, producer—whatnot, whose word was absolutely accepted as final about everything. He passed or vetoed the scenic effects, he picked the principals and solo dancers, he had the say-so concerning costumes; he had even been known to interpolate a song that pleased him, totally disregarding the frenzied protests of Morton Kopft, who wrote the music for the Kirby-Morrison productions.

He was a very efficient young man with a briskly impersonal manner and inscrutable eyes, and he certainly could put the fear of God into the chorus girls—even the ones who owned a town car and a Pekinese, and lived on Riverside Drive. He had a good-looking boyish face that lit up wonderfully when he smiled—which wasn't often. He had found it didn't pay.

When he appeared at rehearsal smiling, the comedian immediately took him aside to register a kick about his lines being cut, the leading lady made a fuss about her costumes in the second act, and even the tenor took the occasion to complain bitterly about something or other. So Jason gradually came to assume the expression of a perpetual grouch, and the money-making spectacles of the Kirby-Morrison combine continued to cause New York to stop, look, and write picture postcards to their out-of-town friends about them. And of course these friends promptly came into town and paid exorbitant prices for seats. Shows like the Kirby riots are written and produced expressly for those far from the madding crowd. Heaven help them if the nation ever faces a protracted railroad strike! But to go on.

Having put out numberless shows built along ultra-sophisticated lines, Jason came to the conclusion that it was high time to spring a novelty. So instead of the regulation cabaret or ball-room—the scene itself didn't matter so long as it gave the ladies of the chorus a chance to wear evening gowns, totally inadequate bits of clothing that looked as if they had been fashioned for the favorites of a Turkish harem, and the men—but who cares about the men? We don't pay four dollars a seat at the hotel book-stalls to look at the men in a musical show—in the new production Jason staged something quite different.

A street in a little country town—great trees shading it, a grass-edged sidewalk, and the girls in gingham dresses leaning over the picket fences singing to the boys coming along from the village. And in the center of the stage was one house, and one girl sitting on the porch rocking in an old-fashioned rocking chair, a basket of mending by her side; and when the stage was all set and Jason got his first good look at her, he promptly forgot the time, place and day of the week. It can happen. But to Jason—Jason Hardwick, before whose discerning eyes had passed four-fifths of the professional beauties of the country, iridescently lovely creatures who posed for corset and cold cream advertisements, and whose superlative loveliness was justly famous in the popular songs and divorce annals!

THE girl on the porch was Myra Willoughby. She didn't have but a few lines to sing, and she didn't sing those in any remarkable manner. But Jason wasn't listening to her voice at first. He was looking into her dark eyes, and as he did so somehow a sense of home enfolded him; home with a white gate and a pebbled walk, and honeysuckle rioting over a trellis at the end of the porch. He looked, and then he shut his eyes and listened to the words—the regular sort of words, "And I'll be waiting in the twilight, dear, for you"—and the sound of the girl's voice awoke longings in him for things he knew that he had always wanted deep down in his heart, but had never taken the time to go after. Well, he reflected grimly, as the music stopped and the song died away, this is where he took the time.

He went about the accomplishment of his desire with no loss of time. He sought out Patsy Purcell, a young person in the chorus who was a walking encyclopedia of the history, past, present, and probable future, of the entire cast, and under the guise of a sharp reprimand concerning making her straying eyes behave when looking at the tenor, who declared she spoiled his song, acquired some information about Myra. Not much; strangely enough Patsy didn't know much, but enough to start on. He discovered that she came from some little town up the state, had studied voice culture—or something to do with music, Patsy wasn't exactly sure just what—anyhow, finding after she had spent all her money that she didn't have a future on the concert stage, she drifted into the chorus of one of the Kirby companies. Jason, taking another good look at Myra as she passed at the moment attired for the street, decided that what with her snapping black eyes and clear skin, her slender ankles, and figure as clean cut as a silhouette, she had not had much trouble getting a place.

THE second step in his program was peculiar, to say the least. He began an exhaustive campaign of criticism. He found fault with Myra's dancing, the way she held her flowers, and the way she rocked in the wicker chair on the porch. He criticised her before the company, and he took her aside and criticised her—talking to her for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, and leaving her either on the verge of tears, or with her eyes black with temper and her red mouth sullenly set. Of course all this was rather out of the ordinary, and provoked much comment. No one understood it.

"For heaven's sake," Patsy Purcell wanted to know, "why doesn't he fire her and let it go at that? This nagging isn't getting him anywhere."

But Jason hoped it would. He hoped it was showing Myra, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the stage was no place for her, that she wasn't suited to it. That what she was made for was a home—home spelled with a capital H; the sort we write songs about, and see on real estate advertisements, but which no one takes seriously in these days of refrigerated flats, and stucco suburban bungalows.

One day Jason said frankly to Myra: "You know you don't belong in the chorus."

Something about his tone and the expression in his usually inscrutable eyes emboldened Myra to ask quickly, her voice a trifle breathless, "Oh, Mr. Hardwick, do you think that I could do something better—that perhaps I could have a song or a dance—"

Jason promptly dispelled this rainbow. "I do not. You don't dance well enough for a solo dance, and you haven't the personality to get a song across."

But Myra was unaccountably moved to voicing a different opinion. "I don't see why—"

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He criticised her before the company, leaving her on the verge of tears.

"Well, I can explain exactly why." Then Jason jerked out his watch and utterly confounded Myra by asking her to go to lunch with him. "I haven't got the time to stand here just talking," he explained.

Myra never knew afterwards whether she accepted Jason's invitation or not. All she remembered was that somehow she found herself following him out of the theatre with a feeling of great bewilderment.

But at luncheon Jason didn't do any explaining. He talked—he talked more than he remembered of having talked for years. And he conversed about himself, what he liked to do, his new car, his Airedale that had just won a blue ribbon in the dog show—he waxed very enthusiastic about this last. He invited confidences by making them himself, and after a little Myra began to talk. Just little unimportant bits—about how the street in the second act of the show looked something like a street in her home town, that she had two sisters, and a brother in high school, and that she liked New York, but thought it a pretty hard place to get a start in.

"There's an awful lot of competition,"

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Jason told her. "It sure is a town where you have to deliver the goods."

"But still I think I have more chance here than anywhere else," Myra said.

"Oh, I don't know—I can't see what draws a girl to New York, and I certainly can't see why so many girls are crazy to go on the stage. Now take your case," Jason continued; he paused and smiled that boyish candid smile of his, "you'd be far better off at home, you know—"

"No, I don't know," Myra broke in, shaking her head. "I wouldn't go home—not for anything in the world. I'm not going home until I am preceded by bill boards announcing my name in large type." She stopped, her dark eyes dancing.

Jason leaned across the table. "If you don't want to go back to that home, why not some other home—why don't you get married?"

Myra shrugged, still laughing. "Oh, there's lots of answers to that."

It was the night he put Patsy Purcell in Myra's place on the front porch, and gave her Myra's song, that Jason asked Myra to marry him. He went into the dressing room after all the other girls had gone and found Myra trying to stop crying long enough to powder her face and go home.

He walked in and closed the door behind him and stood looking at her, a frown on his face and a worried look in his eyes.

"Myra—please stop crying."

She looked up at him through her tears, her eyes black and stormy.

"Oh, I know you think I'm a brute—but honestly, Myra, you don't belong here at all. You were made to be loved and taken care of—Myra, won't you let me take care of you?"

Myra backed against the dressing table, bewilderment, fright and indignation in her eyes.

"Oh, don't look at me like that," Jason begged. He came and stood close beside her, and his voice grew very gentle. "I'll be as good to you as I know how—Myra—will you marry me?" And he took her swiftly into his arms, and pressed his lips to the soft wave of dark hair that folded over her small ear like a bird's wing.

And there in his arms, with the words of his proposal ringing in her ears, Myra accepted him very quickly, as I have told you.

A WEEK later she said goodby to Patsy Purcell, who had been her best friend in the theatre. That young lady laughed when she heard the news. Myra had wondered a little uneasily just what Patsy would think. But Patsy being an utterly frivolous young thing, was not much given to thought; in fact she regarded all mental effort as utterly useless, and took things as she found them on the surface.

"Well, you sure did get even with friend Jason for being so fresh," she commented gayly.

"Get even?" Myra questioned.

"Sure—aren't you going to marry him? But that's as old as Anne—it was in the last show—and it was on the brink of the grave then." Patsy's blue eyes, blue and round like a little boy's marbles, filled with unconcealed envy. "Well, from now on I guess you get the best that the Kirby-Morrison bunch has to offer."

Myra drew a deep breath. "Oh, Patsy—I'm so excited. It means that I get my chance—and that's what counts in this game, a chance." She hesitated and then went on to confide. "I haven't said anything to Jason yet, he's been so rushed trying to get things into shape so that we could get away for a week, but Patsy, I'm just crazy for that moonlight song in the new show. Miss Duveen is going into vaudeville, and while we're away I'm going to ask Jason to let me have a chance at it."

"That's right," Patsy counselled wisely, "get him early in the game, and I don't know any better time to play Delilah than on your honeymoon. Are you going to Atlantic City?"

"No," Myra told her, "we're going to a little place up in the Pocono Mountains; it's kept by a Frenchman and they have the most wonderful food, Jason says."

"But what do you do up there—I'm thinking of that trunkful of new clothes I helped you buy." Patsy looked up from an anxious examination of a run in her old gold stocking.

"Oh, Jason is going to fish—and the walks are lovely—" Myra explained vaguely.

"Oh," Patsy responded politely; and then as Myra turned away she went on to reflect with growing contentment that marrying Jason Hardwick undoubtedly had many advantages, but fancy spending your honeymoon fishing, and wasting your trousseau in a place where there was nothing to do but walk!

THEIR brief honeymoon was drawing to a close when Myra mentioned Molly Duveen's part to Jason.

He had been fishing in the brook all morning, and his basket, filled with speckled trout, lay on the bank. Myra, an open book in her lap, sat comfortably in the crotch of a tree that overhung the stream. Above her head the sky was a dome of deepest blue, the brook babbled along the brown boulders in its bed, and the sifted sunshine came through the willows, a veil of gold-flecked yellow.

Jason waded to the bank, reeling in his line. "That's enough for to-day," he said. He took off his hat, and stretching himself comfortably on the moss, smiled up at Myra. "You look very serious—far too serious for a bride. What are you thinking about?"

"You—and me," Myra smiled.

Jason closed his eyes lazily, and after a moment, Myra, fearing that he was preparing to go to sleep, went on. "I was wondering about the new show, Jason—have you thought of any one for Molly Duveen's part?"

Jason's eyes opened reproachfully.

"Myra—I'm on my honeymoon! How can you drag that in?"

"I know," Myra persisted, "but I'm so interested."

Jason reached up and patted her hand. "That's very sweet of you—to take such an interest in my affairs."

"They're my affairs too."

Jason shook his head. "No—no, I'm never going to bring my business home. That's not my idea of a home."

Myra glanced at him, and proceeded hurriedly. "But, Jason—listen—this is something that I've wanted to ask you for a long time. Won't you—won't you give me a chance to try Miss Duveen's part? I know I could sing that song, and—"

Jason turned his head quickly to stare at her. "Give you Molly Duveen's part! Give you—why certainly not! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Don't you think I could sing—?"

"Whether you could or couldn't has nothing to do with it. When you married me you left the stage."

This didn't really sink in, in all its seriousness, but it made Myra open her eyes. "But Jason—not for good—"

Jason sat up. "Certainly for good. Why Myra—what on earth are you getting at?"

"Why—why—" and Myra made an uncertain gesture—"I had no idea of such a thing!"

"And I had no other idea. What on earth do you suppose marriage means to a man anyhow? It means a home—and a woman at the head of his home—it means—"

"Just a minute, Jason," Myra interrupted firmly, "why didn't you mention all this before?"

"It never occurred to me that it was necessary. Why didn't you mention the fact that you expected to remain on the stage?"

Myra looked away. There was really no answer she could think of to this.

Jason turned to face her, the angry note dying from his voice. "Listen here, Myra," he said, "the stage is no place for you—"

Myra shook her head impatiently. "Now, Jason, don't begin that—I've heard you say it so many times. Saying the stage is no place for me is such a sweeping statement. I don't think I have an over-rated idea of my own ability, but—"

"Your ability has nothing to do with it. You are not the type of girl who belongs on the stage. You are too sweet, too soft—you have to be taken care of."

Myra was beginning to feel alarmed; there was such a note of finality in his voice. "I've taken care of myself for three years."

"Well, honey, you won't need to any more. We're going to build a home, you and I, just like those little birds over there—see, by the rhododendrons?"

MYRA'S eyes narrowed. "Jason," she began slowly, "you talk an awful lot about this home business. It sounds very pretty, and I dare say there may be something in it—if you are interested in that sort of thing—but it's set me wondering. I'm wondering if perhaps you didn't marry for a home."

Jason smiled up at her. "Of course I married for a home—a home and all that goes with it. I never realized all I'd missed until I saw you in the second act of the show. From that minute I did nothing but dream of a home like that. Of course not just like that, because we can't live out of town, at least not all the year around. But I began to think of an apartment on Riverside Drive, or maybe overlooking the Park, of deep chairs and reading lamps, and a pretty wife waiting for me at night in a simple dress, and smooth hair and no dope on her face. I want her to watch the clock for me to come home, and after dinner—a

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Their brief honeymoon was drawing to a close when Myra mentioned Molly Duveen's part to Jason.

real dinner, no fussed-up restaurant food —I want her to sit on the arm of my chair, and laugh at the same jokes in the paper; and put her cheek against my hair and every now and then jump up to see if the nurse has properly covered the baby." As he said this last, he turned his head and pressed his face against the soft chiffon of her blouse.

Myra was furiously angry; angry at herself, angry at Jason for painting such a picture and putting her so apparently in wrong. And she *wasn't* in the wrong, she told herself vehemently. She couldn't help it if she had none of the domestic virtues. It wasn't her fault if she desired to be the head of a musical *revue* instead of in an apartment near the Park.

"It's all right as you tell it, Jason," she admitted, after a minute, "and I wouldn't mind a bit playing a part like that, but in real life—well, it wouldn't work, that's all. I'd always be regretting the chance you could have given me if you had wanted to."

Jason looked down at her. "Do you love the theatre so much?"

Myra shrugged. "You certainly did all you could to make me hate it. You were always criticising—" Her voice died away, and slowly her expression changed. A light of suspicion, enlightment, growing to indignation, dawned in her eyes.

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"Jason—did you do it on purpose—so that I'd get discouraged—so that I'd be willing to give it up?"

"Well, I wanted to make you see—" Jason was beginning when Myra furiously interrupted him.

"Then you *did* do it on purpose—Oh, why didn't I think of that before? 'You wanted to make me see'—why you weren't thinking of *me!* It was you, you yourself, that you were thinking of—that's all that interested you. Oh, it is so plain now. You never loved me—you just found out that I came from a little town—Patsy told me how you asked her questions about me—and so you jumped to the conclusion that I was a nice domestic little thing, just the sort to fit the part you'd cast me for. You weren't in love with me—you were in love with the scenery in the second act, and I was part of it."

She stopped to laugh bitterly. "And to think that I've often been a little ashamed that I married you for—" She stopped short, checked by the expression in his eyes.

He had risen and now stood looking down into her face. "You have gone too far to stop now, Myra. Just why did you marry me?"

Myra felt that she had to answer, but the words wouldn't come smoothly. "Well, I felt—" she stammered— "that is, I never thought you'd mind my remaining with the company and—"

"Do you mean you thought that I'd have no objections to my wife being in the chorus?"

"But with your influence—"

Jason's laugh interrupted her—and there wasn't so much laughter in his voice at that. "Now we have it. So you married me for the position you thought I could give you. For material motives—"

"Well, your own motives were quite as material as mine," Myra interrupted, stung to defense by the scorn in his voice.

"No," Jason denied slowly, "I don't think so. I said, you remember, that I wanted a home—a home and all that went with it. And you went with it, and love—Oh, I'm not saying that I was off my head about you at first—maybe I wasn't—but I had a sort of feeling—well, I just can't put it into words. You probably aren't interested in my feelings, anyway."

"Not in the least," Myra agreed coolly. She was remembering the expression in Jason's eyes when he stood looking down at her a moment ago. She wasn't looking at him now. She was looking down the valley, where the trees were gay with the faintly flushed beauty of the apple blossoms and the creamy white of the dogwood. But Myra's eyes were blind to all of this.

PRESENTLY she stole a glance in his direction. He was gathering together his fishing paraphernalia.

"Well—what are you going to do?" She felt impelled to say something.

"Nothing." And pulling on his cap, Jason strode off down the path.

Myra, forgetting that she considered her stand perfectly justified, ran after him. "But, Jason, surely there is something—"

Jason stopped abruptly. "Well, have you anything to suggest?" he flung over his shoulder. "But remember, before you say anything. As long as you are married to me, you are not going back to the stage!"

"And just how do you propose to stop me?"

Jason of course should have had an answer ready to this, something fitting and final. "Well, I can keep you out of my companies," he managed after a moment, angrily aware of the total inadequacy of this retort.

"There are other companies," Myra told him promptly. "Heinmann opens his show on the Rivoli Roof next month."

Jason made no answer. He just stood there scowling at her for a long moment, and then turned on his heel.

LATER, as Myra was dressing for dinner, he came into the room. He looked tired and his shoes were muddy, as if he had been tramping for miles careless of where his feet took him.

"Now see here, Myra," he began, dropping wearily into a chair. "I've been walking for hours trying to think this out, without making much headway. To begin with—well, I don't suppose there's much chance of bringing you to my way of thinking?"

Myra shook her head. "None in the least. I consider the stage my profession as much as you consider it yours, and I feel that I have the right—"

"It's no good going into that. Now if I can't bring you to my way of looking at it, and you can't bring me to your way, the only thing for us to do is to find—find some sort of a way station in between, and get off there. I suppose that ultimately you will want a divorce—" He paused uncertainly.

"A divorce, properly handled by a press agent who knew what he was about, would be the making of me," Myra returned flippantly.

"I suppose so," Jason returned. Then he looked at her thoughtfully. "I wonder if you'd do that."

Myra shrugged, and then she met his eyes. "You can't see my point of view at all, can you, Jason?"

"No, I can't," he answered frankly. "You married me for the position you thought I could give you. Of course I'll admit it's hard on you that I won't give it to you, but after all, it's not so easy for me. I felt in love with the girl I thought you were—you needn't lift your shoulder and smile like that— I know now that I was in love with her. I made a mistake—but of course that's up to me. Still, you must see that it's pretty rough on a man to find himself married to a perfect stranger. A girl that he not only doesn't know, but has no desire to know—"

"Thank you," Myra put in, lifting her chin.

"Now please, Myra, don't get mad. It will only ball things up and we want to get this straightened out somehow. That is the best I can do. If I do for you what you expected when you married me, will you let me do it in my own way?"

"Just what do you mean?"

"Well, if you'll wait until I get this new show off my hands, I'll make everything as easy for you as I can. After you get your divorce—and I hear that they speed things up out west—you can come back and I'll try to have a part waiting for you—I'll try to give you 'your chance' as you call it."

"But in the meantime?" Myra put in.

"In the meantime I want you to come back to town with me just as if nothing had ever happened—as if we were the usual every day couple just emerging from the golden glory of the honeymoon." He stopped to smile quizzically. "I want you to—do you remember what you said this morning about not minding playing a domestic part? Well, I want you to do that. I want you to get an apartment for me, and furnish it—and get a chest of silver—and have monogrammed towels in the bathroom—you know, like all young married couples have?"

Myra looked at him sharply. But he wasn't laughing, and his eyes were almost anxious. She wondered if all this could be because he was afraid of being laughed at; that he felt his marriage would be bandied about by all his friends as a good joke, if the truth were known. She concluded this must be so. What children men were! Actually she was able for a fleeting moment to smile at Jason—this attitude of his made her feel so much older than he.

"Yes, I think I could manage all that," she told him slowly. "That is, if I didn't have to do it too long—it's a part I would easily tire of."

"Oh, it won't be long," Jason assured her briskly, undoubted relief in his voice. "Two months at the most."

SO the first thing Myra did when she came back to town was to look for an apartment. Patsy helped her. Jason wasn't particularly strong for this, but Patsy proved to be quite a practical little person.

"Get it on the Drive," she advised, "Then it will be easier to sub-let when you go on the road, and friend husband is back at the club."

"Yes," Myra agreed absently, looking at a battleship coming to anchor in the Hudson. She wished she could tell Patsy the true state of affairs; of the long wait that stretched ahead of her before the stage would again know her dancing feet. But Patsy would never understand. Patsy would undoubtedly think her a fool. It wasn't that she exactly feared Patsy's derisive tongue—hadn't she smiled at Jason's fear of ridicule?—but—well, no, she didn't feel that she could tell Patsy. Patsy was examining the towels Myra had been embroidering. "Say, kid, where did you learn to do all this?"

"I was brought up on it," Myra explained briefly.

"Um," Patsy commented, "no wonder you beat it early."

Myra laughed. "It gets on my nerves to sit for hours on a thing like that, but I certainly was glad that I could do it when I priced the hand embroidered things in the stores."

"Yes— 'ain't it awful, Mabel'? I give you my word, Myra, that on my teddy-bears—"

"I meant towels, and table linen and things," Myra corrected her.

"Oh. Anyhow it's just the same with lingerie." Patsy passed on to the dining room, and began to admire the silver on the sideboard. "My, isn't it fine and shiny? But you'd better get a Jap to keep it shiny—they're the best kind of servants anyhow, for a thing like this. You'll be too busy with rehearsals and things to

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"And the girl got up," Myra went on, "and sang the song — really very well, too —"

bother about a house, and they take charge of everything, buying and all. All you'll have to do will be to play lady of the house."

Myra, deciding that actual housework was not expected in her rôle, took her advice, and installed a suave, slant-eyed Oriental in her kitchen and then gave her entire attention to dressing the part and adding a little "business." She bought some plain gingham frocks in which to breakfast with Jason after he had declared that boudoir caps and negligees were all very well, but he didn't care much for 'em at the breakfast table. Then she added the "business" of standing at the window to wave good-by to him as he got into his roadster.

Later she added more "business." She learned to drive the roadster and drove Jason down to his office every morning and called for him at night. She sweetly acquiesced when he suggested they give a little dinner to some college friends of his who were passing through the city with their wives, and it was a very successful little dinner, and the wives said agreeable things about Myra. She was quite happy over her small social success, until two days later she met Patsy on the street, who pushed such unimportant things aside with a wave of her hand.

"Oh, yes,"—this very vaguely, and then with a quick burst of enthusiasm, "I've left Kirby, and gone with Abe Heinmann. He asked about you, Myra, and when I told him that you had married Jason Hardwick he said you always had had an eye for the main chance. Come on with me to the dressmaker, and I'll tell you about my new song—it's a sure-fire hit."

"And when do you start to rehearse?" she asked Myra, as later she stood in the fitting room being tightly wrapped in silver tissue and American Beauty velvet.

"Oh, there's nothing settled yet," Myra replied evasively.

"I take it Molly Duveen's part wasn't big enough for you—Kitty Norris is singing it, and—oh, Lord!" She turned to the modiste who was superintending the fitting and listening with interest to Patsy's conversation. "You'd better be nice to my friend. Her husband is Jason Hardwick—know what that means? Well, listen, little one. It means that next season her name will be on Broadway in letters a foot high."

Myra smiled, and drew a quick breath. "Letters a foot high." Was there anything a girl wouldn't do for that?

But that night after dinner, as she wandered to the piano, she looked rather pensive. Each night she sang for Jason while he was smoking his after-dinner cigar—more "business," she told herself satirically.

Although her vocal teacher had told Myra—after a year of expensive instruction—that she really had no voice, just the same, when she sat down at the piano with the light of an amber lamp shining on her smooth dark hair, and sang queer heart-catching little melodies, or gay little music-hall *chansons* from the French, her voice made you want to shut your eyes and build air castles in a land of sunshine.

To-night Jason switched out the lights, and smoked in the darkness. When Myra finished singing, he came and put his arms about her. She rose at once.

"Don't," she said. "You don't mean it—not really; it's just the music, and the darkness, and the lights on the river. I'm still the girl you don't know, Jason—nothing is changed."

Jason switched on the lights again. "Oh, I don't know, sometimes I think things are changed—sometimes I think things are a little friendlier between you and me. You seem to fit in here so well—I forget it's just a part—you do it so well, you know. And everything is running so

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Whipping a Son at Seventy

By Walter G. Stephens

THERE comes a time in the life of most fathers when they have to give up whipping their sons.

This for one of two reasons:

(1) Either the sons get some sense spanked into them and finally behave themselves, or,

(2) Father is overcome by age and finds that his sons can whip him.

Experts in child life say it is often for the latter reason that father ultimately hangs up the strap in the woodshed and permits it to crack and rot, unused.

But Daniel Stern's household is different.

Daniel Stern is seventy years old.

"But there hasn't been a day in my life," he told me, "when I couldn't give both of my boys what was what, whenever they needed it. I can do it to-day just as well as ever, and one of my sons is forty-two and the other is thirty.

"They haven't misbehaved lately, have they?" I asked.

"Well, there was a little incident about a year ago. I was sitting reading the newspaper after breakfast one Sunday morning when my youngest son, who was a lieutenant in the army, came into the room and said: 'Father, I'm needing some exercise this morning. Come on out to the barn and put on the gloves for a little while.'

"I was reading and it was just after breakfast and I didn't want to be bothered and I told him so, but he kept on pestering me, so finally I went out with him.

"I don't like to box with my sons. I don't like to hit them and I've always sort of felt that it wasn't dignified to let them hit me; but this morning my son, who had just got into the army, let out two or three stingers. I told him to go easy. I didn't want to hit him. But he let me have another one and so I just put my left onto the right side of his jaw. It's a left I worked out for myself, years ago. It starts at the tip of the right toe, passes through the right hip, which makes sort of a pivot and it ends up in the right wrist. It's sort of a ripple that runs through the body from the tip of your toe to the tip of your hand.

"Well, that ended our boxing for that morning. And he hasn't asked me to box since. I'm glad he hasn't, too. I don't like to have to hit my sons. He told my other son that father still had a punch."

BUT there are other men in the East besides Lieutenant Kenneth Stern, electrical engineer in civilian life, who know that Daniel Stern, seventy years old, still has a punch. Ask the men in the boxing room at the New York Athletic Club, where Dan Hickey and young Arthur Donovan, son of the famous Mike Donovan, instruct young millionaires of New York how to box. I did; and I discovered that, in that famous shrine of boxing, no one stops to think of Dan Stern's age. What they do think of is his punch and his skill.

Daniel Stern, who hasn't lost his punch at three score and ten.

"*The Winged Foot*" is the official organ of the New York Athletic Club. As late as May, 1919, it contained this note from the boxing room:

"Dan Stern, the human bludgeon, has the reputation of having the most wicked left hand in the boxing room, and experiences great difficulty in getting anyone to box with him, owing to the fact that he is credited with stopping nine men in one afternoon."

AS I sat in the club sparring-room the other day and watched Dan Stern, seventy years old, going through one fast round after another with Hickey and young Donovan and several young bloods who had come to take their daily boxing lessons, I thought of the thousands of men in the world who are old at fifty, decrepit at sixty and all but through with the world at seventy, and found my mind filling with questions:

"What sort of exercise do you suggest for men of seventy?" I asked him, between rounds. He was leaning up against one of the padded pillars. The walls were literally cushioned with thousands of pairs of boxing gloves belonging to various members.

"Well, I think walking is about as good exercise as a man of that age can get. Old fellows like that have to be careful, you know."

"But you're not careful. These young fellows are slugging you as hard as they can, aren't they?"

"Yes, I suppose they are," he said. "But," he added, proudly, "you'll notice that they don't get a chance to hit me very often. Just watch the next round."

My wonder increased. In those seventy year old calves was all the spring of youth. Young Donovan didn't hit him, except for a few taps.

"You have to go some, to land on him," said Donovan to me. "And you have to look out for his left. It's wicked."

Almost every afternoon Dan Stern, seventy, finds his way to the New York Athletic Club. He is one of four men living, who, back in the early seventies, started the club and put it on its feet. Though Stern was, by profession, a traveling man, he always found time on the road to exercise. He was the first man in the United States to walk a mile in less than seven minutes. There are now only eight men listed on the athletic records of the day, who can walk that fast. From 1873 to 1876 he held all walking records in the United States from one to seven miles. He reached the climax when, in practise, he walked a mile in 6.21 seconds. This was at the rate of over nine and a half miles an hour; almost the present speed limit for automobiles in some American cities.

In the trophy room at the New York Athletic Club, carefully framed behind glass, are two old shoes and two crumbling bits of cork. The corks were Dan Stern's grips; the shoes were those in which he won his championship races. Under the frame is this legend:

"These shoes never lost a scratch race, never took a second prize and were never beaten."

It was athletics that made Dan Stern the man he is to-day. He took it up at school, as a youth. Just as Francis Bacon "took all knowledge to be his domain," so Stern felt himself at home in every branch of athletics. When he left his old home at Hartford, Connecticut, as a youth, and came to New York to seek his fortune, it was the gymnasium and not the bar-room that claimed him. He rented a room near Wood's old gymnasium, famous in the history of amateur athletics in the United States, and at six o'clock every morning, used to get the key to the gymnasium from a livery stable, which kept open all night, and go into it for two hour's exercise before getting breakfast and starting on his day's work.

"I'VE never had any trouble in business," he told me. "I was always well and happy. I had it on most of the other fellows who started the day tired, because of what they had done the night before. I've had all the fun I wanted, but most of it has been in the open air."

He has smoked; but not much. He has drunk; but not too much. He has eaten what he wanted; but not too much, and only what he wanted. Now, at seventy, the exercise which pleases him most is boxing.

It would take a mighty good man to whip Dan Stern.

Old men of seventy can learn few lessons from him. It's too late for them to profit by his advice. But for young men Dan Stern's lesson is simple.

"Athletics are the most fun in the world, if a young fellow only finds it out in time, and gets into the habit. It was all play with me, and any young fellow can make it his play. Athletics were the best investment I ever made."

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The Trying Age

By Elizabeth Stancy Payne

THE old man adjusting a knitted neck-scarf with fumbling hands before the hall mirror, turned an anxious ear toward the kitchen, whence issued a voice clear and resolute—the "carrying" voice of his daughter Adelaide.

"Grampa! Have you gone yet?"

"No, Addie," mumbled the old man, a ready-to be-stubborn expression gathering in his faded eyes, "I haven't started just yet. What is it now—"

"Ruth Mary," commanded the capable voice, "you go see if Grampa has his rubbers on. I can't take my hands out of this biscuit dough."

The old man scowled darkly—as darkly, that is, as bristling white eyebrows would admit—and growled irascibly toward the kitchen regions. "Sake's alive, Addie, I don't need rubbers! I won't wear 'em. It's a pity a body can't walk six blocks on a sunshiny spring day without your tryin' to bundle him up like he was ninety—"

"Now, Grampa," soothed Ruth Mary pacifically. She came tripping down the hall, mending needle in hand. "You know very well the sidewalks are awful slippery after that thaw yesterday. It's below freezing again this morning, and there are places where it's simply like glass—"

"Don't argue with him, Ruth Mary," counselled the voice from the kitchen peremptorily. "Find his rubbers and make him put 'em on. Heaven knows I have troubles enough already without Grampa on my hands the rest of the winter with a broken hip."

"Sake's alive, Addie, I don't need rubbers! I won't wear 'em."

Ruth Mary, on her knees, retrieved the rubbers from under the hat-stand and held them up coaxingly.

"Do put 'em on, Grampa," she whispered artfully, dimpling up at him. "Just for the sake of peace!"

Ruth Mary was very pretty. She was his daughter Adelaide's young sister-in-law, and his very great favorite. But he glared now with impartial hostility and stamped sulkily toward the front door.

"I ain't your grandpa, Ruth Mary, and you know it. Have I got to be 'Grampa' to the hull of creation just because of Addie's two youngsters—and they old enough now to be goin' to college? It's 'Grampa' this and 'Grampa' that till I'm plain fed up on Grampas. No, I won't wear my rubbers, I tell you—d'ye all think I'm a doddering, superannuated old he-baby or what? A pack o' wimmin cosseting me up because there's a leetle mite o' ice that'll be melted by noon—"

The front door banged smartly behind him.

Presently he opened it again cautiously; tiptoed to the hat-stand, secured the package for his daughter Martha—the object of his morning expedition—and tiptoed carefully back to the door.

Nobody was going to snicker mirthfully *this* time that "Grampa's memory was not what it used to be"—not if he knew it! Drat the womenfolk—they were enough to upset any man's nerves!

He was trying to close the door soundlessly when his daughter Adelaide's "carrying" voice came again, clear and complacent, from the kitchen.

"Nobody can accuse me of not being patient with Grampa, Ruth Mary. It's a dreadful trying age. They're so contrary and headstrong, and when they come down sick because of their own carelessness and nobody else's, who's to nurse 'em but busy folks? Grampa does worry the life out of Martha and me—he certainly does. He's worse'n another child to keep watch of. It's a dreadful trying age."

The old man, his hat pulled firmly down over his ears to meet the gray and black striped neck-scarf twisted high about his throat, stamped wrathfully down the street.

He stamped—not strode—because his wary old legs had to look out for those glassy places on the sidewalk. But his facial expression matched a manly stride.

His hands were thrust deep in his overcoat pockets, the bulky parcel for daughter Martha gripped under one arm. His

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lower lip was thrust forward peevishly and the white eyebrows bristled in so fierce and unwonted a scowl that a very small boy, coasting over a terrace and across the pavement, and shouting joyously: "*Look* out there, Grampa Holloway!" drew up in alarm against a lamp-post.

"No harm done, Sonny: fine weather for coasting." a familiar Grampa Holloway might have been expected to respond under pleasant, ordinary circumstances—

"Hey! Who d'ye think ye are—trippin' up folks with that dod-blasted contraption?" blazed this unbelievable old curmudgeon. "D'ye want to break a body's legs?"

"Grampa Holloway" indeed—to the whole neighborhood!

And "a dreadful trying age!"

That was what his daughter Adelaide had declared to that chit of a Ruth Mary—to Ruth Mary, he reflected bitterly, the one being in the house, in the whole town in fact, who treated him as a man and a contemporary. Ruth Mary, who laughed with him—not at him; who had little private jokes with him; who never sought with annoying officiousness to protect his precious health.

That was the reason why Ruth Mary was his favorite, he realized, because she treated him like a contemporary; like a fellow human being, and not—as the rest did—as something like a cross between a bothersome infant and a precious and fragile specimen of ancient pottery that must needs be tenderly guarded, albeit it rather cluttered up the modern arrangement of the household shelf.

"Grampa Holloway!" The unrelished appellation had never hurt him as it did this morning, though, he remembered, it had often rankled. What had got into him, anyway, to make him so cantankerous? He ought to be ashamed of himself! Probably it was a combination of Addie's domineering tone and her insistence about the rubbers—what male person of any age desires to be reminded of his rubbers?—and Ruth Mary's easy use of the hateful "Grampa."

BUT of course it was the ultimate assumption behind these pricking annoyances that really galled him. Suddenly, this March morning, he felt like a very lonely old man in a world full of younger, spryer people; of people belonging to a generation that was inexorably crowding him out.

It was not so much Addie's tender care of his health he resented; it was her hectoring tender care, her suggestion that in initiative and judgment he was no longer to be trusted.

Why, it was only yesterday that his wife Susan and he had commanded a tearful and rebellious small Adelaide to put on *her* rubbers. And had made her do it!

And here was Adelaide now, a great strapping grown-up person, commanding him—her own father—to put on his rubbers. And trying to make him do it!

It came to him, stamping along under the bare sleek-branched trees of March on the way to his daughter Martha's, how valiantly poor Susan had struggled to retain her independence of personality after her grown-up, married daughters began to dictate to her. Even he had chuckled at Susan's sputtering indignation when the "girls" had combatted her determination to keep on at the old home, "just Grampa and herself alone." And they had nagged and insisted until they succeeded in installing the uncongenial housekeeper who had remained, a resented interloper, in Susan's domain until Susan left it forever.

After that the "girls" had made all the decisions. He had not much cared; Susan was gone, his home was gone, he was turning seventy.

And that had been nine years ago. The "girls" had capably divided and sold the old furniture. Adelaide's Henry having built for her a smart modern "Colonial" dwelling with a Webster porch and a steam furnace in the cellar, Martha and her less well-to-do family had moved their belongings into the old house on Walnut Street. The house would belong to both the "girls" some day, after he was gone.

And since Martha's mother-in-law was saddled on her for life—he had heard Martha put it that way—Adelaide's husband had submitted cheerfully enough to being saddled with "Grampa" Holloway.

Probably Henry had put it that way, too.

AND there he had been for nine years! Even Henry, come to think of it, didn't treat him in a man-to-man way. Henry, come to think of it, was *patient* with him. That expressed it: patient with him—with Jim Holloway who had once put that same Henry through a veritable third-degree twenty odd years ago, when he had come, a quaking, stammering youth, to ask for Jim Holloway's Adelaide. Well, well, Henry was a good sort. It was those two "girls" who had nagged poor Susan, by their eternal solicitude about her "overdoing," into believing that she was about feeble enough to let go her grip.

And it was the "girls," Addie—and very likely Martha too—who were now complaining with controlled exasperation that he, Jim Holloway, their own father, was at "a dreadful trying age—"

Why, he was only seventy-nine! One would think a chap was ninety—or a hundred—to hear 'em talk. He straightened up jauntily, threw back his shoulders, and took in a deep breath of the bracing March air.

"By Jiminy, there's a good bit o' spunk in the old codger yet!" he chortled gleefully. "Shouldn't wonder but he'll fool 'em some—muh—um—"

"Grampa!" shrieked an agitated feminine voice from the doorway of Martha's house, and his younger daughter, who had taken on weight as she entered her forties, came hurrying heavily down the porch steps.

For his old legs had flown out with disconcerting suddenness as his un-rubbered feet encountered a treacherous bit of snow-disguised ice on Martha's front walk. He recaptured his footing in the nick of time, and met her anxious gaze triumphantly.

"Grampa—you haven't got your rubbers on!" reproached the affrighted Martha, tucking a hastily helpful hand under his elbow as they mounted the steps. "What was Adelaide thinking of, to let you come off without 'em? I shall call her right up about it. But you can wear a pair of Georgie's going home—"

"Tst, Marthy, can't a body slip on a patch o' ice without your botherin' the telephone company, and Addie too, about it? Ye didn't see me fall, did ye?"

"But suppose you had fallen—oh, Grampa!"

"Well, what if I had?"—testily. "'Twouldn't of killed me, I reckon. 'Twouldn't been the first fall I've had on slippery ice—not by a long shot. No sirree! 'Spect my bones are made o' glass, eh?"

"Now, Grampa—" unwrapping his neck-scarf with daughterly attentiveness—"you know very well that at eighty bones are more brittle than they are at thirty—"

"*Eighty*—" he exploded indignantly.

"Well, seventy-nine then. I apologize," conciliated Martha with a little smile which he did not fail to catch. "You know, dear, you are 'drefful' obstinate sometimes. Addie and I try to take care of you, but what are we going to do when you won't show good plain common-sense yourself—"

"A cantankerous old cuss—eh, Marthy? Well, now, maybe I don't feel quite so ancient as you two girls think I naturally ought-a feel. Wait till you're seventy-nine yourself and see. Only—bother the luck!—I won't be around then to say, 'I told you so.' But be that as it may, I dunno as I'm fixin' to pass out just yet—not just yet, Marthy girl."

He patted the plump cushion that was her shoulder and smiled into her anxious eyes. Martha was not like his elder, efficient daughter Adelaide. Martha fussed over him and was nervous about him, but she did not hector him. She was the dearer daughter, and old Jim Holloway often wished that he might have been allowed to live on in the familiar environment of his own house with Martha.

But there had been the interminably saddled mother-in-law; and as capable Addie put it, there was the furnace heat in Henry's new house, and a convenient second-floor bathroom against the time when Grampa "came down." He was so hardy 'twould likely be a long sickness, Addie prophesied.

MARTHA went upstairs to fetch the knitting directions Ruth Mary wanted, and into the kitchen for a cook-book of "mother's" in which Adelaide wished to look up a certain pudding sauce. Then she wrapped Grampa's neck-scarf a little higher about his frost-reddened old cheeks, and pulled his overcoat collar well up over the neck-scarf.

"Now do be careful, dearie," she cautioned, standing in the doorway to watch him safely down the porch steps and past the tricky place on the walk. "If you really won't wear Georgie's rubbers, *keep your eyes on the pavement.* You know Addie wouldn't want you on her hands with a broken hip—" playfully. "And don't let your neck-scarf slip down; remember that bronchitis you had last spring, Grampa."

The moment he was out of the gate she flew to the telephone.

"Is that you, Addie? Yes, it's Martha. Yes, he's just gone. The knitting directions are in his left-hand vest pocket and the cook-book is in his right-hand coat

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They were sitting hand-tucked-in-hand on the living-room sofa. She snuggled closer and squeezed his hand. "Wouldn't it be a joyous ten years — Jimmie boy?"

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pocket. Yes, he brought the parcel all safe. Addie! He nearly fell flat on an icy place in front of the steps—how could you let him come out without his rubbers? He wouldn't wear 'em? Well, he ought to be spanked and put to bed—the idea! Yes, I told him he was likely to have a fall and be laid up on your hands with a broken hip. He was quite offended. Poor old precious! I suppose he doesn't realize he's seventy-nine; probably he feels just as young as we do—inside. What's that? 'A dreadful trying age'? You're right, Addie, it certainly is—but I suppose we've all got to come to it someday—"

THE old man trudged along in the thin March sunshine.

Without the bulky parcel to balance under one arm it was easier walking; and most of the ice patches were melting now. He would go home the long way round. He hadn't been down Chestnut Street for quite a spell—maybe they were putting up some new apartments down that way.

It did beat all, how every time you strolled down a once familiar street you discovered one of those brick apartments going up; or somebody's front lawn of long ago being turned up for the foundations of one.

He remembered how quiet and country-like Chestnut street had been when he and Susan first settled in the Walnut street house. Susan used to wheel Martha's perambulator down Chestnut street because of the pleasant bits of woodland and daisy-dotted fields between the scattered houses. That must have been nearly fifty years ago—Martha had turned forty-six now, and Adelaide was approaching forty-nine.

He could see Susan in a lilac frock and leghorn "flat" coming down Chestnut street under flickering tree-shadows, tiny Adelaide in scalloped cape and bonnet toddling beside the perambulator. Almost half a century ago!

What a husky chap he had been then, to be sure! He had put up those outside blinds on the Walnut street house—lifted every last one of 'em into place! And carried the cookstove into the kitchen from the wagon, too. Well, he couldn't lift a cookstove now—probably not even a window blind. Yet—it was queer—he didn't feel much older; except times when he had sciatica—

With sudden trepidation he noted the spreading wet spots on the pavement. Nothing worse than a March thaw for sciatica. Best be getting along home.

This was Chestnut street. Quiet and deserted here—no apartments yet. Now he was passing the old Joyce house.

Sam Joyce had been dead these many years, and he supposed old Sarah Joyce still lived here with her daughter. He wondered whimsically if Sarah Joyce's daughter tyrannized over her the way Adelaide and Martha did over him. The daughter was a fine upstanding woman—must be about forty, he guessed, by now. She was powerful smart; private secretary or something to a big business magnate in the city. She took the commuter's train every morning.

Well, old Mis' Joyce had the place to herself all day anyhow, he reflected enviously as he trudged down Chestnut street. A mighty spry little body—old Mis' Joyce—likely she did all the housekeeping while her daughter worked in the city office. Why, come to think of it, Sarah Joyce must be all of seventy-two or three by now; yet not at all feeble-appearing. And a sort of neat little body, too.

He remembered seeing Mis' Joyce and her daughter at church sometimes. The Joyce pew was not far from Martha's. He liked the old church Susan had loved and that Martha had adhered to better than the ambitious edifice favored by Adelaide, where the seats went around in a semi-circle and rose in tiers behind each other—for all the world like a circus.

Come to think of it, he had noticed that old Mis' Joyce always had a rose in her church bonnet—generally lilac-colored, summers, and pale buff, winters. That was kind of like Sarah Joyce, he chuckled; to stick to roses in her bonnets at seventy!

He remembered Sarah Joyce when she had come to West Bancroft as a young matron forty years ago—or was it forty-five? She had been a good-looker then. He remembered her brown eyes and reddish brown hair and a certain buff dress with rows of narrow brown velvet ribbon in which she had appeared at a church social—too gay a dress, Susan had thought, for a married woman.

He remembered Sarah Joyce had worn something flaming red in the bosom of the dress—a rose, most likely. And he had told her gallantly as he passed the ice cream, that the color of the flower matched her cheeks, and the brown velvet ribbons, her hair. And she had laughed and lifted her brown eyes roguishly, and whispered that she meant the matching part, but he was not to tell that—it was a confidence.

HOW it all came back—like yesterday! And here was Sarah Joyce an old woman, old like himself; maybe with a tendency toward sciatica and trouble with her plate when there was anything crusty to be eaten. Maybe her daughter hectored her as Addie hectored him. Made her wear rubbers on sunny days because she "ought to know old bones were brittle—"

Thinking of rubbers—Sarah Joyce had had a mighty pretty foot. He remembered that, too. Susan had drawn his attention to it once by remarking that young Mis' Joyce never forgot she had a little foot or let anybody else forget it; the way she managed to let it be seen. He recalled that the ladies of the church circle hadn't altogether approved of young Mis' Joyce. She wore dresses buttoned up the back, like an unmarried girl—and what was that about afternoon tea—? Oh yes, Sarah Joyce used to serve tea out on her front lawn about the time the menfolks were coming home from their offices downtown, and the ladies used to express sympathy for poor Sam Joyce—carrying in rockers and trays of dishes when he got home tired from his day's work.

"Tryin' to introduce hifalutin' foreign notions in West Bancroft," disapproved the ladies of the church circle. "Hot tea and buttered gingerbread just before a body's supper time—to say nothin' of influencin' other women's husbands to linger and chat." All the same, the ladies went often to Sarah's front-yard tea-parties.

Another thing West Bancroft had disapproved of was the way Sarah Joyce drove Sam Joyce's trotters.

She had had a nag and phaeton of her own like most of the women in her neighborhood, but she vastly preferred to drive down Main street on marketing errands seated very straight in Sam's light side-bar buggy behind the spirited trotters. Most women drove with flapping reins, but Sarah Joyce used to come spinning down Main street, eyes and cheeks aglow, and with taut reins and poised whip. And sometimes she surreptitiously touched whip to trotters to make them dance a bit more spectacularly under her deft control.

"Not quite—well, genteel—for a woman to drive that way," the ladies of West Bancroft had commented. And Jim Holloway's—and other husbands'—eyes had twinkled. Sarah Joyce and the trotters had been a mighty pretty sight in those days.

Well, well, here was Sarah Joyce seventy-odd! And he was seventy-nine; with all his individuality sunk by a houseful of women into "Grampa." Old Mis' Joyce had no grandchildren—the neighbors couldn't "Gramma" *her*. She had that much to be thankful for!

SUDDENLY he found himself almost at the edge of the town, and with a sensation of stricken guilt recollected how far it was going to be back home. He was tired, too. His legs felt sort of shaky. Come to think of it, it must be past dinner time. He stopped and unfastened his overcoat and neck-scarf and got out his old silver watch.

Quarter to two—great Jehosaphat, but Adelaide would give it to him! The poor girl must be worrying herself nigh to death this minute. Consarned old fool that he was anyhow, to meander along dreaming about fifty years ago, and miss a good hot dinner. Chicken fricassee day too—if there was anything intolerable, it was cold gravy and dumplin's.

Well, he'd have to get back some way—that was sure. How dog-tired he was! He'd better stop in some grocery store and telephone for a taxi. No, come to think of it, that would never do; he envisaged a distracted thirty seconds for Adelaide and the ensuing badgered thirty hours for himself, were Grampa brought home in a taxi.

He'd walk. It was a fine day for a walk. Guess they couldn't make any positively killing rumpus because a man chose to take a walk on a pleasant morning.

As he plodded wearily by the Joyce house again, he saw old Mrs. Joyce at a front window.

She was leaning out, trying to fasten back a loose blind. The sun glinted on her hair; it was very pretty hair still, he noted, now that he saw her without her little black Sunday bonnet; but it was snow-white hair—not rich chestnut brown any more.

To the fascinating-Sarah-Joyce-that-used-to-be he made his courtliest salute-that-used-to-be. She had been the prettiest woman in West Bancroft, he remembered.

The little old lady at the window observed that old Mr. James Holloway was passing.

What a fine-looking man he was still—if only he'd stand up a little mite straighter! My, but he had been a handsome chap

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forty years ago. Or was it forty-five? The handsomest fellow in West Bancroft. And such a way with him—if it hadn't been for that wife of his. Mighty careful Susan Holloway had been of him! Poor Susan—in her grave these nine or ten years. Why, Jim Holloway must be over seventy, like herself. And he must be failing—he didn't get out to church so much nowadays—

She glimpsed the salute. Something in its courtliness, something in its suggestion of tribute to herself—that special and unmistakable masculine salute to charm—made the very old lady thrill with a sudden blithe responsiveness.

One of her little hands was reaching for the recalcitrant blind-catch, the other was propping up a window sash that had a broken cord. It was the lifted hand that involuntarily fluttered outward in gay feminine acknowledgment of the courtly masculine hat-lifting.

Bang! Down came the unsupported window sash that had a broken cord, and it was a flattened and frightened old lady whom Mr. James Holloway, with acute concern, beheld sprawled across the sill; head and arms outside the house, shoulders pinned fast by the weight of lumber and glass.

For an old gentleman minus his rubbers and but recently a victim of acute sciatica, he got over the snow-crusted lawn with amazing celerity. But when he stood under the window he met a laughing face on a level with his own.

"My dear Mis' Joyce, you aren't hurt?"

"Not a bit of it, Jim Holloway. It'd take more'n a window sash to knock the breath out o' *me*. But I'm stuck—no doubt about that. Guess you'll have to rescue me."

Oh—now—for the agility of fifty, or forty-five, or even thirty years ago! Then one Jim Holloway would have set a firm foot on those foundation stones, a sinewy hand on that window sill; and with strong right arm would have shoved up that window sash, instantly freeing the lady.

He essayed the feat now, in the anxiety of the moment forgetting his seventy-nine years—but one try was enough. His ancient legs shook under him as he quavered back to terra firma and with some effort achieved his balance. But from terra firma he could not reach the window sash; not at any rate with force enough to push.

Mrs. Joyce's eyes laughed into his. They were brown as ever, he decided; and the sunshine—or something—made amber sparkles in them.

"There's a door, you know," she suggested. "No—not the front door. That's locked. Go around to the kitchen door and come through the house. Now don't hurry so, Mr. Holloway. Take it easy. I'm quite all right—only my foot's asleep."

He heard her laughing as he turned the corner of the house (that laugh took him back forty years!) and she was still laughing when he flung up the window sash, and helped her little figure to an upright position inside the sitting room.

He watched her with some concern while she ruefully rubbed her arms, drew down her disarranged sleeves, and made sundry little dabs and pats at her hair

"She was flying round with her cheeks red as fire, singing over and over to herself."

"No bones broken anyway," she laughed again. "But I must look a sight." She tucked her little hand through his arm and led him to a cushioned chair by the stove.

"Now, you sit down a minute and get over it—while I go and prink up my hair. You *were* frightened, weren't you? And all for me—you great kind-hearted fellow! That's right; sit here by the Franklin and let me help loosen that coat and your scarf. It's cold out, isn't it; but bright as spring? I was trying to fix a loose blind that slams at night and makes my daughter nervous, and I forgot that old sash-cord was broken—"

"You shouldn't do such things," he reproached her masterfully. Sarah Joyce was the sort of woman a man always feels big and masterful and tender toward.

"Isn't there anybody about the place who can attend to window-blinds and sash-cords—"

"Nary boy or man. War time, you know. Couldn't even get the snow shoveled, some days this winter. But Evvie and I are used to looking after things ourselves. Evvie can fix a sash-cord as well as any man—when she gets around to it. Evvie says when you ask a man to fix any little thing he looks the job over considerin'ly and allows he could do it—if he had the tools! A woman'll go find a tack hammer and a buttonhook and a hairpin—and get the thing done in three minutes."

"Same old Sarah Joyce 's ever, aren't you?"

He stretched his legs—they hadn't quite stopped shaking yet—toward the pleasant glow of the Franklin grate and beamed at the little old lady. He was feeling a lot younger and—lighter, somehow; as though something dull and disheartening had rolled off him.

My, but she had spirit, this little old Sarah Joyce! He remembered what a high-spirited young thing she had been, driving Sam's trotters and flicking them with the whip to make them jump.

Why, where was she now? Oh, yes—gone to prink up that hair of hers probably. Pretty hair it was too! A loosened curl of it had been tumbling over the shoulder of her little black dress. Quite a long curl, it was.

Well, it was certainly pleasant here. This was a fine, comfortable chair and that Franklin grate gave out a cosy warmth. —And those plants in the window—they looked like Sarah Joyce: sort of cheery and smiling in a sunny place—Now, where on earth did he fetch an idea like that from? And what was that smell of something baking? Great Cæsar, but he was hungry! It must be—He pulled out his watch. Quarter to three. *Adelaide! Fricassee! Dumplings!* He rose in panic from the tufted chair—

"Feeling better?"

A little old lady with tidied smooth white hair came across the room. There was a crisp dotted lawn apron over her black gown, a diminutive apron with lavender bows on its absurd pockets. In her hands she carried a plate covered with a spotless doily, and in the center of the doily stood a tiny glass.

"What's that?"

"Just a bit of a pick-me-up—some cherry cordial Evvie and I made two summers ago. You're going to drink it."

"Not at all, not at all. I'm quite all right, Mis' Joyce, though I'm sure you're

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most kind. I must really be gettin' along now. My daughter—"

"Now, you—Jim Holloway—sit down in that chair and take this weeny teeny cordial like—like a good boy." She laughed, and her snowflake of a hand touched his arm.

He sank back in the chair; his legs did feel a bit shaky yet, true enough.

Like a good boy! Well, it was a number of years since any woman had coaxed *him* to be a good boy. Gallantly he bowed to her over the pick-me-up and graciously, though a bit shakily, waved the hand that held the cordial glass.

"For old times' sake, Sarah!" he toasted her. A pleasant warmth immediately pervaded him, and his silly legs stopped feeling quavery. He felt better all over.

"I did frighten you—didn't I?" she murmured remorsefully. "But how lucky for me, Jim, that you happened to be there! I might be sprawled across that window sill yet—" overlooking the fact that it had been her responsive wave to his unexpected salute that had precipitated the catastrophe, or in other words, the window-sash.

"And now," she declared briskly, "you are going to have afternoon tea with me. The kettle's on, and some hot gingerbread is just out of the oven. It's a mite early for tea, but maybe we both need—"

Afternoon tea—mealtime—Adelaide! The goading reminder brought him to his feet again. Thanks to the pick-me-up they seemed quite normally firm under him.

"But, my dear lady—impossible. Thank you—most kind—but I reckon I—I better trot along home. I was just—"

"You won't stay and have tea with me?"

"—I was just on my way home to dinner."

"Dinner! Man alive—you haven't had any dinner to-day? Oh, my goodness, no wonder you feel shaky! And you a mile from home this minute. Well, we'll soon fix that all right. Now you walk yourself straight out to my kitchen. I've cold chicken and fresh raised biscuit and apple sauce; and I'll slice some potatoes in the fryin' pan and set on the coffee pot. It won't take—"

"But honest, Mis' Joyce—"

"Jim Holloway, for goodness' sake stop Mis'-Joyce-ing me! You are going to stay and eat dinner. Now quit being contrary—" With fluttering snowflake hands she began to divest him of his overcoat. He held fast to it, smiling down at her. Neither dreamed how much they looked at that moment like the immortal picture of the Huguenot Lovers—grown very, very old.

She raised her eyes to his—the Sarah Joyce brown eyes. "Jim Holloway," whispered she, "do stay. It will be—fun. I don't often have any fun, these days—do you?"

So he stayed.

THE potatoes were delicately golden, browned in butter. The coffee was hot and immensely heartening. The raised biscuit and slices of breast of chicken disappeared as food seldom did disappear in that household of womenfolk. That it was Evelyn's dinner he was enjoying he never guessed, and the little old lady recklessly disregarded the fact. Maybe she could pretend the cat had eaten the chicken. And she could easily bake another batch of biscuits before Evvie got home from work.

A delicate color flamed in her cheeks, and her brown eyes looked all the browner under waves of loosened, wavy white hair—she had been very busy, whisking about the kitchen.

A spotless cloth was spread over the deal table standing near the cosy-looking range with its glowing red eye. No range in Adelaide's up-to-date kitchen; only a cold and glittering thing in which one turned on the gas when a tea kettle was set to boil. In the center of the table Sarah Joyce had placed a little blue jug of pink geraniums, and the best silver salt-and-pepper receptacles were within easy reach of a masculine hand. (Men loved seasoning!)

"NOW if you only had a cigar," sighed the hostess with solicitude, as her guest put down his coffee cup and sat back with man's contented outer manifestation of complete inner satisfaction.

"But I have—here, in my weskit pocket."

"Splendid. Wait, I'll fetch a match." She jumped up from her chair, opposite him.

"Don't you ever get tired?" he demanded, his faded eyes watching the trim little figure in black dress and frilled white apron flit across the room. "Say, you've been a good hour on your feet gettin' this meal and servin' it—not to mention bein' half killed first by that window sash—"

"Mercy me, Jim! What with one thing and another about the house, I'm on my feet all day. The idea—a body'd think I was eighty, to hear you talk."

They both laughed immoderately at this, while she held the lighted match for him.

Then she regarded him anxiously. "Do you think maybe you'd better telephone? The—the girls will be—perhaps they may be worrying—"

Jim chuckled as he puffed away comfortably at the cigar, one of the precious two he was allowed each day. He stretched his legs contentedly under the table. "They'll be worrying all right. They've probably 'phoned the police, by this. Well—I don't care. Do you?"

"No, I don't care. But it seems sort o' mean. Those girls do set a lot o' store by you, Jim—"

"They hound the life out of me," he retorted with new-fledged intolerance. "They boss me all around and up and down the place. I'm about fed up with it, Sarah—between you and me—and that's the truth. Say, you're lucky, here in this quiet, cosy little diggin's; livin' your own life all day with nobody to haggle you—"

"Oh, there's Evvie—"

"Does *she* haggle you?"—with fiercely sympathetic resentment.

"Well, she calls it 'takin' care o' me.' She's dreadful afraid I'll overdo. She most has a fit if I plan to take the trolley to Newark to buy a new flower for my bonnet—makes me carry a card with her office telephone number on it in my handbag. 'Fraid poor old mother'll have a stroke, I presume likely. She don't know poor old mother! Can you see me having a stroke, Jim Holloway?"

With head against the chair-back, he was regarding her amusedly through spirals of cigar smoke. She sat, elbows resting on the geranium-decked table between them, tiny white hands propping up her chin. The same dimple was in that chin, doggone it—after all these years! He'd forgotten all about that dimple. And the loosened curl of white hair had strayed again to her shoulder. Her brown eyes challenged him with the old alluring laugh.

"No," decided Jim Holloway, smiling across at her, "can't say I can see any such catastrophe as that, Sarey—not yet awhile anyhow—

"But Evvie oughtn't to haggle you," he protested with tender protectiveness. "A little thing like you!"

Sarah Joyce looked up at him as a little woman looks up at a great strong man. "It hurts," she admitted, "when a body has been used to doing the thinking for herself."

"But Evvie's a smart girl," she added hastily—"a real smart girl. And capable. She's got a fine position, and they think high of her over at the office. She's a private secretary earning her thirty-five a week—more'n Sam Joyce earned when we were married. I own this house free and clear, and Evvie, she provides the livin' expenses. We get along all right. When I go she'll have the house. But I'm not goin' yet." She twinkled at him.

"I should say not! Neither am I, Sarey." He twinkled back at her.

"Evvie'd like to live in the city—at a business woman's club. She don't think much of the old place out here. Guess likely she'll sell this house, minute I'm gone. That's kind o' sad to think about. She'd be livin' over in the city this minute if 'twasn't for me. But Evvie's a good girl; she knows well enough I'd pine to death in one of those city apartments—without any cookstove or a garden. You know how I always loved my garden, Jim—"

"Sure," he responded sympathetically. He remembered the Joyce garden, aflame with crimson hollyhocks and golden marigolds, and Sarah Joyce, the sun on her chestnut hair and her white dress, laughing a greeting across the fence as he passed on his way home from work.

HE had loved his garden too, but at Adelaide's he was not permitted to potter about the yard. Adelaide did not care for flowers, and a stalwart Italian came once a week to run the lawn mower and clip the edges of the grass plots.

"Well," he conceded, "it's lucky you got Evvie anyhow. If I'm any judge o' wimmenfolk she's mighty capable—mighty capable."

The little lady drooping over the table sighed softly. "Yes—mighty capable. But it's not like havin' a man around the house, Jim, to cook for and pet up, and to have advise you—and kind o' make you do things his way—"

"Sure—sure!" responded Mr. Holloway. He smoked reflectively.

"Pity you never married again, Sarey. 'Twouldn't be so lonesome for you now—"

Her eyelids drooped admittingly. There is a deal of expressiveness in eyelids, though they are seldom sung in song or story. A finger of one snowflake hand began to trace indeterminate figures on the tablecloth.

"I've realized that," she whispered wistfully. "And I havin' this house and

(*Continued on page 108*)

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The Miracle of

The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. I—NO. 1. FRANCE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918. PRICE: 50 CENTIMES.

'N ON LEAVE
T TO BE LED
'HND BY HAND

'hat They will
ned Wholly

OFF FOR THE TRENCHES.

When a certain regiment of American doughboys departed from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door —

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack
[illegible] sharpened
[illegible] down below,
[illegible] holding to a

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF

ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBU[illegible]

Mammoth Warehouses and the W[illegible] Cold Storage Plant Spri[illegible] Three

FORESTERS AND ENG[illegible]

"Winter of Our D[illegible] tion Sw[illegible]

How the Official Paper of the A.E.F. Achieved Success

By Alexander Woollcott

WHEN Secretary Baker wound up his final inspection of the A. E. F. he told a group of soldiers in Paris that in his opinion America had made three contributions to the art of war. One of these was the *Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the American expedition. Certainly when that expedition, by strenuous effort, established there a journal so widely circulated, so faithfully read, and so trusted that its occasional adventures in propaganda reacted like alcohol on an empty stomach, our army had succeeded in doing something which every other one of the Allied armies had tried to do and failed. The *Stars and Stripes* was not only the first successful use of the newspaper as a weapon in modern war. It was the only such weapon of any considerable dimensions in use in Europe when the last shot was fired on November 11th.

When, in the disconcerting let-down which followed that great cessation, discipline suffered its inevitable relaxation, the number of men absent without leave reached such scandalous proportions that the Paris newspapers, growing nervous, were full of wild tales of American crime waves. Only the setting up of strong American police at every town and village and crossroads in France would have begun to remedy the situation. Thereupon the *Stars and Stripes* displayed casually on its front page, under an arresting vernacular headline, the information that the skids were greased for A.W.O.L.'s—they were to be rounded up, the story ran, put into labor battalions, and there held in France working on the roads until all other soldiers had sailed for home. Five days later G.H.Q. reported complacently that eighty per cent of the truants were already back with their outfits. The A.W.O.L. problem in France had ceased to exist.

That the soldiers' newspaper was able to render the sort of service to General Pershing and the common good, of which this incident was only one instance, is evidence of several things. It is evidence that the troops were in the habit of reading the paper; second, that they were in the habit of reading it when it was fresh; and, third, that they were in the habit of believing it when they read it.

In the reasons which brought this condition about, in the reasons which led the *Stars and Stripes* to flourish where all other similar attempts had failed, there are lessons—old, old lessons newly illustrated—for future generals to ponder, future generals and present editors. Indeed, in this newspaper, which grew within its first year to a circulation of 550,000 copies, sold at ten cents a copy, and then six months later, with all flags flying, went suddenly and dramatically out of existence, the whole problem of journalism was isolated from the inertia of tradition and the confusion of commercial necessity—isolated so that it could be studied as a scientist in a laboratory isolates an element and gazes upon it undisturbed.

To begin with, one thing was done to the *Stars and Stripes* which was not done to similar publications launched hopefully in other armies. It was not only a monopoly. It was not only readable. It was distributed. It was actually delivered.

Its wily business manager—that was Captain Richard H. Waldo, formerly of the New York *Tribune*—never for one moment trusted to the army post office, never dared expose his beloved papers to that callous "when-we-get-around-to-it" attitude which all armies, except when occasional fits of remorse are on, display toward the letters from home. The delivery of the papers to the peripatetic outfits at a time when the censorship was trying darkly to conceal from everybody the whereabouts of those outfits made it necessary to spread a network of soldier distributors all over France, each with his little Flivver.

When the great romance of Circulation comes to be written, surely there will have to be a chapter set aside for those field agents whose duty it was to deliver the *Stars and Stripes* to the troops when they were in battle. The story of the two agents with the 90th Division, captured at ten-thirty on the morning of November 11th by a detachment of Germans who were greatly depressed on discovering that the contraband Flivver contained nothing more edible than two mail sacks full of the *Stars and Stripes;* the story of bundles of papers tied to field kitchens and sent forward to the lines; the story of that October day when, because the guns and ammunition had the right of way on the choked Argonne roads, several thousand copies were delivered to the front-line fox holes by airplanes on the day of publication—all these stories will have their place. And that chapter will tell, too, of a memorable dawn at the railhead behind the Argonne battlefield when the agents, waiting for their papers, were met there with the announcement (largely bluff) that any reports

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from the divisions in line of failure to get the *Stars and Stripes* would lead to charges of cowardice being preferred against the agents.

But with this reservation in favor of the wisdom of distributing a paper once you have decided to publish it at all, it should be said that the miracle of the *Stars and Stripes* and the secret of its extraordinary success, was that it was an official paper with all the curse of officialdom taken off it; that in its quest for popularity it sought from the first an air of independence, and achieved in the end a very real independence, without which all its good works would have been impossible.

When the paper was launched, and the

Brown Bros.

John Tracey Winterich, Private, Air Service

order came out of a blue sky for me to report for duty, I was indescribably low in my mind, for it seemed to me that to be a war correspondent on the *Stars and Stripes* would be a little like reviewing plays for the Journal of the Theatrical Managers' Association. It seemed to me that no independence of thought and expression was remotely possible. But a brilliant major told me then that a newspaper, faithfully and honestly run in the interest of its readers, would become stronger than any improper effort to coerce it. I didn't believe him, but he was right.

The Doughboy's Sheet

THE whole tone and spirit of the *Stars and Stripes* was given it by an editorial staff who derived their inspiration and took their suggestions from the troops in the field rather than from G.H.Q. To the best of my memory and belief, no single article or picture or pronunciamento was forced into the paper against the expert judgment and over the protests of the staff. There were many such protests when "Must Go" material arrived by courier or telegraph from Chaumont. Those protests were invariably effective.

Many factors contributed to this independence. To begin with, General Pershing from the first was anxious lest the paper be tainted by any suggestion that it was serving as a medium for his personal exploitation. As far as my recollection goes, he made, all told, only three direct suggestions as to its conduct, recommending on two occasions that we run some articles on saluting (a not very brilliant suggestion) and insisting, on another, that we run in full on our first page the text of the President's latest speech. This last was done, to the vast delight of the editorial council and the not altogether speechless annoyance of some intermediaries who had to transmit the order.

Brown Bros.

The Editor—Private Harold W. Ross

Then, playing always in our favor, was the shrewd tolerance of General Dennis E. Nolan, Chief of Intelligence, who knew that at least the air of independence was essential to the success of the project, and also in our favor was the advisory presence at G.H.Q. of so experienced an old war horse of the newspaper game as Mark S. Watson of the Chicago *Tribune*.

Add to these forces the fact that the staff was at all times thornily ready to resume peeling potatoes rather than write a line it considered faithless to the doughboy. Also that, naturally enough, the old-line army officers regard the process of producing a newspaper as a species of black art not lightly to be meddled with. Also that a routine disciplinary descent on the paper would have meant either the embarrassing discontinuance of the publication or the equally embarrassing prospect of acquiring overnight a brand-new staff. Add all these facts together and you will see by what process the "*Stars and Stripes*" was allowed to get pretty much its own gait, though more than one general itched to lay his hands on the impudent sheet, and at least one general—the one who lost his temper and arrested the editor because he disapproved of one of the stories printed—appeared to wish afterward that he had not picked up quite such a hot potato.

Major Mark S. Watson

A Free Hand—To Win

ADD also the fact that the powers that be and the *Stars and Stripes* were, after all, both bent on the one project. We both wanted to lick the boches. The only possible division would have been on a question of means. True, there comes back to me now the memory of one warm night in the anxious spring of 1918 when F.P.A., who was helping us out in passing, and I, on our way down the leafy boulevards to the composing room of the *Daily Mail* to put the paper to bed, agreed that we could achieve a certain fleeting, sensational success for the then struggling paper by running a bold seven-column headline expressing this sentiment: "Pershing is a Big Stiff." We even worked out an ingenious scheme for lulling the possible suspicions of the venerable Cornishman who presided over that composing room. We planned to tell him that "Stiff" was Yank talk for hero. But this was a purely playful project. If we had thought the statement true (which we did not), there are decent reticences, even in independent journalism.

The point is that we said nearly as much as we wanted to say and nothing we didn't want to say. Of course that degree of independence was not easily won or maintained, and before we were done we became known at G.H.Q. as the "Soldiers' and Workmen's Council." But it was maintained.

I know that there was a cyclone of protest when, following our judgment of news values and our knowledge of the sentiment of the troops, we plastered a message from Papa Joffre all over the front page of our *Quatorze Juillet* issue, and therefore had to relegate President Poincaré's letter to an inside page. I can still

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An editorial conference of the **STARS AND STRIPES** *staff in Paris. Left to right: Tyler H. Bliss, Phillip O. Von Blon, J. W. Rixey Smith, Robert J. Snyder, Hudson Hawley.*

hear the rumbles of the storm which that performance aroused in the bosom of Lieutenant Colonel Cabot Ward, Chief of Intelligence S.O.S., who had obtained the Poincaré statement for us.

I remember Mr. Hurley waving his arms and threatening to "go and tell General Pershing" if we did not devote the desired portion of one issue to a Shipping Board project; but if he ever really carried his plaint to Chaumont, the Commander in Chief forgot to mention it to us. I never shall forget when a certain millionaire, accustomed, I fancy, to telling the papers in his home town to do thus and so, made an innocent but improper request of us and went away empty-handed, wrathy, and absolutely incredulous.

No Bouquet-Throwing

AS an example of the kind of question that was of daily occurrence, there came down one pleasant morning from Chaumont a transcript from the *Morning Post* which contained Colonel Repington's heartening review of the A.E.F.'s achievement. We were directed to reprint it. We were delighted with the idea, as it made very good reading at a time when most of the French and English papers were deprecating any great enthusiasm for the American effort. Then we detected, deep in the article, several effusive tributes to General Pershing. This gave us pause. In the pause we cogitated, cut out the Pershing references, printed the article, and went on our way rejoicing. Nothing was ever said. What could have been said? To be sure, if the episode was ever called to the Commander in Chief's attention, and he had spoken his mind on it, I am sure he would have said something like this:

"Thank you, privates, for saving me from the dubious taste of my own staff."

Of course the greater part of this attempt at interference was by no means sinister in spirit. Most of the assaults on our independence were made by the enthusiasts of various branches of the great enterprise, each wanting to appropriate the space in the *Stars and Stripes* for his own uses. For example, toward the end the overweening athletic commission actually had the effrontery to ask G.H.Q. that the *Stars and Stripes* be put under their care, and the entertainment group, frustrated in a somewhat similar scheme, were driven to bamboozling the K. of C. into buying up a special edition of a Paris daily. The result, which read rather like a theatre program and was pockmarked with portraits of officers sitting at desks, was an amusing illustration of how deadly a publication can be when the subjects of its discourse are allowed to write their own press notices. It was an illuminating suggestion of what the doughboys' paper would have become had all those who outranked us (and most of the A.E.F. did that) been allowed to interfere with us.

Even that brilliant general and resourceful executive, General Harbord, when he put his broad shoulders under the dangerously sagging morale of the S.O.S. wanted to put so much of that area into our weekly review that its picture of the A.E.F. would have been monstrously distorted. He then considered a separate S.O.S. paper from which he was happily dissuaded, for that would have served only to emphasize the already unfortunate and demoralizing gap between the combat troops and their toiling servants in the rear.

The very purpose of the *Stars and Stripes* was to give the forlornly scattered elements of the A.E.F. a sense of unity, a realization that they were all pulling on the one great lanyard. When the paper was started the troops were lodged with the British, brigaded with the French, marooned in small detachments here and there, with no sense of belonging to one great army, with no higher morale than is usually the portion of the scattered and the homeless. They were destined soon to be strewn over the map of Europe from the White Sea to the Adriatic, and it was supremely the task of the *Stars and Stripes* to hold them together, to make each stevedore at the base ports know that the heave he was making was helping to carry the infantry over the distant top. No one who knelt, as we did, in the dressing stations behind Belleau Wood, and caught there something of the exaltation those first gallant wounded showed, could come away without a greater admiration for America and a higher resolve to do his job a little bit better. It was our task to carry back to the uttermost regions of the S.O.S. the story of that devotion, and, as best we could, to communicate a spark of its all-consuming fire.

Boob Bosses

IT was in this spirit, I think, that we tried to make our paper serve the rank and file according to our lights. Hence the hilarity which greeted a letter to us from a general staff colonel who, in the constant shuffling of G.H.Q., found himself directing the section to which the *Stars and Stripes* was formally responsible. I do not remember whether he was at the time a full colonel or an empty one, but I do remember that, because of his Italianate name, he was ever known among us as "The Banana Merchant." The letter ran substantially as follows:

From: The Banana Merchant (or whatever his title was)

To: Officer in charge, *Stars and Stripes*.

Subject: Criticism.

1. Recently there has been noted some criticism of the A.E.F. in the *Stars and Stripes*. Some of this is humorous.

2. There will be no further criticism of the A.E.F. in the *Stars and Stripes*.

After this historic epistle was shown to the proper authority we heard no more from the Banana Merchant. Bless his heart, of course there was criticism of the A.E.F. in the *Stars and Stripes*. There had to be. We never glossed over the de-

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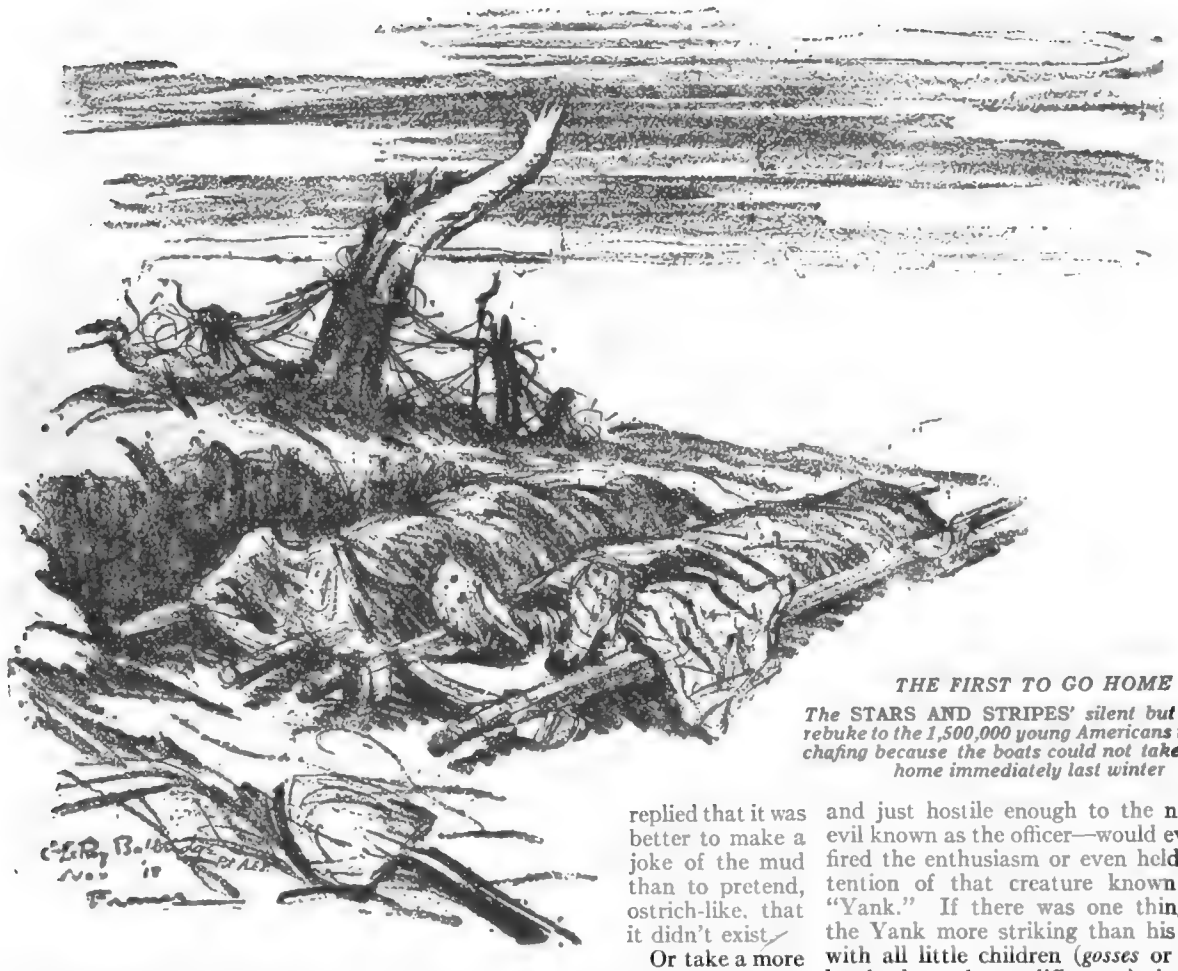

THE FIRST TO GO HOME

The STARS AND STRIPES' *silent but effective rebuke to the 1,500,000 young Americans who were chafing because the boats could not take them all home immediately last winter*

fects of that well-known institution, for if we had, the troops would have lost faith in us, and they would have not heeded us in the hours of need.

It was our creed that the paper belonged to them and that we would not lie to them; indeed, that we could not if we would. They were too wise. We preached from a book of G. K. Chesterton, in which he went to some length to instruct the German professors in the fine art of lying. He told them that they might lie as much as they liked, but that by all means they must be careful not to lie to people who knew the truth. They might, if they wished, call the snow green and the African jungle white. But he earnestly recommended that they tell the first lie to the Africans and the second to the Eskimos.

No Bunk

SO the *Stars and Stripes* displayed none of this wild hardihood. The Y. M. C. A. publicity enthusiasts could, if they liked, assure the home folks that chocolate was served hot to the boys in the trenches. But they couldn't say so in the *Stars and Stripes*. The boys knew better. Thus we never pretended that monkey meat was good. We never pretended that our pay system was adequate or decently administered. We never, as did a fatuous writer in one of the English Paris papers, venture to tell the boys after the armistice that they did not want to go home, but rather that they burned to stay in Europe till the "job was done"—a witless piece of humbug which evoked a howl of derision from the base ports to Coblenz. We sang of the mud, and when an ill-advised officer from G.H.Q. suggested that we were emphasizing the mud too much we replied that it was better to make a joke of the mud than to pretend, ostrich-like, that it didn't exist.

Or take a more serious matter and one more likely to invite the wrath of the censor. Consider our battle stories. Probably the outstanding weakness of the A.E.F. when in battle array was its utter inability to keep its lumbering traffic from getting tied up in hard knots. This was flagrant enough at Saint-Mihiel and an out-and-out scandal in the Argonne, where the grotesquely inadequate coordination of corps and divisional traffic control, road repair and supply forces choked our scant roads in no time, held pain-laden ambulances stalled motionless for hours and hours, and made appallingly slow the pursuit of the doughboys by the heavy guns. English and French observers wrung their hands and vowed that with better management we would have gone twenty kilometers instead of seven the first day. By nine o'clock of that first morning General Pershing's own traffic orders were blistering the wires from one end of the front to the other. It was a sore point. The *Stars and Stripes* did not cover it up. Rather it rubbed it in on the first page of the next issue and kept it up from the beginning till the signing of the armistice.

And this in the official paper. Surely there was never such an "organ" since the days when Cæsar wrote his own press stuff and sent it back to Rome. Yet somewhere at G.H.Q., somewhere in what the scoffers liked to call the "West Point mind," there existed the shrewdness and vision and the intellectual modesty to dedicate the official paper of the American Expeditionary Forces to the privates thereof and then turn it loose.

No other kind of paper—none which was not palpably by and for the troops and just hostile enough to the necessary evil known as the officer—would ever have fired the enthusiasm or even held the attention of that creature known as the "Yank." If there was one thing about the Yank more striking than his kinship with all little children (*gosses* or squareheads, it made no difference), it was his disconcerting inhospitality to bunk. He could smell bunk through a gas mask with the wind the other way.

I was reminded forcibly of this one dreary day on the slope of Montfauçon when the sorely tried 4th Division had dropped back for a breathing spell after a most bloody month of continuous fight-

C. Le Roy Baldridge—the STARS AND STRIPES' *cartoonist*

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ing. One regiment had been so mauled by machine-gun fire and so diluted by undigested replacements that it had been doing some pretty bad straggling, as they somewhat euphemistically called the process of seeping back into the rear areas when the process scarcely deserved the term "running away." So to a new commanding officer was intrusted the task of pulling it together. Here he was on a hillside which looked like the face of the moon, the battered regiment gathered attentively around him. He made a speech, the colonel did, a fine old-fashioned speech, with many gestures and a sprinkling of good round oaths. It would have brought down the house at the finale of the third act in any war play by Roi Cooper Megrue.

I think, as he walked away in what might have been read as the awed hush of the regiment, he must have been saying to himself: "Well, I guess that must have sorta put a little pep into them." I was glad for his sake that he didn't hear the silence broken at last by a doughboy who, stretching himself lazily before going back to clean his rifle, yawned and observed: "Same old manure."

Imagine trying the old heroics on a bunch like that. It was, then, this candor of the *Stars and Stripes* which won its audience and so held them sensitive to its slightest suggestion. The cloven hoof of purpose was seldom, if ever, visible in its columns. It was not that kind of "organ." If it had been, it would have been without credence.

Gaining Confidence

THE paper or the magazine which is all praise or all blame or which, for one moment, becomes a special pleader thereby becomes powerless for propaganda. So one editorial against prohibition in any of the violently partisan weeklies is more to be desired by the liquor interests than whole volumes of the *Liquor Dealers' Monthly*, if there is such a periodical, and I suppose there must be. Such special pleaders are impotent for direct propaganda, and are effective only in so far as they may serve to stimulate and feed with arguments less nimble minds already dedicated to the editing of journals of the same persuasion.

So, too, from the adventures of the *Stars and Stripes* may be derived the old, old conclusion that, regardless of circulation, a journal is powerful only in so far as it has the confidence of its readers, and cannot have that confidence without earning it.

The New York newspaper which became known during the panic of 1907 as "the little kept lady of Wall Street" was soon useless to Wall Street just because it was so known. So Lord Northcliffe can make and unmake the British Empire only so long as he plays the game. And so, too, we in America need not worry. An unscrupulous newspaper tyranny is unthinkable. It would defeat itself.

It may seem that the element of "propaganda" is here too greatly stressed, that after all a paper which was so sportive and so largely devoted to the homely news of the week, could not have had sufficient editorial force to sway thought much one way or the other. Such an idea can rise only from one of the old and easy fallacies invariably found in all textbooks on journalism. That is the fallacy that the modern newspaper, being more impersonal than the polemical sheets of an earlier day, exercises its editorial force only on the editorial page, which overlooks the fact that thought is more easily provoked by statement and emphasis than by argument; that the very printing of a story on the front page, the very decision to give it three lines or three columns is to use the greatest instrument of persuasion, whether intelligently or not.

Another Baldridge Cartoon.

With us every twist which the new task in France gave to the old routine in the newspaper world had to be studied and tested afresh. The whole idiom of journalism had to be rephrased. We could not even say "we" according to the old editorial prerogative, for surely in a journal which tried to be the voice of the A.E.F., "we" were rather the American soldiers in France.

As our task drew to its close we realized that, after all, we had been that voice, for the volume of contributed matter was tremendous. The poems we printed were chosen from more than 75,000 submitted. Even the 1st Division had more stanzas than casualties, and all these were submitted, mind you, to a publication whose space rate was nothing a word.

We were not really sure, however, that the men regarded the paper as theirs until the climax to the long succession of letters appealing to us, arguing with us and swearing at us was reached in a letter which inclosed a sample of a broken tooth and asked us to have it matched.

Keeping in with John

EVERY word in the paper, every phrase, every headline was scrutinized lest it should strike a note false to the troops in the field, lest it should stir a needless resentment against the editors or lay a seed of doubt in the minds of readers strewn in ravines, camps, and billets all over France. The fear that "old John Doughboy would never believe that" led to the consignment to the scrap basket of many a composition over which a colonel had burned the midnight oil. As an example of the care taken, let me call attention to the fact that only on great occasions did we mention Paris in the paper, although we printed there, until after last Christmas, when, for the first time, the gates of the magical city were thrown wide to the

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THELL WITH COLLEGE MEN - GRRR-!!
MANAGING EDITOR
BUT GOSH ROSS, THIS HERE IS A GOOD ORPHIN STORY. I MADE IT AS SHORT AS I COULD!
SHORT STORY

BUCK PRIVATE HAROLD W. ROSS THE FATHER OF THE ORPHANS

BACK PVT. HUDSON HAWLEY WHO TOURS THE S.O.S. (AND PARIS)

HI SAY- EYNT THAT PYGE NEARLY FINISHED? WE H'ONLY 'AVE FIVE MORE MINUTES Y'KNOW?
DAMN ALL CARTOONERS - THEY NEVER HAVE THEIR STUFF UP ON TIME AND IT'S ALLUS TH' WRONG SIZE - DAMM-!!!
MR FAITHFUL

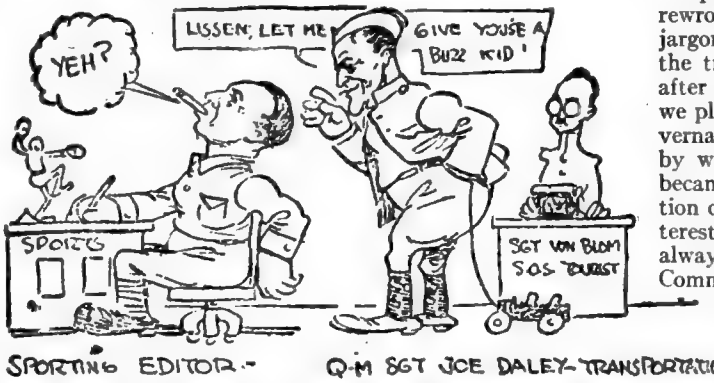
BUCK PRIVATE JOHN TRACEY WINNERICH:- COPY-READER; MAKING UP THE LAST PAGE AT THE "DYLEY MYLE"

troops on leave. The necessities of the printing business (we made up at the *Daily Mail* but after a time we had to print at the superb plant of *Le Journal*) compelled us to publish in Paris. But we were not foolish enough to rub that in on the wistful thousands who yearned for the city of light, but were not suffered to visit it. Indeed, in speaking of a thing as having happened in Paris, we always used the word "there," never the word "here"—a crafty distinction.

And it was part of a wise and settled policy that no member of the editorial staff should ever spend an uninterrupted stretch of time in Paris, but should constantly return to the troops in the field for inspiration and knowledge. So even the more or less shackled copy-reader, between issues, might have been seen hiking, pack on back, along the dusty road that led to Belleau Wood. Most of the battle copy was written by a man who saw Paris only once a month and then only by the familiar process of going A.W.O.L. I think in this policy there is a suggestion to all publishers of magazines which seek the suffrage of the American millions, but which, for business reasons, are necessarily printed and edited in that wonderful leave area known as the Island of Manhattan.

Bunk, of course, is often suspected where it does not exist, merely because it is uttered with an official accent, expressed in an alien pomposity. It was part of our job to deodorize the official things of their official smell. For instance, M. André Tardieu, High Commissioner to the United States from France, wanted to do some uttering to the American troops in answer to the baseless calumnies sedulously circulated for the alienation of Yankee affections. His statement to the troops reeked of the official. We rewrote it into our own cheerful jargon. He was offended. But the troops were reached, which, after all, was the point. So, too, we plunged even G.O.'s into the vernacular. The gradual process by which the *Stars and Stripes* became a medium for the circulation of general orders was an interesting thing to watch. We always got them hot from the Commander in hief, usually even before they were printed. At first commanding officers distrusted our wild reports, observing quite naturally that they had never seen such orders. Sometimes they said they had never seen no such orders. Then they began to notice that in the pokey processes of army delivery the orders always came to verify the story. Finally they fell into the easy habit of relying on the *Stars and Stripes* for their knowledge of orders, and it was really only by getting on our front page that a general order stood a good chance of being promptly and scrupulously obeyed.

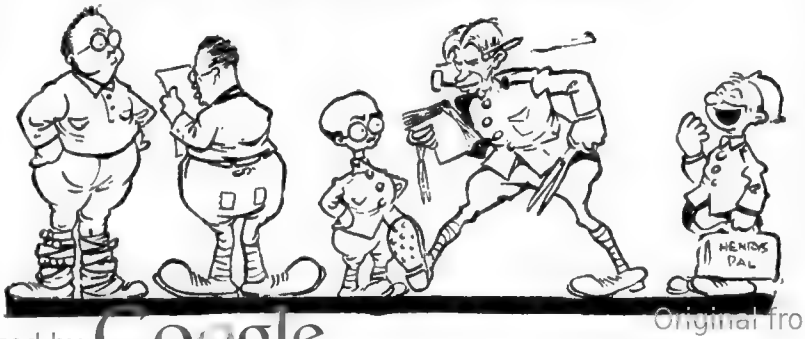
Luckily for our policy of candor, the history of the A.E.F. lent itself pretty well to a "nothing but the truth" system. Just what we would have done if the A.E.F. had gone in for strategic retreating, just what we would have said if we had not had an unbroken series of American victories to record, I do not know. As it happened, we just hung on to the coat-tails of the ever-advancing doughboys and, like the rest of the A.E.F., were by them carried to success. After all, what was good in the *Stars and Stripes* came, directly or indirectly, from them. For those of us who edited the publication I think I can truly say that we never for one moment thought of ourselves as anything except humble servants of those line companies of infantry who, to our minds, bore most of the burden and



SPORTING EDITOR - PVT. NAT T. WHORLEY

Q-M SGT JOE DALEY- TRANSPORTATION MGR. AND CHAUFFEUR EXTRAORDINAIRE

OH MERCY BUT IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE BATTLE! - WHY YOU CAN ACTUALLY HEAR THE CANNON SHOTS
C'NON DIZZY
BOP
STARS & STRIPES
OUR INTREPID HERO, MED. SGT ALEXANDER H WOOLLCOTT -
A WAR CORRESPONDENT
FOR WHOM THE FRONT NEVER HAD NO TERRORS



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pain and deserved most of the credit for the victory that came at last. I believe we were faithful to them in word and deed. I know we tried to be.

Of course the occasional sense of strain between the staff and G.H.Q. which developed in the process was simply an intensification of the fine, wholesome hostility which a good editorial group of any publication always feels for its publisher. It took the place of the perennial quarrel between the editorial room and the business office in the ordinary commercial paper. There was no such quarrel in the *Stars and Stripes*, no such painful dualism. To every writer on the most independent journal that is published for profit, there must come at times the uneasy feeling that he is really serving the counting room, that he would go out of existence if he were not needed to provide a setting for the advertisements. Those who worked on the A.E.F. paper had no such afflicting notion. They could gaze superior over the vast and busy personnel of distribution and know that they had called all that activity into being, know that these others functioned solely for the purpose of delivering their writings to a palpitating public. It was a pleasant feeling.

Wallgren—the doughboy's favorite artist.

Hilarious Journalism

THE eternal vigilance which kept the soldiers' paper faithful to them was not maintained without a good many hilarious interludes. Indeed, the turning of a company street into a Fleet Street inevitably gave rise to some startling episodes of which the fine humor is only just beginning to dawn on us.

Imagine a newspaper office booming along until 11.30 A.M., when all hands would halt for setting-up exercises. I have only to shut my eyes to see the chief copy-reader, the column conductor, the advertising manager, and the chief stenographer waving about like storm-tossed tree tops in the ecstasies of "slap and straddle," the while the Big Bertha boomed without.

Imagine an early editorial conference ending in a blaze of temper and the arrest of one editor for expressing an unwelcome opinion of an editorial policy. This happened once upon a time at the *Stars and Stripes*. Imagine a reporter, when it looked as though he had suffered the ineffaceable ignominy of a beat by the Paris *Herald*, being threatened therefor with immediate incarceration in the brig.

Imagine the editorial and personnel functions getting so mixed up that a telegram of congratulations to a correspondent in the field was likely to read as follows: "Battalion story superb. Have you plenty of winter underwear?"

Imagine, indeed, a paper edited by a staff that worked together, ate together, bunked together, debating a forthcoming cartoon at breakfast, and dropping off to sleep at night in the midst of a hot dispute over an editorial.

Imagine the editor of a far-flung weekly being paid $33 a month for his services Yet so it was, for when, in the fullness of time, the enlisted personnel took over the complete editorial function, it was Harold W. Ross, late of the San Francisco *Examiner* and the 18th Engineers, who took complete charge. When there would be a call for one of our officer personnel—say, the lieutenant on duty as correspondent at G.H.Q.—it was no uncommon thing to hear the orderly at the door reply: "Lieutenant So-and-So is not in. Private Ross has sent him to Tours." It is greatly to be feared that the orderly's ideas of rank became sadly distorted.

But then can you think of any one man in the A.E.F. under the rank, say, of major-general, who exerted as great a potential influence on the thought and spirit of the troops as the man who edited their journal? Can you think of any one brigadier-general, therefore, who had as much power as Private Ross? I cannot. Do you know of any other private who had a Cadillac at his disposal and a sergeant as a driver? Visitors to the *Stars and Stripes* found it all very confusing. It was.

Meanwhile the paper prospered and the money began to roll in. The enterprise had been started on a shoestring. It was born of the needs of the A.E.F. and the energy of Guy T. Viskniskki, formerly the manager of the Wheeler Syndicate and then a second lieutenant, fighting the war correspondents arrayed at press headquarters in Neufchâteau. I have always understood that the original notion which gave birth to the *Stars and Stripes* had its start in the mind of Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent whom General Pershing captured and turned into a censor. However, the credit for launching it all belongs to Major Viskniskki, who remained its executive chief during the first half of its history. If he had waited until Chaumont had asked Congress to allow the General Staff to advance certain moneys to start a newspaper—well, probably the first issue would have made its appearance the day the German delegates came across the line to ask for terms. But the wily Viskniskki just breezed into Paris and started it on bluff, plus a little money borrowed judiciously (even though illegally) from the General Staff.

Lord Northcliffe's paper in Paris—after we were launched we used to describe the *Continental Daily Mail* as the second best English newspaper on the Continent—opened its plant to us. The hastily assembled staff, grabbed at random out of the still scantily populated spaces of the A.E.F., quickly infiltrated the *Daily Mail* establishment in the Rue du Sentier, opposite the *Matin*. The first numbers issued nervously from an office not much larger than a hall bedroom in the Hotel St. Ann. In that one room the first stories were written, the first proofs read. While Lieutenant Adolph S. Ochs, Second, counted up the first receipts on one old café table, Wally drew his first cartoons on another.

By the first anniversary the staff was sprawled in spacious quarters in the Rue Taitbout, and the circulation, although the shortage of paper had always compelled us to ration the *Stars and Stripes* to a third of each outfit, had gayly passed the half million mark. A hundred thousand copies were selling up and down the Third Army, stray thousands were going direct each week to the home folks and other thousands were seeking out Yanks in such lone outposts as Italy, the Murman Coast, and Vladivostock.

Embarrassing Profits

BY this time a nightmare question began to haunt us. What should we do with the profits? A bank account which ran into the millions (francs, of course) had accumulated in several Paris banks, and the nature of its ultimate destination became a matter of harrowing concern.

It was inevitable that there should have been profit. The original decision that the troops should be charged for their paper rather than let it be tossed to them benignly like K. of C. cigarettes was, I think, incontestably sound. A newspaper that is given away cannot command respect. It smells of propaganda before a word is read. It has all the persuasive force and direct personal appeal of a letter thrust into the vestibule and addressed to "The Lady of the House."

To be sure, the correspondents in the forward area—Grantland Rice and many others took a turn at this work—managed to pack some free copies, to be tossed to artillery drivers on the move forward and given to the wounded on their way back. Then the Y.M.C.A. was sporadically lavish with copies at the front, and the Red Cross bought at cost a special edition for free circulation in the hospitals. One free copy to every three beds—that was the program. But the bulk of the circulation was parted with at the not inconsiderable price, the much too stiff

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a price, of 50 centimes the copy—a good round sum to ask for what was, after all, only an eight-page weekly magazine camouflaged as a newspaper.

The decision to carry advertising was, I think, also wise, for it was felt that to the American eye a newspaper without a lot of familiar wares calling "Attention" would look impoverished, anemic, unsuccessful. In the end we became so swamped with advertisements that we had to reduce their volume ruthlessly.

Furthermore, an army institution which was so obviously paying its own way, when other branches of the enterprise were costing the taxpayer a pretty penny, invited less frequent inspection and pawing over, which was a good thing. It made them more disposed to let us alone.

So profits were inevitable. What to do with them?

A Promise

NOW, our masthead had announced at the beginning that all profits were to accrue to the subscribers' company funds, an alluring promise which, through inertia and abstraction, was stupidly left at the masthead until last January or many weeks after it had become perfectly apparent that the fulfillment of the promise was impractical. It is perfectly true that when, as usually happened, an organization would subscribe in bulk, a third of the subscription price would then revert at once to the organization's company fund. It is also true that many of the company funds of the A.E.F.—thousands of them—were started in this manner.

But even that process left us with a staggering surplus, and we were groping about for a method of distributing it when the Judge Advocate General, A.E.F., looked down upon us, frowned and said that all this money must revert in time to the Treasury of the United States.

We were the more heartsick over this decision because it involved welching on a specific promise. The first editorial blast in the first issue of the *Stars and Stripes* made the following pledge to the troops:

"The *Stars and Stripes* is unique in that every soldier purchaser, every soldier subscriber, is a stockholder and a member of the board of directors. It isn't being run for any individual's profit, and it serves no class but the fighting men in France, who wear the olive-drab and the forest-green. Its profits go to the company funds of the soldier subscribers, and the staff of the paper isn't paid a sou."

Furthermore, the early advertisements of the paper launched it with such phrases as the following: "There are no profits in the *Stars and Stripes* for any but its soldier subscribers."

In the light of what happened, this was cheating. On nobody's part had there been any intent to obtain money under false pretenses. However, only in the great haste with which G.H.Q. had to start everything (including the *Stars and Stripes*) can there be found the slightest excuse for the failure to discover first whether or not the promise it proposed to make could be kept. The breaking of such promises is the army way. The army never lets its left hand know what the right hand doeth. It giveth with its left hand and with its right hand it taketh away. It sure doth.

We can never accuse anyone of conscious villainy in this matter, but it is worth while noting, in passing, that the whole machinery functioned in this instance with something of that fine carelessness of obligation which occasionally lands a mere civilian in the penitentiary at Atlanta. Surely it is up to the A.E.F. (in a sort of paroxysm of retroactive remorse) to see that the profits of the *Stars and Stripes* reach a destination more warming to the heart than the Treasury of the United States.

Just what those profits will be it is difficult to estimate. The real profits must, of course, be calculated by deducting from the cash balance a refund to the Government for all the transportation, labor, and supplies used in the printing and distribution of the paper. Even on that basis the *Stars and Stripes*, in the heyday of its moral and material success last spring, was clearing a good $1,000 a day. There will be several hundred thousand dollars left free and clear.

The editorial staff tried frantically to lessen that sum. We cast out advertisements right and left. We planned a vast expansion of the paper so as to give more for the money. *Le Journal* made nine gestures of despair. Name of a dog, but it could not be done without new presses. Well, we'd pay for new ones. Mon Dieu, but it would take months. We then tried to open a series of prize contests with dazzling money prizes. The Judge Advocate General, manifesting more of his somewhat belated interest in us, said no.

We planned then to turn over the profits to our French War Orphan Fund. The Judge Advocate General wouldn't hear of such a thing. He even withdrew from that fund some 40,000 francs, the sum of certain company funds which had been generously donated for the purpose by several Signal Corps companies. We tried hastily to return the unearned increment, only to find that those companies had been disbanded. Where, we asked, should we return the money? The Judge Advocate General told us. You've guessed it. The Treasury of the United States.

Only a special act of Congress can now deflect the profits of the *Stars and Stripes* from that destination, so when the Secretary of War returned to these shores he carried in his hip pocket a petition to Congress asking that the moneys gained by the prosperity of the soldiers' newspaper should go to the fund for French war orphans, started and generously maintained by the soldiers themselves.

It will be difficult for the proponents of any other scheme to find another fund more demonstrably close to the hearts of the A.E.F. To that fund more than 400,000 members of the A.E.F. contributed out of their own lean pockets. The total fund given amounted to nearly 2,500,000 francs and 3,444 French kids were "adopted" as mascots for the various outfits of the expedition—that is, the fund tided that many French waifs of the war over a difficult year. One superb battalion of the Rainbow Division, for example, sent in 10,000 francs just as it was going over the top. Many individuals—generals, privates, chaplains, everybody—"adopted" some forlorn youngsters under this plan.

It is probable that the children thus individually fathered will always be looked after. It seems improbable, for instance, that the little boy and girl who call General Pershing their *parrain* (godfather) will ever go hungry. I know that Marie Louise Patriarche, the affable young lady of five who was not only the life of Pommard but the pride of the *Stars and Stripes* staff, has money in the bank to see her through the next four years and will not want after that.

It's Up to Us

BUT it would be a fine thing if, through the American Red Cross which administers the fund, those 3,444 children we adopted could be carried through to their majority. A fine thing for them, a fine thing for France. A still finer thing for America. In time the best of them would be ripe for college, and there would be a great thrill across the United States if, some day, the Associated Press dispatches casually announces that fifty of the A.E.F. mascots had arrived at New York to take up their studies in Harvard and Smith. Think with what emotion the scattered members of Company F, 166th Infantry, say, will read some day that the *gosse* they adopted back in the dark spring of 1918 has been named Premier of France. If the 3,444 can be brought up as one great family, what a bond they will constitute between their country and ours. What finer, truer monument to the American soldier could be reared upon the soil of France?

LUNG Power, Good Looks, a Million-Dollar Front, 100 per cent Assurance, a Beautiful Russian Vampire — even patient little Martha, the Girl he left behind — Everything, Everybody, Fate itself seemed to dictate to Ira Cummins, the Boy Orator of Knob Hill — from his debut on a soap-box in Union Square — leadership of the Great Red Revolution.

What happened, Leavitt Ashley Knight tells you in his strong, timely, humorous serial

Dictated — But Not Red

which begins in the February EVERYBODY'S.

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Priscilla And Her Penates

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

"MRS. WILLIAM HENRY EVANS, New York."

The name, commonplace enough in another setting, fairly *splashed* across the register of Middleboro's one hotel. Mrs. Evans's glance strayed over the other arrivals for the day:

"Cicero C. Jones, Esq., Att'y and Counsellor at Law, Eno's Ferry.

"Mr. L. G. Plummer and Wife, City."

The last important entry betrayed the recent groom—could little Lonnie Plummer actually be old enough to marry?

Evidently he was not prosperous enough for "the bridal suite," as the best room in the hotel was called, for Mrs. Evans was respectfully conducted there and empowered to lock the bathroom door and have the tin bathtub "all to herself." She recognized the carpet immediately, though she had not seen it in nine years. It was the first time Priscilla Evans had been in Middleboro since she ran away to marry when she was barely eighteen.

The maid, who presently answered some trifling summons, was so impressed by Mrs. Evans's negligée that she reported downstairs that the New York lady was dressed up grand enough for a party but was looking mighty sad-eyed.

"I was an idiot to come here," Priscilla was thinking dejectedly. "They all consider me the blot on the 'scutcheon—not that I care in the least!"

But it had been easier to be indifferent to the opinion of the Hewlett kin when she was in New York than when she had deliberately returned to Middleboro. From her babyhood Priscilla had been an anomaly in the Hewlett connection. They were the oldest, the most influential, the most respected family in that community. Even their unusual homeliness had a certain dignity about it; their tendency toward flesh was spoken of as "the robust Hewlett health," their prominent noses and chins as "the strong Hewlett features." The oldest of the seven brothers and sisters who represented the family created a sensation when he married at fifty. His young wife died soon after her baby daughter was born. Silas christened her Priscilla after her mother, but the name proved to be the only staid thing about her. She was that amazing sport on the Hewlett tree, a beauty.

Her eyes were grey-green with long black lashes, her hair was thick and dark, her nose and mouth piquant. She was as spoiled as was possible to one of her sunny nature, and the very darling of dour Silas Hewlett's heart. After his death, she went to live with Aunt Lucy. She had asked to stay with Aunt Lavinia, but Aunt Lucy had prevailed. Young Martin Long, the son of Middleboro's richest citizen, was in love with Priscilla. It was fitting that Aunt Lucy's Husband—the mild-mannered little gentleman rarely had any other title in the family—should benefit by the connection.

Then the deluge! An attractive youngster appeared on the scene, penniless, divorced, suspected of tuberculosis, and Priscilla ran away and married him.

Aunt Lucy wrote that she was as "the Dead." She said it was the first time that the honorable name of Hewlett had ever been stained by the contamination of divorce, and that all her ancestors must be shuddering in their graves.

Aunt Lavinia wrote that she was a little fool. Nobody else wrote at all.

Priscilla had spent nearly all the money left by her father before her husband died eighteen months later. She never regretted it. "I did give Charley-boy such a good time! I'm so glad he had a little fun and love and happiness to make up for his hard years."

As her next downward step she tried to support herself with a minor place in a musical comedy. "With her husband hardly cold in the grave!" groaned Aunt Lucy. There came a report that she had been seen smoking a cigarette; Aunt Emma asked that the matter should not be discussed in the presence of her young daughters.

Finally, descending to the last degradation, she had married again, this time to "A Person who had Something to do with the Movies." Just what the connection was the Hewletts did not know. It was reputed that the Person had been highly successful, but where Martin Long possessed "substantial means," it was darkly surmised that William Henry Evans had "ill-gotten gains."

FOR generations the Hewletts had been planters, lawyers, country doctors, ministers. "Something to do with the Movies" had a sinister ring. There was only one moving-picture show in Middleboro, and Aunt Lucy had patronized it but once: for a popular vampire had lost much of her apparel in a struggle with a highly intoxicated admirer who broke into her bedroom at 3 A. M., and rather insufficiently protected herself in the fashion set by Venus de Medici. Her girlhood's lover appeared opportunely on the scene, having made the hasty journey partly by shooting the rapids in a canoe, partly by leaping from a bridge on top of an express train, partly by hydroplane, and finally by a fire-escape. "It taxes one's credulity; for my part, I do not believe it," Aunt Lucy gave her verdict. The lover ejected the intoxicated admirer, but Aunt Lucy felt the claims of decency were not satisfied by the chiffon wrap he chivalrously draped around her while the fade-out explained, "Together they watched the dawn of a New Day."

William Henry Evans thought it all rather amusing. He was big and breezy and wholesome, a distinctly nice person with whom to spend one's life. But when Silas and Priscilla were born and his pretty wife began to say wistfully that she hated for the children not to have any relations—that it was like living in a foreground and never having any background—he felt troubled for her to want something which he could not give.

EVANS had put part of his ill-gotten gains into a country home, an adorable old place in which to bring up a family.

"O Billy, if only we could get the right furniture! Aunt Lavinia inherited the old Hewlett homestead and you never saw such wonderful things as she has, mahogany or rosewood in every room, and it all has the soft dull glow of furniture which has been beautifully taken care of and hand-rubbed for generations. You see the family had lots more money a hundred years ago than it has now. It used to please me so when Aunt Lavinia would let me help dry the pink luster tea set and the rose china, for even as a child I liked to touch lovely things." Her eyes grew pensive. "Billy, darling, if I could just show you that china!—over a hundred years old, and only two pieces broken. The richest gold, the kind they don't make nowadays, and buds in the bottoms of the cups and big pink roses that look as if they had been dropped on the plates, and the fattest, most important cream-jug!"

William Henry Evans could bear it no longer. "Listen, ladybird. Even if your Aunt Lavinia never writes to you, she sent those delightful old cups to the kids, so she can't be all adamant. Trot down to Middleville, Middleton—what the dickens is the name of the old burg? and ask her to lend you a piece of the family china so you can have it copied for a set—nothing simpler."

It sounded reasonable at the time, but once in the atmosphere of Middleboro, Priscilla knew she would never have courage to make the request.

Early the next morning she called up her Aunt Lavinia's home, and recognized the voice of the servant who answered.

"Lawd gracious, Miss Prissy, is dat you sho nuff? Ise studyin' 'bout you all day, yistiddy. Naw, honey, you cain't speak ter Miss Lavinny, she cain't come ter no telumphone—she's 'ceasted."

"Dead!" cried Priscilla, recoiling in horror.

"Yaas, honey. Miss Lavinny she's 'ceasted, and dey's gwine ter have her fun'ral dis mawnin'."

Priscilla put down the receiver mechanically. Following her first impulse, she hurried over to her aunt's home.

Mandy gave her a welcome to warm the heart, and the girl needed the support. In the staid parlor sat Aunt Lucy, swathed in crepe, weighted with woe. She and

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But now the lawyer was droning out her name again.

Aunt Lavinia had rarely agreed in private and never disagreed in public, so they had passed as "devoted sisters."

Mandy had prepared the family for the unwelcome guest, and they felt that they must put the best face possible on the situation before the little world of Middleboro. Though Aunt Lucy felt it insolent for the Dead to return without an invitation, she rose majestically and imprinted a chilly peck somewhere on her niece's cheek.

"Death is the great harmonizer," she said magnificently. "At my sister's coffin I can but forgive."

Her uncles and cousins saluted Priscilla in turn, and then she was amazed when Martin Long kissed her, though he kissed her fresh sweet lips.

"We—we are cousins now," stammered Martin, who had married Aunt Lucy's youngest daughter, the one with the least prominent teeth.

"Be seated, Priscilla," directed Aunt Lucy.

There was an awful silence. Priscilla began to feel strangely aware of her feet. The eyes of her relatives were leveled on them, except for those who were gazing disapprovingly at her hat. Memories of old days made her grasp the situation—she was wearing light spats to her aunt's funeral! Her hat was the type which Aunt Lucy would have thought "rakish," and if Uncle Henry had suspected that she had paid seventy-two dollars for it he would have thought she was bound for an insane asylum here and perdition hereafter. Her blessed Billy had selected it and said that it emphasized every charming, piquant line of her face, but it wasn't meant for a funeral—that hat!

TWO of her cousins went into the room across the hall, another joined them. Mrs. Martin Long was summoned, then Aunt Lucy herself.

Priscilla stopped listening to what Cousin John Hewlett Parrish was saying and gathered scraps of the discussion which was waging across the hall. Uncle Henry's youngest daughter, Jennie, to whom Priscilla was a figure of romance, was taking her part against the others. She reiterated her argument to Martin Long:

"Aunt Lucy and her husband go first, as she's the oldest sister, then Mother and Father, then Uncle Dave and Aunt Emma, then Priscilla ought to be next, as she's the only child of the oldest brother and she ought to come before the rest of us nieces and nephews."

"That would be all right," agreed Martin Long. "What's the hitch?"

"That hat! Those spats! White gloves! At an aunt's funeral! When she isn't dressed like a relation, she ought not to precede those who are," contended Mrs. Long hotly. "Don't you think so, Mother?"

"The front pew will hold seven; that would put Priscilla in the pew with *me*, poor Lavinia's own sister."

"Of course that wouldn't do, m'dear, wouldn't do at all." Aunt Lucy's husband rubbed his hands nervously together. "Might put Priscilla with your brother Bob's daughter."

Brother Bob was the member of the family who died from drink—even the oldest families have them. But his daughter, who eked out a slender income by embroidering center-pieces for the Woman's Exchange, resented the proposed public slight.

"As I am wearing deep mourning, it

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would look very strange for my veil and that hat to walk into church side by side."

"Very well," decided Aunt Lucy, "as Priscilla is not garbed like a niece, she will have to walk in with one of the cousins."

Two little red spots flamed in Mrs. Evans's cheeks when the family conclave was over and the participants returned to the parlor. Aunt Lucy resumed the most comfortable seat in the room and groaned: "My poor dear sister!"

"Did you and Aunt Lavinia ever learn to get along?" inquired Priscilla innocently.

Aunt Lucy ignored the question and Martin Long suppressed a chuckle.

The "livery-stable carriages" stood at the door; the relatives marched out in the established line of order, Martin Long checking off the occupants of the carriages in turn. At the last Aunt Lucy decided to walk in between her husband and her married daughter, needing double support in her bereavement.

"Where do I go, Martin?" asked Priscilla. Her voice had always a flute-like quality of appeal.

He could not look into her sweet clear eyes and say, "You are in the carriage with the Parrish cousins and old Mrs. Tankersly."

"You—you are with me," answered Martin Long, speaking the bravest words of his life.

In the church, which the solemn dignity of a Hewlett funeral crowded to its capacity, Priscilla was the focus of attention, but she was unaware of it.

Everything slipped from her but the memories of the dear familiar church where she had gone every Sunday as a child, and where her father, so grim and stern to the rest of the world, would slip her a peppermint during the long prayer.

"I hope Father knows how happy I am with my darling Billy," she thought, stifling a sob. "I wish I had come last week, I wish I had seen Aunt Lavinia once more. I'm so glad I sent her presents every Christmas and birthday just the same, even though she wouldn't notice them. Maybe she liked them in her heart."

AFTER the funeral the relatives were asked to return to the house for the reading of the will. Priscilla shrank from going, but she knew the gossip it would cause if all the relatives returned to the old home and she went to her room at the hotel. There would be no train until noon the next day.

She went upstairs to the room which had been Aunt Lavinia's. The trundle-bed in which she had slept as a child was still there. She thought of how diligently her aunt had looked after her through her motherless childhood—the Bible story which she read to her every night, the stiff birthday parties, the cinnamon cookies or carraway-seed cakes always ready for her lunch—and afterwards she had run away without a word to anybody.

She was born a Hewlett, and their family pride and solidarity were as inherent in her as her mother's gaiety of heart. There was something which was free to the little Martin Longs that was denied to her small Babs and Silas—the inheritance of being part of a stalwart American family. She had come from a long line of honorable men and upright women, yet her children had no more background to their lives than canaries in a bird-store.

The family were summoned into the parlor. The atmosphere seemed to stiffen with hostility and suspicion. Did Priscilla's presence at this time mean that she had reason to believe that she might inherit her aunt's property? In addition to the home place, there was about sixty thousand dollars in bonds. Cicero Jones, Esquire, (who bore a striking resemblance to a plain Mister) began to read the will.

A SIGH of relief rippled over the listeners when the old home was left to her brother Henry, and the money equally divided among her surviving brothers and sisters or their heirs, with the exception of the daughter of her brother Silas.

How queer it felt to be disinherited! Like a sudden slap from a dead hand! Priscilla felt cold and sick. Uncle Henry's Jennie gave a quick sob.

"I'm going to send Jennie the sweetest frock in New York as soon as I get back," thought Priscilla.

But now the lawyer was droning out her name again:

"To my niece, Priscilla Hewlett Evans, I bequeath all the furniture, glass, china, silver, pewter, portraits, and household furnishings of any and all kinds which I inherited from my mother, to be used by her in her home during her lifetime and to be held in trust for her children. It is my solemn injunction that my niece's offspring shall grow up surrounded by the Hewlett furniture."

Priscilla did not try to hold back the brimming tears. So she had understood, dear, dear Aunt Lavinia! Her heart went out in tenderness to all her kith and kin. They were people of grim speech but their deeds were better than their words. She was *glad* she was a Hewlett!

"I don't know what in the world we are to do with this house," said Uncle Henry in perplexity. "Jane and I have been living in our own home ever since we were married and the furniture was bought to suit it, and it would be a hardship to move."

"We can't even consider it, Henry dear," his wife spoke anxiously. "With Lavinia's home only a block from Main Street I should always be nervous for the grandchildren to play so near the heart of town. One never knows when some one might pass by in an automobile."

"But we can't sell the old place to strangers, Jane."

The full-grown impulse seemed to leap, Minerva-wise, from Priscilla's brain.

"Let me buy it, please, please, Uncle Henry. I'll give it to Middleboro for the Lavinia Hewlett Library—Aunt's name and Grandma's. Father would like that, I know."

She stopped short, choked with tears.

Uncle Henry laid a kindly hand on her shoulder. "If you'll put it in shape for a library, I'll give the place, my dear. A brick house built as well as this will last forever."

The family began to discuss the plan, and nobody heard Mrs. Martin Long's vexed aside to her mother: "That was the most astounding thing for Aunt Lavinia to do! I had told her with my own lips that I wanted that rose china to match my dining-room wall-paper. I cannot understand why she left it to some one totally unable to appreciate it."

Neither she nor Priscilla was ever to guess the real reason for the bequest. Soon after her favorite niece had married the Person, Aunt Lavinia determined to judge the cinema for herself. The play happened to take place in a very up-to-date apartment house, and Aunt Lavinia had never seen an apartment house in her life.

"No space, no dignity, no room for a young soul to grow in. Crowded like a junk shop. If that is the moving-picture conception of a home it would be better for my niece to remain childless."

After Silas and Barbara were born Aunt Lavinia went once again, intrigued by the advertised setting of a genuine Colonial home. Except to wonder why a grown young woman should wear her hair in curls, Aunt Lavinia paid small attention to the characters. But the furniture! She knew period furniture as a gardener knows plants; her sense of fitness was shocked by a room in which a spinnet, a teakwood stand and a Morris chair hob-nobbed comfortably together. The flimsy reproductions made her feel absolutely homesick for the mellow dignity of her own belongings. How could substantial qualities develop in an atmosphere of sham? Her brother's grandchildren had a right to a fair chance and the proper surroundings. The next day she made her will.

WILLIAM HENRY EVANS was buoyantly interested in whatever he undertook. If he was engaged on an Eskimo picture, for the time being his mind inhabited an igloo and he would have eaten whale blubber with relish. If Cleopatra happened to be his immediate heroine, no crocodile could have felt more at home in the Nile, and the Mississippi seemed a parvenu stream, striving for self-exploitation. Priscilla turned the whole matter of the library over to him with a confidence which the result justified. But he deferred to Uncle Henry, consulted Uncle Dave, Martin Long, and even Aunt Lucy's husband, until each felt that he had an important part in the project. They liked William Henry immensely. People always did.

Only Aunt Lucy remained impenetrable.

On the day that the library was to be formally donated to the public, the entire Hewlett connection had gathered within its doors. Into this intimate gathering Priscilla brought her children for the first time. Babs, an attractive little creature with her father's eyes, was promptly encircled by admiring cousins. Silas was as sturdy, as affectionate, as dependable a small boy as ever rejoiced a mother's heart, but one might search a long time—perhaps a month or two—without finding a homelier child. He hung back a moment, having already learned that the attention of strangers was bestowed on his sister.

Aunt Lucy put out an imperative arm, drew him to her and kissed him. In her voice was the rare ring of warmth and whole-hearted praise:

"Why, Silas is a true Hewlett! He has the Hewlett robustness and the strong Hewlett features."

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Love, Assorted

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

WHY is it that happy marriages so seldom make great novels? It is one of the undeniable commonplaces that a deep, ardent and abiding love is the best gift a man or a woman can have. So it ought to furnish the motive for the best fiction. Yet it certainly doesn't.

If you doubt it, run through any list of enduring novels. Dickens used to weep over his heroines. They were so attractive to him that it actually hurt him when things went wrong with them. But nowadays not many people weep over Dora and Agnes. Or if they do, the tears are usually tears of relief because Dora and Agnes have stepped out of the story and Micawber has strutted in. Thackeray's Amelia and Laura may have charmed their creator, but if we had to marry a Thackeray character, we should prefer Becky Sharp. She might shock us to death, but that would be better than being bored to death.

Unhappy love is more dramatic than love fulfilled. That is one reason why it makes better fiction. Another reason is that American and English novelists, when they portray lovers, feel that they must make them a little purer than the saints. They hardly dare endow them

"The World of Wonderful Reality."

with hot tempers. So we always have an uneasy feeling that they are too good to be true.

Another reason is that love is not the simple emotion that some of the great novelists have seemed to fancy it. It has grown complex, along with everything else in civilization. There are many more than fifty-seven varieties. It was a simple enough matter in caveman days. A man caught sight of a lithe form flitting about among the trees. He tracked his mate relentlessly. If a shout failed to halt her headlong flight, he accentuated his wooing with a club. And they lived happily ever afterward.

Some of the complexities of modern love get into the pages of E. Temple Thurston's "The World of Wonderful Reality" (Appleton). Here is the old, old struggle between love and money, of love that flamed high in the hearts of John Grey and Jill Dealtry in golden Venice and that flickered out in gray London.

John was an incorrigible dreamer. Dreams were to him what gasoline is to an automobile. And while Jill hovered on the brink of marriage, these dreams of John's were luring. It was only when she was up against the actual plunge that she wondered how they were going to pay bills. The minute you maltreat dreams in that way—well, you're not fitted to live with a dreamer.

Jill had to balance John against Mr. Skipwith. It didn't seem fair to Mr. Skipwith. He was elderly, and even his tailor could not make him romantic. Yet his bulging bank-account would not be denied. Jill's father kept it resolutely in sight.

John could not see why Jill ever thought about the bank-account. He did not regard himself as poor. He had more than three pounds, without counting several things that he might pawn. Amber wouldn't have wavered. She and John had been pals for years and she understood his dreams.

When Mr. Skipwith died and left Jill $500,000 perhaps you thought that Mr. Thurston was wriggling out of a dilemma. But that wasn't money enough to bribe John. Like all men he may have had his price, but no millions could have bought him. You would have had to bid higher and offered him a dream. So it hurt him to discover that Jill had never taken his dreams seriously. Luckily he had Amber's understanding to turn to after Jill had bruised him. If you are impractical, you will like John.

The same conflict runs through "The Strongest" (Doubleday, Page), by Georges Clemenceau.

As a novel it has decided shortcomings, but there are compensations in its clear reflections of a vigorous mind that has been much in the forefront of world history.

The French do not regard their novelists and dramatists with suspicion. The French man of affairs is as much concerned over his literature as he is over his tariff. Clemenceau was advantaged rather than handicapped in politics by the fact that he had written a novel. In England and America, however, business men and lawyers look upon a novel as something considerably less important than a dinner. The average voter feels the same way; he distrusts putting into authority a man whose business it is to understand human nature.

Worldly success comes to the overbearing, the strongest, Clemenceau preaches, and he does preach too much in his story. But the real victory remains with the idealists, the dreamers. His novel is the tale of a duel fought with ideas by two men over the destiny of a young woman. Claudia Harle's lovers are faint figures beside these older men, her father and the man who believes himself her father.

Claudia chooses power instead of love, so the seeming triumph is with the greedy upstart, the adventurer in the industrial

"The Strongest."

world, the man who crushes his employees. Yet his rival, the hater of all autocracies, knows that Claudia will suffer because she has turned from him, and that from her suffering will be born understanding.

In clear contrast to Claudia, Cecile van Even, in "Ecstasy" (Dodd, Mead), by Louis Couperus, lives in a dream-world, apart from the crass desires of "The Strongest." Young and lovely, the widowed mother of two boys, she is content alone in her mystic silence—content, unstirred, unaware of life, until Taco Quaerts breaks in upon her aloofness. He too is a mystic, not at all the phlegmatic Dutchman of tradition.

HE has worshiped Cecile from afar, through her years as young wife and widow. She is to him a being of pure light and spirit. She stirs his soul, his real self. His outer self, sensual, licentious, fascinating, is a power in his social world. Cecile, repelled at first by his very vigor, succumbs to the need of his soul for hers until she loves him with a passion she has never before known. Because he so wills, she crushes this love. She holds herself high for his worship. In one supreme moment together they know ecstasy. In blinding white light their spirits rush together.

Cecile would hold him for her own, but Taco cowers before the beast in himself—the beast that had always lusted to tear beauty to bits, to despoil it. So he runs away, to mad dissipation perhaps, but at least he will cherish in his soul this one pure exaltation. This is a rare and exotic love, a love sterile for most men and women—a love of mystic beauty which sacrifices all simple joy for one white moment of ecstasy. Louis Couperus writes sensitively of sensitive souls—for the few.

"The Story of a Lover" (Boni & Liveright) is likewise for the few. But this lover has no wish to stop at spiritual ecstasy; he warmly, even wildly, wants all of love. "My boyhood," he writes, "was filled with brooding, warm dreams and

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partial experiences, leaving a nature more and more stirred, more and more demanding the great adventure."

It came. One glance at "her" flooded him with the sense that she was the great adventure. She was elemental, simple, serenely beautiful; he, restless, passionate, brilliant, seeking to penetrate to the heart of her mystery. Perhaps if you spent fifteen years of marriage and were still seeking this inner mystery of "her," you would need to pour your heart out as has this lover. Possibly it eluded him, just because he brooded too much. It is a way the mystery of love has.

His life was one eternal, restless youth, but it possessed a unity unattainable to Taco Quaerts. How another passionate lover reacted to an unsatisfied love is told in "Linda Condon" (Knopf), by Joseph Hergesheimer, that subtly fascinating novel familiar to *Everybody's* readers. Dodge Pleydon, genius, transmutes his rejected love for Linda Condon into ineffable beauty. She it is who lives in his masterpiece.

It is curious how much more careful most of us are about our bodies than about our minds. We balance sweets and sours in what we eat, whether we like to or not. But not many people vary their mental diets.

If you really want a healthy mind in a healthy body, you ought to give your mind plenty of exercise and not too steady a diet of sweets or sours. If you have been having a debauch upon "glad" books, it

"Ecstacy."

wouldn't be a bad idea to try E. M. Delafield's "Consequences" (Knopf). It isn't pleasant to the taste, but it's packed with mental calories.

Many men and women in the world have all sorts of opportunities, but they seem born to misery. They can't inspire love, or even affection. If they can get along without love, they don't need sympathy. But if they crave it, they try desperately to make other people love them. And the more they try, the more they repel. Miss Delafield's Alex Clare was that way. She had a flying start in life. Her father had a title and his income would have seemed stupendous to most Englishmen.

Alex craved love, craved it desperately. She showed it, pitifully. But her ardor merely chilled the girl, the woman and the man who came nearest to taking it. She became engaged to Noel Cardew, but she could not love him, try as she might. Shattering disillusionment came with his first kiss, which she had thought would have lifted her at last to the joy she had always missed. But Noel hated sentimentality; he pecked gingerly at her cheek and was glad to get it over with.

So Alex broke her engagement and tried to find comfort in religion. She stayed ten years in a Belgian convent, but always what she sought eluded her. At the last she tried to find it in her family, but their complete misunderstanding drove her to suicide. It is almost too hard a picture, too unrelieved, but it is done with rare ability. And it leaves one wondering about the tragedies of love-starved men and women incurable by any statute or charity.

Love swirls at cross-purposes through "Heritage" (Doran), by V. Sackville West, the first novel of an English poet and one of the best first novels in many months. It is a tale about one of those sturdy yeoman families of the English countryside who have lived for more generations on the land they love than have most of the men who sit in the House of Lords. Usually they are an unemotional folk, inarticulate, honest, growing to manhood and womanhood almost as unconsciously as the trees about their homes.

Now and then, however, a rover cuts loose from the land. Such a one had been Oliver Pennistan, who nearly a century ago had served as a soldier in Spain and had come home with a fiery dancer as his bride. Oliver was dead and the years had chilled the ardent blood of his wife. But she sat there huddled by the fire, mumbling, with the passivity of old, old age.

She had lived her life but she had left something living behind her, something strange and exotic, an untamable strain of Spanish blood that cropped out, now faintly, now flamingly, in her great-grandchildren. The brown, sleek head of Ruth Pennistan stirred in one vague thoughts of Spain—of bull fights and bright color—so unlike the green placidity of Kent.

It urged Ruth toward her cousin, Rodney Westmacott, urged and yet repelled her. For a girl may hate a man whom she loves or a man may detest a girl from whom he cannot tear himself. It is one of the mysteries of sex. To lose patience with such folly and to say that it should not be does not make it cease to be.

Another mystery of love is the way in which it can blind a man or a woman. It blinded Malory, another man who saw Ruth daily. He was one of those theorists who have ideas about everybody else but who fail to know themselves. His heart beat more strongly when Ruth came near. She was the one woman he needed to make his life complete. But because he knew men and books and fancied that he lived among these country-folk like an onlooker, it never occurred to him that Ruth loved him with a dumb devotion that she could never give her cousin.

And because Malory was blind and because blood called to blood, Ruth married Rodney and lived unhappily, but not forever after. Years passed and the war thundered, and after that came belated happiness for Ruth and Malory, as a glowing sunset follows a leaden day. There is actual poetry in this book of prose. It would be a better story if it were told straightforwardly, for the artifice of having some one tell all, or great parts, of a novel is a handicap even to genius. But it rings true, a vital tale of love and of the strange paths into which it guides us.

All these tales of love and its complexities are worth reading. But to round them off, one wants something that portrays the simplicity of love. The one quality such a story needs is sheer charm, and almost always this is the one thing that is missing. But it can be caught, and it can make the oldest plots shine as if new.

Lucile Van Slyke has done it in "Little Miss By-the-Day" (Stokes). Here is a whimsical, joyous story of a young girl who loved and was loved, a simple and yet delightful tale.

"Consequences."

Felice Day was a droll little girl who whistled and dreamed in a little garden behind a big Brooklyn house. She was alone most of the time; but she was never lonely, for she knew how to pretend. And little girls and girls who wear long dresses, and untidy boys and boys who look like men, have, if they know how to pretend, a treasure that is better than a safe-deposit vault stuffed with bonds.

Felice needed her illusions when her mother died, her wonderful mother who had come enwrapped in romance and mystery from storied France to prosaic Brooklyn. When Felice had to go away to the House in the Woods, she took with her one memory that was not a pretense, a memory that ever thrilled her as years rolled on. For one day in the garden a comely boy had scaled the wall, had leaned to her as she stood tremulous upon a bench, had kissed her.

Clouds of poverty trailed across her life, but that memory and her pretendings were enough to gild them to glory. At last she came back to Brooklyn, back to the big house with the little garden. It was hardly recognizable. It had become a slum dwelling, divided and subdivided into tiny apartments where harassed tradesmen lived and labored.

By going out as a seamstress by the day, Felice began to transform it. She filled it with laughter, which is better than furniture. She was a magnet to the young who were not yet successful, to the dreamers who were yet to make their dreams come true.

Two things Felice could do superlatively—pretend and whistle. Any practical man will tell you that two more useless accomplishments a woman could not have. Yet sometimes useless things have a way of upsetting downright advice. Felice's whistling brought her fame and money; her pretending kept her gladhearted and ready for Dudley when he came back to her again in the garden, fighting his way to her as a knight of old.

You will like Felice, without doing any pretending at all.

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UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE *— Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

THE train was behind time. An impatient passenger called the conductor. "Can't you go faster than this?" he asked.

"Sure," was the reply, "but I have to stay with the train."

SHORTLY after the arrival of one of the first detachments of colored troops from America, a small darky approached a large Senegambian and said, with pitying superiority: "You-all don' know how to fight!"

"*Pardonnez-moi?*" said the Senegambian politely. The darky repeated his remark and got the same reply. Then, his patience exhausted, he shouted loudly at the big African: "Ah say, you-all don' know how to fight! Jest you wait till we Angry Saxon niggers git after dem Boches!"

A PENNSYLVANIA Dutch couple called one evening on some friends in the country. The latter, a farmer and his wife of fixed habits, repaired to the front porch with the visitors, who sat and talked with every evidence of enjoyment. Presently, the clock struck eight. For a moment the farmer studied the unheeding visitors in silence. Then he turned to his wife.

"Mom," he said, "we must go to bed. These people want to go home."

ONE day a mother heard her little daughter arguing with a little boy neighbor.

"I am older than you," he said, "because my birthday comes first."

"Of course your birthday comes first," she retorted, "but that is because you came down first. I remember looking at the angels when they were making you."

The mother instantly summoned the child. "It is breaking mother's heart to hear you tell such awful stories," she said. "Do you not remember what happened to Ananias and Sapphira?"

"Oh, yes, Mamma, I know; they were struck dead for lying. I saw them carried into the corner drug store."

"I'LL give you five dollars a day, spot-cash," said the farmer to the tramp who had stopped to beg a meal, "if you'll help me dig potatoes. We'll begin right now," he pointed at the big field, "because I'm afraid the frost will get them."

"No," yawned the tramp. "You better dig 'em. You planted 'em, and you know just where they are."

A WRITER who is learned in the theories of the new mechanistic psychologists was once invited to give a scientific talk at luncheon before a large Western club.

All the colored waiters but one disappeared after the tables were cleared. The subject was heavy, and the speaker's vocabulary ponderous. The darky's eyes dilated and his breath came in short gasps of rapture.

After the speaker had ended, the uninvited guest timidly touched the psychologist on the sleeve: "Excuse me, sah," he said admiringly, "but Ah jes' wants to tell you, sah, hit wuz the mos' wonderful talk Ah eber did heah. Axshully, Ah couldn't understand a word!"

AT a recent bar examination, a candidate defined law as follows:

"Law is the means by which we acquire legal possession of property belonging to another."

A NOTORIOUS criminal had eluded the clutches of the police, and the rural regions around were duly posted with circulars from headquarters offering a reward and showing likenesses of the evil-doer in five rogues' gallery poses.

Very shortly came this message from an up-country constable:

"*Have jailed four of the cusses and am hot on the trail of the fifth.*"

THE butcher was grumbling angrily to himself as he put up Mrs. Grableigh's very small order, which included a nickel's worth of cat meat, when a breathless maid dashed into the shop.

"Have you sent off Mrs. Grableigh's things yet?" she gasped.

"Just doin' up," snapped the man.

"Oh, thank goodness!" exclaimed the girl. "Then don't send the cat's meat. The cat has just caught a sparrow."

A COLORED soldier, on his way to France, was standing at the rail of the transport, looking at the water, when another soldier spoke. "Wouldn't you rather be in the navy than the army, Sam?"

"No," Sam replied, "on a ship there ain't no opportunity for retreat."

THE native minister, proud of his English, was telling the missionary in charge that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.

"Is there anything in the nest yet?" asked the missionary.

"Yes," replied his Indian brother, "the sparrow has pups."

AN IRATE parent, in lecturing his wayward son, spoke of the early bird and the worm.

"Yes, Dad," replied the son, "that's a very nice story, but I can't see where the worm got anything by rising early."

"I am informed," said the father, "that the worm had not been to bed, but was just returning home from the night before."

A DETACHMENT of the Blackhawk Division, A. E. F., was steaming up the coast of Scotland. On a high cliff appeared the ruin of a round stone tower. Crowds of soldiers and nurses were wondering aloud how many centuries it had seen, and whether it had been built by the Druids or as a defense in the "Border" feuds, when all the romance was shattered by the remark of a doughboy, from the middle West: "Well, that's a hell of a place for a silo."

"WHY is it, George, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the Northerner.

"Well, you see, it's disaway, boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down and gits to studin' 'bout it an' a-worryin'. But when a nigger sets down to think, why he jes' nacherly goes to sleep."

"WHY don't you go to work, you lazy sot?" demanded the cop of the tramp who sat staring at the busy traffic of Broadway.

"I—a sot!" exclaimed the lounger, with injured dignity. "No, my dear fellow, say rather, a philosopher sitting aghast at a work-crazed world!"

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Taxicabs use WEED TIRE CHAINS

Because they can't afford to take chances and because, with Weed Chains, they get greater mileage out of their tires.

It's a business proposition, pure and simple, with taxicab companies. They use Weed Chains for economy and accident insurance.

The *main* incentive for the use of Weed Chains is the accident-preventing feature—a most important factor as it means the saving of lives and property.

But further than that it is known from bitter and costly experience that the continual, constant and yet hardly perceptible slipping of the rubber tire-surface on wet roads and pavements—only the foot or so of lost traction at a time—is an alarming expense item—wearing out tires just the same as if you pressed them against a rapidly revolving grindstone.

Taxicab companies have learned from experience that *only by the use of Weed Chains* can this continuous wear on tires be prevented. Their drivers *are ordered* to put on their Weed Chains "at the first drop of rain" because of the thousands upon thousands of dollars that are thus actually saved every year in tire service and the elimination of skidding accidents. Wouldn't it be well for you to learn wisdom from the fellow who really knows?

Be as wise as the taxi driver and always put on your Weed Chains "at the first drop of rain."

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

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MARY WOLLASTON

(*Continued from page 16*)

stood the big flat quires of score paper on the rack. "Show me how this goes," she commanded, but he pushed back a little with a gesture almost of fright.

"No," he protested sharply. "I can't begin to play that stuff."

She remained standing beside his shoulder, looking at the score.

"They're strange words," she said, and began reading them to herself, half aloud, haltingly.

"'*Low hangs the moon; it rose late;*
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.'"

"Walt Whitman," he told her. "They're all out of a poem called 'Sea-Drift.'"

She went on reading, now audibly, now with a mere silent movement of the lips, half puzzled, half entranced, and catching—despite her protest that she could not read the music—some intimations of its intense strange beauty.

"'*. . . . do I see my love fluttering out among the breakers? . . . Loud I call to you, my love . . . Surely you must know who is here . . . O rising stars! Perhaps the one I want so much will rise . . . with some of you . . . O trembling throat! Sound clearer through the atmosphere . . .*'"

With a shake of the head, like one trying to stop the weaving of a spell, she turned the pages back to the beginning.

"This means Novelli," she said. "I'll get him. I'll get him this morning. He's the best accompanist in Chicago. We'll go to work on them and when we've got them presentable, I'll let you know and sing them to you. Where do you live?"

He got up for a paper and pencil and wrote out the address and the telephone number. She was still staring at that first page of the score when he brought it back to her.

"I've never heard any of those songs myself," he told her.

At that she looked around at him, looked steadily into his face for a moment, and then her eyes filled up with tears. She reached out both hands and took him by the shoulders. "Well, you're going to hear them this time, my dear," she said. As she moved away, she added in a more matter-of-fact tone, "Just as soon as we can work them up, in a few days perhaps. I'll let you know."

CHAPTER THREE

The Peace Basis

THERE were four in their party that night at the restaurant, but it was only with Alfred Baldwin that Mary Wollaston danced. The other man—Black his name was—devoted all his attention to Baldwin's wife, which was fortunate since Mary Wollaston detested him.

To-night, even the Baldwins irritated her. She wished Christabel would snub that appalling bounder Black as he deserved. How could she go on playing up to him like that! As for Baldwin, she wished he would just dance with her and not talk. She supposed that the amount of alcohol that they had consumed since seven o'clock had something to do with his dropping into the vein, the Broadway sentimental vein, the mother-fireside-cottage-organ-old homestead vein, that he got started on and couldn't seem to let alone.

It wasn't new to Mary. Indeed it was a phenomenon familiarly associated in her mind with Forty-second Street restaurants and late hours, and strong drink, particularly gin. The crocodile tear for the good woman who stayed at home; who didn't know; who never, please God! should know. The tribute to flower-like innocence—the paper-flower-like innocence of the stage *ingénue!*

BALDY (this was what everybody, including his wife, called him. And his luxuriant head of hair gave a certain piquancy to the nickname) wasn't as bad as that, couldn't ever conceivably be as bad as that, no matter how much he had had to drink. Perhaps, if she had not been hypersensitive to-night—in an impossible mood for any sort of party really—she might have failed to detect the familiar idiom in his sensible, rather fatherly talk. As it was, she did detect it and it made her want to scream—or swear!

There is one point to be urged in Baldy's defense that Mary never learned to allow for. Gin or no gin, the effect of contrast she presented to her surroundings in a place like this, her look of a seraphic visitor gone astray, would have given any one the impulse, at least, to rush to the rescue. To begin with, it was not possible to credit her with the twenty-five years she truly claimed; nineteen, in a soft-colored evening frock like the one she had on to-night, was about what one would have guessed. Then you never would have believed, short of discovering the fact yourself, how strong she was; her slenderness and the fine articulation of her joints made her look fragile. Her coloring helped the illusion along; the clear unsophisticated blue of her eyes, the pallor of her hair that the petals of a tea-rose could have got lost in—it was literally just about the color of unbleached linen—and the pearly translucence of her skin. If you got the opportunity to look close enough to see that there wasn't a grain of powder upon it, not even between the shoulder blades, it made you think of flower petals again. What clenched the effect was her healthy capacity for complete relaxation when no effort was required of her. She drooped a little, and people thought she looked tired. She never could see herself like that, and never made due allowance for the effect she produced, invariably upon strangers and not infrequently upon an old friend.

It was the nonappearance of her brother Rush that had brought a lot of dispersed feelings to a focus. She had heard nothing later from him than the letter she referred to when she last wrote to her father. She had expected a cable and it hadn't come. She had this morning gone over to Hoboken to meet the transport he had said he expected to sail on, but having got down to the pier a little late, after the debarkation had begun, she could not be sure that she hadn't missed him. So she had gone back to her tiny flat in Waverly Place and had spent the rest of the day there, vainly hoping that he would turn up, or at least that she should get some word of him. And sitting around like that for hours and hours, she had, which was a silly thing to do, let her thoughts run wild over things there was no sense in thinking about at all.

There was a certain amount of dread of this next meeting with her brother mixed with her keen desire for it. What she would have liked, of course, was a cosy, comfortable, light-hearted visit with the boy Rush had been five years ago, before he went to France; the boy he couldn't possibly have remained—although from some of his letters one might have thought he hadn't changed a bit. If only he'd turn out to be some one she could cling to a little, confide her perplexities to—some of them!

The question whether he was or was not going to turn out like that was one presently to be answered. Until she knew the answer she didn't want to think at all, least of all about those things which Baldy's talk to-night kept rousing echoes of.

"OH, they all look good when they're far away," she said, picking that bit of comic-supplement slang deliberately to annoy him. "I don't believe our grandfathers and grandmothers were always such models of decorum as they tried, when they had grown old, to make us think. And the simple primitive joys . . . I believe an old-fashioned husking bee, if they had plenty of hard cider to go with it, was just as bad as this—coarser, if not so vulgar. After all, most of these people will go virtuously home to bed pretty soon, and you'd find them back at work to-morrow morning not any the worse, really, for this. It may be a rather poor sort of home they go to, but how do you know that the vine-covered cottage you have been talking about was any better?"

"Not to mention," he added, in humorous concurrence, "that there was probably typhoid in the well the old oaken bucket hung in. It seems odd to be convicted of sentimentality by an innocent babe like you. But if you had been looking at the party down at the end table behind you that I've had under my eye for ten minutes, perhaps you'd feel more as I do. No! don't turn around; they have been looking at us."

"Moralizing over us, perhaps," she suggested. "Thinking how wicked we probably were."

"No," he said, "I happen to know the girls. They live down in our part of town, just over in the Village, that is. They have been here six or eight years. One of them was quite a promising young illustrator once. And they're both well bred—came obviously from good homes. And they've both gone, well—clean over the edge."

Somehow his innocent euphemism annoyed her. "You mean they are prostitutes?" she asked.

He frowned in protest at her employment of the word, but assented unequivocally. He was used—as who is not—to hearing young women discuss outspokenly such topics, but he couldn't forgive it from one who looked like Mary Wollaston.

"I have a hunch," he said, "that the two boys who are with them are officers out

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New Stomachs for Old in 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around today with entirely re-made stomachs—stomachs which have been re-made in from 48 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation, or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods **correctly combined!**

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone.

As Christian says, man is what he **eats.** What we take into our stomachs today, we are tomorrow. Food is the source of all power; yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of all or nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation, and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappeared, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste, and affording a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years of age, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in search of health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble, which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a check for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength, and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons—there are 24 of them—contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice, although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 161, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.50, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once

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of uniform. I noticed that they looked the other way pretty carefully when that major who is sitting at the next table to ours came in."

"Let's dance again," she said; "I love this tune."

He saw her take the opportunity that rising from the table gave her for a good square look at the party he had been talking about, and some change in her manner made him say with quick concern, "What is it?"

But she ignored the question and stepped out upon the floor with him. They had danced half way round the room when she said quietly, "One of the boys at that table is my brother Rush."

Baldwin said, "He has seen you, I think." He felt her give a sort of gasp before she replied, but the words came steadily enough.

"Oh yes, we saw each other at the same time."

HE said nothing more, just went on dancing around the room with her in silence, taking care without appearing to do so, to cut the corner where Rush was sitting, rather broadly. After two or three rounds of the floor, she flagged a little, and without asking any questions, he led her back to their table. Luckily Christabel and her man had disappeared.

As soon as she was seated she asked him for a pencil and something she could write on—a card of his, the back of an old letter. She wrote, "Won't you please come and ask me to dance?" and she slid it over to him. He read it and understood, picked up a bus-boy with his eye, and dispatched him with the folded scrap for delivery to Captain Wollaston at the end table.

A quite horrible misgiving attacked her when she had scribbled the note and closed her eyes, that the cocktails and the champagne she herself had consumed since seven o'clock might have clouded her judgment. Would she be equal to following out the line she had set for herself?

But no trace of that misgiving was apparent in her, when Rush, after a wait of only two or three minutes, appeared at her table. She greeted him with a smile and a Hello, nodded a fleeting farewell to Baldwin, and slipped comfortably into her brother's arms out on the floor. They danced away without a word. There was the same quite beautiful accord between them that there had been in the old days, and the sense of this steadied her. They had gone all the way around the floor before she spoke.

"It is like old times, isn't it?" she said, "and it does seem good. You don't mind, do you—for ten minutes?"

"Ten minutes," he echoed dully.

She knew then, as she had indeed been aware from the first, that he was very drunk, and that only by the most painful effort could he command his scattered wits at all. It made her want to cry that he should be trying so hard. She must not cry. That would be the final outrage. She must be very simple and clear. She *must* contrive to make him understand.

"Will you listen to me, dear, and do exactly what I ask you to? I want you to go back to your people and forget that you have seen me at all."

"I am going to take you home—out of this," he said laboriously. (They were dancing all the while so swiftly and so beautifully that many a pair of heads turned to look at them).

"I'm going home soon," she said, "but not with you. I want you to go back to—to the girl you brought here. No, dear, listen. This is the only reason I sent for you. To tell you that I wasn't going to try to scold you. I want to tell you that, so that when you come back to me tomorrow or next day or whenever your party is quite over, you won't feel that you have anything to try to explain or apologize for. Now take me back to my place, and then go on to yours."

"I won't take you back to him," he said doggedly. "What do you think I am? I'm drunk, but not enough for that. I am going to take you home."

She tried to laugh, but in spite of herself it was more like a sob.

"Rush dear, don't be silly. I am perfectly all right—or would be if I hadn't drunk quite so much champagne. They'll take me home. His wife's here with him, and they're old friends of mine. They know a lot of our friends in Chicago. Please, Rush . . ."

"Do you think I'd go back to that—" he managed to pull up on the edge of an ugly word—"Back to those people, and leave you here? Is it your wrap on that chair? We'll stop and get it and then we'll go."

She could have wept with vexation over the way her scheme had gone awry, but there was clearly nothing else to do. She retrieved her cloak, simply said good-night to Christabel and the man named Black, leaving Baldy to explain things as he chose.

FIVE minutes later she gave a taxi driver the address of her flat and dropped back against the cushions beside her brother. Neither of them spoke a word during that fifteen-minute drive. Mary wept quietly most of the way—it didn't matter there in the dark. The thought of this splendid glorious brother of hers painfully endeavoring to drag himself back into a state of sobriety from his first wild caper after long wearing of the harness of discipline—an escapade she supposed that he must have been looking forward to for days—dragging himself back to protect her—oh, it was too hopeless! Should she ever be able to explain to him why she had sent for him, and that her intentions had been the opposite of those of the moralizing meddler he would take her for? If only she could make it up to him somehow! She would have liked to reach over and pull him down into her arms, mother him and tell him not to mind—there was something so intolerably pathetic about his effort to sit soberly straight—but she resisted this impulse savagely. The alcohol in her own veins was responsible for this. She could not quite trust herself not to go—maudlin. So she froze herself tight and huddled away from him into her own corner.

She did not think beyond the address she had given to the chauffeur, until they pulled up at her door. Then she turned to Rush and asked, "Where shall he take you? Are you staying at a hotel?"

"I am going to take you home," he said precisely.

She saw she did not dare to let him go. There was no telling what serious trouble he might get into in his illicit civilian dress, if she turned him adrift now. So

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The Child Who Won The Hearts of All

A true-life story showing how a woman successfully dealt with the responsibilities of motherhood and brought up a child whom everyone admired.

A BEAUTIFUL and wonderful experience it was to see the growing-up of little Judith. The pinky, chubby tot with her gurgles and soft coos of delight tugged at the heart-strings of everyone who saw her.

As babyhood grew into girlhood, the blossoming forth was a joy to behold. All the lovable traits and good qualities which parents hope their children will have seemed to be combined in little Judith.

The joy of it all was that the mother's friends were as completely captivated by the charms of Judith as was the mother herself. For whenever these friends met their first remark would always be, "Have you seen Judith lately?—Isn't she the most adorable child!"—and "Oh, how I envy Mrs. Garrison!—A wonderful mother and a wonderful child!"

One bright sunshiny day while taking my morning walk in the park, I found Judith and her mother playing hide-and-seek. Judith's mother and I were old friends. We sat down on the grass together for a visit—and Judith played around.

Of course, we talked about the child, for I loved her almost as much as her mother did. As I watched this remarkable child playing around, I thought of the tremendous responsibility of the mother. I asked her how she had met it. And this is what she told me:

"When Judith was born, my first feeling was one of utter helplessness. I knew nothing about caring for a child. I was afraid—afraid that I might do the wrong thing. I wondered if other mothers had felt that same haunting fear for their child's welfare. And even though Judith thrived under my care, I never could quite shake off the feeling that I might do the wrong thing.

"Never shall I forget the day when my helplessness overwhelmed me completely. Judith was about 2½ years old—just old enough to begin to play, to notice things, and to ask questions.

"I corrected her for striking me in the face with a ball. Then I went to get the ball and had my back to her for a moment. As I turned around with the ball, I saw something that nearly broke my heart! There was Judith, in an attitude of defiance, making a face at me!

"For a moment I couldn't move or speak. I sank down on the floor—helpless. *Was it possible that Judith didn't love me and had lost confidence in me?*

"For days I struggled with the problem, *haunted by the fear that my child didn't love me.* Then I realized that something had to be done, and done quickly. So I went to my friends and asked frankly for advice. If I had followed all that advice, I shudder to think of what might have happened to Judith!

"By good fortune I learned of The Parents' Association, formed for the purpose of giving the very information I was seeking. I wrote—and became a member. I was astounded! For they told me all the things I'd been puzzling over, and lots of surprising things I'd never even thought of.

"These revelations gave me a most wonderful feeling of confidence. I learned how to control Judith—to break naughty little habits just taking root, and to nurish the sweet ways which everyone loved. And then . . . but there's no need to go into details, for you can see what it has done. *I give The Parents' Association* full credit."

The heart of every mother thrills with pride when she hears some whole-souled, notable man proudly stand up and say, as Lincoln said, "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Never was a greater truth uttered than this. For the course of one's whole life is shaped in childhood.

There is no greater responsibility in the world than that of being a parent. *A child is what its parents make it.* Heredity, environment, and education all count, it's true. But all these points are as nothing compared with the right training in a child's tender and flexible years.

To love and cherish one's children is the joy of parenthood. *But something more than love is due a child.* And this is the right training—training that will not only give health and brightness, but will equip the child to become a power in the world.

The Parents' Association is an organization devoted to scientific child training. It was founded by Professor Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A. (Harvard and Columbia), after years of scientific research and practical experience in child training. Professor Beery is regarded by those who know his work as one of the greatest authorities on child culture. No man has a better knowledge of human nature or a more sympathetic understanding of children.

The moment you become a member of The Parents' Association you are given information of the most vital nature. Avenues of knowledge which will astound you are opened up to you. Things that have perplexed you, worried you, will become as clear as day to you. You will stand amazed at the tremendous possibilities of child training. And, best of all, you can apply this vital information immediately. You will marvel at the remarkable and *instant* results.

But here's the way to get the whole wonderful story. The Parents' Association will be glad to send you its new booklet entitled "New Methods in Child Training," which tells all about the work of the association and explains how you can become a member on a small first payment and the remainder at the rate of only 7c. a day. Simply ask for the booklet. Use the coupon or write a post-card or a letter—whichever you prefer. Booklet will go to you immediately, entirely free of charge or obligation.

Some things you owe to yourself. But your greatest duty to yourself is as nothing compared with your duty to your children. So, for the sake of your children, write for this free booklet now—before you lay this magazine aside. You can rest assured that the most wonderful day in your life will be the day you receive this amazing booklet. So write for it now while the Association is distributing these booklets free.

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she said, simply, "Well, here we are. Come in."

She opened the street door with her latch-key, and punched on the hall lights. She dreaded the two flights of stairs, but with the help of the bannister rail he negotiated them successfully enough. And then he was safely brought to anchor in her sitting-room. It was plain he had not the vaguest idea where he was.

"I'll make some coffee," she said. "That will—pull us both together. And it won't take a minute because it's all ready to make for breakfast."

She was not, indeed, gone much longer than that, but when she came back from her kitchenette he had dropped like a log upon her divan, submerged beyond all soundings. So she tugged him around into a more comfortable position, managed to divest him of his dinner-jacket and his waistcoat, unbuttoned his collar and shirt-band, took off his shoes, and covered him up with an eiderdown quilt. Then she kissed him—it was five years since she had done that—and went, herself, to bed.

AT ten o'cock the next morning she sat behind her little breakfast table—it was daintily munitioned with a glass coffee machine, a grapefruit and a plate of toast—waiting, over the *Times*, for Rush to wake up. She looked more seraphic than ever, enveloped in a white turkish toweling bathrobe and with her hair in a braid. Her brother lay on the divan just as she had left him the night before. Presently the change in his breathing told her that he was struggling up out of the depths of sleep. She looked over at him and saw him blinking at the ceiling. When his gaze started round her way, she turned her attention to the busy little coffee machine, which opportunely needed it.

It was a minute or two before he spoke. "Is that really you, Mary?"

She smiled affectionately over at him and said "Hello," adding with just an edge of good-humored mischief, "How do you feel?"

He turned abruptly away from her. "I feel loathsome," he said.

"Poor dear, of course you do. I'll tell you what to do. I've got a nice big bath-room in there. Go in and take a cold one." Then—"You've grown inches, Rush, since you went away, but I believe you could still get into a suit of my pajams—plain ones, not ruffly. Anyhow, I've another big bathrobe like this that you could roll up in. You'll be just in time for the coffee. You won't know yourself by then."

"I wish I didn't," he said morosely.

There wasn't much good arguing with that mood, she knew, so she waited a little.

"Is this where you live?" he asked. "You brought me here last night?"

"You brought me," she amended.

He frowned over that, but didn't take it in. The next moment, though, he sat up suddenly and after a struggle with the giddiness this movement caused, asked—"Who else is here? Where's the other girl that lives with you?"

"She's not here now," Mary said. "We are all by ourselves."

He rose unsteadily to his feet. "I've got to get out of here quick. If anybody came in . . ."

"Rush, dearest," she entreated. "Don't be silly. Lie down again— Well then, take that easy chair. Nobody will come in. Even my *femme de menage* never gets around before four o'clock." Then, over his air of resolute remorse she cried, on the edge of tears herself—"Oh, *please*, don't be so unhappy. Do let's settle down and be comfy together. I don't have to go to the office to-day. My job's just about played out. But nobody ever comes here to see me in the daytime. And it wouldn't matter if they did."

But this change of attitude was clearly beyond him. "I'll have to ask you to tell me what happened last night. You were there at that restaurant with friends of yours, I suppose. I must have disgraced you up to the hilt with them. I should think you'd hate the sight of me."

"You didn't disgrace me at all," she contradicted, and now the tears did come into her eyes. "They knew I was expecting you and I told Mr. Baldwin who you were. You came up in the nicest way and asked me to dance, and when we went away together there wasn't a thing—about you—that they could see. I was on the point of tears myself because my plan had gone wrong. But that would have seemed natural enough to them."

He frowned at the name Baldwin, as if he were trying to recover a memory. Now he felt vaguely in his trouser pockets and pulled out the crumpled visiting card that had her note scribbled on the back of it. "You haven't told me yet what happened," he said.

"Oh, I was afraid you wouldn't remember." She looked away from him as she said it, and a little unwonted color crept into her cheeks.

"Afraid?" he questioned.

"Oh, I wanted you to understand," she said, " and now I'll have to tell you again. It was because I was trying so hard not to meddle, that I did. I sent that little note to you just to get a chance to tell you not to mind my seeing you there with those others—not to let it spoil your party. I couldn't bear to have you come to me to-day or to-morrow or whenever it was, feeling—well, ashamed you know, and explanatory. That's what I tried to tell you last night, but couldn't make you understand. So I did, really, just exactly what I was meaning not to. Of course I loved you for coming away and I loved having you here like this, all to myself. But I didn't mean to—to spoil things for you."

HE stared at her a moment in blank incomprehension; then a deep blush came burning into his face. "You didn't understand," he said thickly. "You didn't know what those girls were."

"Oh, Rush!" she cried. "Of course I did. I knew exactly what they were—better than you. I even knew who they were. They live not very far from here."

He paled at that, and the consternation in his look amounted almost to fright. "How did you know that?" he demanded. "How could you know a thing like that?"

"They've lived here in the Village for years," she said, summarizing Baldy without quoting him as her authority. "One of them used to be an illustrator—or something—before she went—over the edge. They're two of our celebrities. One can't go about, unless he's stone blind, without picking up things like that."

"You did know what she was, then," he persisted, doggedly pushing through something it was almost impossible for him to say—"and yet, knowing, you asked me to leave you alone and go back to her. You wanted me to do that!"

"I didn't want you to," she cried. "I hated it, of course. But men—people—do things like that, and I could see how—natural—it was that you wanted to. And if you wanted to, I didn't think it fair that it should be spoiled for you just because we happened to recognize each other. I didn't want you to hate me for having spoiled it. That's all."

She gave him the minute or two he evidently needed for turning this over in his mind. Then she turned her back on the window she had withdrawn to, and began again. "I used to be just a big sister to you, of course. Ever so superior, I guess, and a good bit of a prig. And all this time over there in France with nothing but my letters and that silly picture of me in the khaki frame, I suppose you have been thinking of me, well—as a sort of a nice angel. I'm not either, really. I don't want to be either.

"I want to be somebody you feel would understand anything; somebody you could tell anything to. So that it would work the other way as well. Because I've got to have somebody to tell things to—troubles and worries. And I've been hoping, ever since your letter came, that it would turn out to be you."

"What sort of troubles?" He shot the question in rather tensely.

She shook it off with a laugh and her manner lightened instantly. "There's nothing to be so solemn about as all that. We don't want to wallow. We'll have some breakfast—only you go first and tub."

HE was too young and healthy and clean-blooded to resist the effect upon his spirits which the cold water and the fresh white bathrobe and the hot strong coffee with real cream in it produced. And the gloomy remorseful feeling which he felt it his moral duty to maintain intact simply leaked away. She noted the difference in him, and halfway through their breakfast she left her chair and came round to him.

"Would you very much mind being kissed now?" she asked.

His answer, with a laugh, was to pull her down upon his knee and hug her up tight in his arms. They looked rather absurdly alike in those two white bathrobes, though this was an appearance neither of them was capable of observing. She disengaged herself presently from his embrace and went to find him some cigarettes, refraining from taking one herself from a feeling that he would probably like it better just then if she did not.

Back in her own place over her coffee and toast, she had no difficulty in launching him upon the tale of his own recent experiences. What the French were like now the war was over; and the Boches he had been living among in the Coblenz area; the routine of his army life, the friends he made over there, and so on. Altogether she built him up immensely in his own esteem. It was plain he liked having her for a younger sister instead of for an older one.

But she broke the spell when she asked him what he meant to do now.

He turned restlessly in his chair. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know

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what the deuce there is I can do. Certainly Father's idea of my going back to college and then to medical school afterward, is just plain rank nonsense. I'd be a doddering old man before I got through—thirty years old. I should think that even he would see that. It will have to be business, I suppose, but if any kind friend comes around and suggests that I begin at the bottom somewhere—Mr. Whitney, for instance, offering me a job at ten dollars a week in his bank—I'll kill him. I can't do that. I won't. At the end of about ten days I'd run amuck. What I'd really like," he concluded, "for about a year would be just this." His gesture indicated the bathrobe, the easy chair and the dainty breakfast table. "This all the morning and a ball-game in the afternoon. Lord, it will be good to see some real baseball again. We'll go to a lot of games this summer. What are the Sox going to be like this year?"

SHE discussed the topic expertly with him and with a perfectly genuine interest, at some length. "Oh, it would be fun," she finished with a little sigh, "only I shan't be there, you know. At least I don't think I shall." Then before he could ask her why not, she added, in sharpened focus, "I can't go home, Rush."

"Can't!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing to make a fuss about," she said with a frown of irritation. "I wish you weren't so jumpy this morning—or perhaps it's I that am. All I meant was that home isn't a comfortable place for me and I won't go back there if I can help it—only I am afraid I can't. That's the trouble I wanted to talk to you about."

"I thought you liked the new stepmother," he said. "Hasn't she turned out well? What am I supposed to call her, anyhow? I wanted to find out about that before I was right up against it."

"Call her?" Mary was a little taken aback. "Why, anything you like, I should think. I've always called her Paula. You weren't thinking of calling her mother, were you?"

"Well," he protested, "how should I know? After all she is Father's wife. And she must be fairly old."

"But Rush, you've *seen* her!"

"Only that once, at the wedding. She was made up to look young then, of course. Painted and dyed and so on, I suppose. I felt so embarrassed and silly over the whole thing—being just a kid—that I hardly looked at her. And that was a long while ago."

Mary laughed at that, though she knew it would annoy him. "She never paints nor dyes nor anything, Ruddy. She doesn't have to. She's such a perfectly raving beauty without it. And she's more beautiful now than she was then. She really is young, you see. Hardly enough older than we are to matter, now that we're grown up."

She saw Rush digesting this idea of a beautiful young step-mother whom he was to be privileged to call—straight off—by her first name, with a certain satisfaction, so she waited—rather conscious that she was being patient—for him to come back from the digression of his own accord. Presently he did.

"What does she do that you don't like?"

"She does nothing that isn't perfectly nice and good-tempered, and respectable," Mary assured him, and added on a warmer note, "Oh, and she's really amiable and lovely. I was being a cat. But I am truly fond of her—when I have her to myself. It's when she's with Father——"

She broke off there, seeing that she could not make that clear to him (how could she, since she would not state it in plain terms to herself?) and hurried on. "It's really Father whom I don't get on with any more. He worries about me and feels sorry for me and wants me to come home. But I'm nothing to him when I do come—but an embarrassment. No, it *isn't* rot. He knows it himself and feels horrid about it and raises my allowance when I go away, though it was foolishly big already; and then as soon as I'm back here he begins worrying again, and urging me to come home. He didn't insist as long as I was doing war work, but now that that's played out, I suppose he will.

"Oh, I know well enough what I ought to do. I ought to answer some advertisement for a typist—I can do that, but not stenography—and take a regular job. The sort you said you'd shoot Mr. Whitney for offering you. And then I ought to take a hall bedroom somewhere in the crosstown twenties and live on what I earned. That's the only thing I can see, and Rush, I simply haven't the courage to do it."

HIS lively horror at the bare suggestion of such a thing drew her into a half-hearted defense of the project. Numbers of the girls she knew down here who had been doing war work were going enthusiastically into things like that—or at least were announcing an invincible determination to do so. Only they liked it—looked forward to a life of it as one full of engaging possibilities. But to Mary it was nothing, she hardly pretended, but a forlorn last shift. If one couldn't draw nor write nor act nor develop some clever musical stunt, what else was there for a girl to do?

"Well, of course," said Rush, in a very mature philosophical way and lighting a cigarette pretty deliberately between the words. "Of course, what most girls do is marry somebody." Then he stole a look around at his sister to see how she had taken it.

There was a queer look that almost frightened him in her blue eyes. Her lips, which were trembling, seemed to be trying to smile.

"That's Father's idea," she said raggedly. "He's as anxious now that I should marry somebody—anybody—as he was that I shouldn't five years ago—before he found Paula. You see I am so terribly—left on his hands."

There was, no doubt, something comical about the look of utter consternation she saw on her brother's face, but she should not have tried to laugh at him, for a great sob caught the laugh in the middle and swept away the last of her self control. She flung herself down upon the divan and buried her face in one of the pillows. He had seen men cry like that but, oddly enough, never a woman. What he did, though, was perhaps as much to the point as anything he could have done. He sat down beside her and gathered her up tight in his arms and held her there without a word until the tempest had blown itself out. When the sobs had died away to nothing more than a tremulous catch in each deep indrawn breath, he let her go back among the pillows and turned so that she could look up at him. By that time the sweat had beaded out upon his forehead, and his hands which had dropped down upon her shoulders were trembling.

"WELL," she asked unsteadily. "What do you think of me now?"

He wanted to bend down and kiss her, but wisely he forebore. "It's easy to see what's the matter," he said. "This war business you have been doing has been too much for you—you're simply all in." Then happily he added, "I'd call you a case of shell-shock."

She rewarded that with a washed-out smile. "What's the treatment going to be?" she asked.

"Why," he said, "as soon as I've done tucking you up properly in this eider-down quilt, I'm going out to your ice-box and try to find the makings of an egg-nog. Incidentally, I shall scramble up all the rest of the eggs I find and eat them myself. And then I'll find something dull to read to you until you go to sleep. When it's dark enough so that my evening clothes won't attract too much attention, I'll go back and get into uniform; then I'll buy two tickets for Chicago on the fast train to-morrow, and two tickets for a show to-night; and then I'll come back and take you out to dinner. Any criticisms on that program?"

"Not just for this minute," she said contentedly; "I don't know whether I'm going to Chicago with you to-morrow, or not."

"That's all right," he said. "I know all about that." He added, "I hope the other girl won't mind—the one who lives here with you. What was her name?"

"Ethel Holland? Oh, she went over to France with the Y. M. C. A. just about a year ago. I've tried to find somebody to take her place, but there didn't seem to be any one I liked well enough. So I've been living alone."

She saw his face stiffen at that, but his only comment was that that simplified matters.

"There's one other little thing," she said, detaining him with one hand as he was about to rise. "I'd like to have you kiss me before you go to make that egg-nog."

The next instalment of MARY WOLLASTON will appear in the February number.

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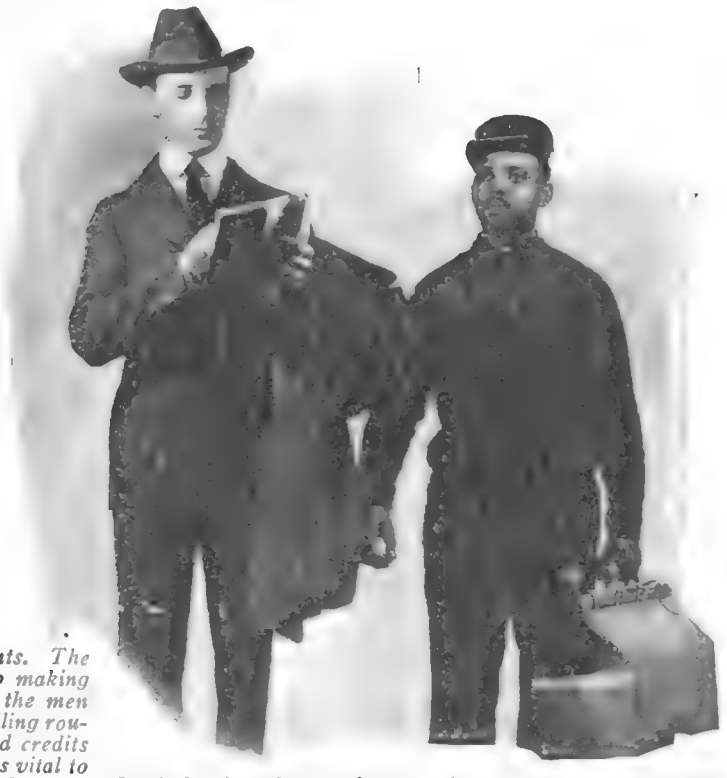
"—and within six months after going on the road I was averaging $110 weekly"

Suppose your pay increased from $22 a week to $110 a week between now and next June. Such advancement is not at all out of reason in the present unusual period. Read here the actual experience of Ellis Spear—and consider whether you are making the most of your opportunities.



"I find a lot of satisfaction in having a job that enables me to travel on the best trains—stop at the finest hotels—and live the life of a gentleman."

By ELLIS SPEAR

From $22 a week as bookkeeper to $110 a week as traveling salesman is quite a jump—sometimes I pinch myself to be sure it really is true.

But all the difference isn't in the pay. As bookkeeper for the B—— Corporation I was just a cog in a big machine—and a much overworked cog, I sometimes thought. Four times a day I punched the time clock. Many a night around the end of the month we worked till nine or even ten o'clock getting out the monthly statements. But the hardest part was the monotony of it all—perched upon that bookkeeper's stool nine hours every day, doing the same thing over and over—never seeming to get anywhere.

As a Salesman, Life Is Worth Living

Everything is so different now! I'm no longer a cog in a great machine, but as a salesman feel myself to be a man among men. My time is my own—I come and go as I please, just so I bring in the orders. There's real satisfaction, too, in having a job that enables one to travel on the best trains—to stop at the finest hotels—to live the life of a gentleman.

My Friends Thought I Had Discovered Some Success Secret

My friends back at the B—— Corporation hardly believe the stories I tell them of my success—they think I discovered some success secret which made my extraordinary advancement possible.

There really wasn't any secret about it. I simply got to the point where I couldn't see anything but a blank wall ahead of me as a bookkeeper—I needed to make more money, and if $22 a week was all I was worth as a bookkeeper, I figured it was up to me to get into a better paying line of work. It was at this point that I stumbled onto the idea that I consider responsible for my success. *The big pay goes to the men in the selling side of business.*

Why Highest Salaries Are Paid Salesmen

I looked around me at the successful men I knew, and it came upon me like a flash that practically every one of them was identified with some form of selling. And it is only natural that this should be so. *There is a good reason why the same ability will command a larger income in the selling end of business than in the other departments. The men in the shop making the goods—and the men in the office handling routine accounts and credits—can never be as vital to a business, as the men out selling—whose efforts actually determine how much goods shall be made. The payroll figures of any large concern will bear out the truth of this situation.*

I figured too that the opportunities in selling right now were much greater than in former times. A great many concerns doubled and re-doubled their production facilities during the war with Uncle Sam as a customer. Now that the war is over these concerns must seek a new sales outlet for their increased production facilities. And the need for salesmen to find a market for this greater output should be particularly urgent.

How I Learned To Sell

The thing which really decided me on becoming a salesman was an advertisement in the very magazine you are reading now. This advertisement described the service being rendered by the National Salesmen's Training Association—and a service which seemed to be exactly what I was looking for. The N. S. T. A.—as it is commonly known—is an organization of top-notch salesmen formed for the express purpose of training men for positions as city or traveling salesmen. A further service rendered to members of the Association is its Free Employment Bureau that helps its members find the kind of job for which they are best fitted. I found the course of training of the N. S. T. A. to be just what I needed. There is nothing mysterious about it—it teaches you how to prepare the "Selling Talk"—how to approach the prospect—how to manage the interview—how to close the sale. In fact, it makes all of the processes of salesmanship so simple that it is hard to imagine how anyone could fail to become a good salesman by following the principles they outline.

But the most practical feature of their course is the fact that it links ability to opportunity and fits you to *earn while you learn.* I did not give up my position with the B—— Corporation at first, but simply studied the N. S. T. A. course in Salesmanship in my spare time. Within a month, however, the N. S. T. A. Free Employment Bureau put me in touch with a position as salesman for a wholesale house in the city, which I accepted. The work at first was simply as a city salesman, but I succeeded so well at this that a couple of months later I was given an out-of-town territory which I am at present traveling. My pay has been increased twice already, and I feel quite confident that in another six months I will be making considerably more than the $110 a week which I am averaging now.

Salesmen Are Needed—Now

I am telling my story so much in detail because I imagine there are a lot of other fellows in the same kind of boat I was in—and who would welcome the opportunity to increase their pay. I can see no reason why any average clerk, bookkeeper, printer, mechanic or farm boy should not be able to do as well as I have. You need not know the first thing about selling to begin—the N.S.T.A. trains you from the ground up—gives you a complete insight into selling methods in your spare time—without making it necessary that you give up your present position until you are ready to begin selling—and then through its Employment Bureau you secure a good position.

Book "Opportunities in Selling" Sent on Request

Simply send your name, and the Association will mail you without cost an interesting book describing the present opportunities offered by the sales field—explaining why the demand for salesmen always exceeds the supply—why the scarcity of salesmen is particularly acute right now—telling just how its Course will qualify you for any line of selling. Included with the book are letters from hundreds of other members of the Association describing successes won, also a large list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Mail coupon below or post card today—it may change your whole life. Address National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, Dept. 34-A, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Dept. 34-A, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

With no obligation on my part, please send me full information about the N. S. T. A. Training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

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THE COLYUMISTS' CONFESSIONAL

(*Continued from page 29*)

amused, I verily believe, if I were to play *Hamlet*—or even if I played the *Ghost*. At times I almost impose upon myself, in spite of my knowledge that I am not at all, essentially, a humorist, but a moralist. If I could do and write only what my spirit prompts me to, I should do nothing at all except write didactic poetry.

The editor has asked me for a bit of biography: the above paragraph is the autobiography of my soul. If mere material details are wanted, I may add that I was born in the Middle West, which is a very earnest section, and that I live in Brooklyn, which is a very quiet place. I affect, for professional purposes, a smart and glib knowledge of all the frothy life that fizzes and jazzes through Manhattan; but in reality I have no first-hand knowledge of it—I only read about it and hear about it and write knowing paragraphs about it. Thousands and thousands of parents have wished that their daughters could marry me, because I am so settled, and staid, and industrious, and orderly, and steadfast, and domestic, and modest, and sweet, and good.

There is very little more to tell about our hero. The editor asks for some general ideas on the Column. I have, from time to time, had a great many ideas about what a Column should be; but every time I get such an idea, the Column itself refuses to live up to it. I have finally abandoned all theories about it, altogether; I never know to-day what it will be to-morrow. I keep interested in it by not planning too much for it; I wait on what the thing is going to do next with curiosity; it has grown into a separate personality which uses me as it pleases; if it should stop to-morrow I'd feel as if I had lost legs, arms and eyesight; I am—

I'm fond of the damned thing!

Here is a selection from "The Sun Dial," which Mr. Marquis admits is one of his "most characteristic Column stunts."

IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

I VISITED one night, of late,
Thought's Underworld, the Brainstorm Slum,
The land of Futile Piffledom;
A salon weird where congregate
Freak, Nut and Bug and Psychic Bum.

There, there, they sit and celebrate;
The fervid Pote who never potes,
Great artists, Male or She, that talk
But scorn the Pigment and the Chalk,
And Cubist sculptors wild as Goats.
Theosophists and Swamis, too.
Musicians mad as Hatters be—
(E'en puzzled Hatters, two or three!)
Tame Anarchists, a dreary crew,
Squib Socialists, too damp to sosh,
Fake Hobohemians steeped in suds,
Glib Females in Artistic Duds,
With Captive Husbands cowed and *gauche*.

I saw some Soul Mates side by side
Who said their cute young Souls were pink;
I saw a Genius on the Brink
(Or so he said) of suicide.
I saw a Playwright who had tried
But couldn't make the Public think;
I saw a Novelist who cried,
Reading his own Stuff, in his drink;
I met a vapid egg-eyed Gink
Who said eight times, "Art is my Bride!"

A Queen in sandals slammed the Pans
And screamed a Chinese chant at us,
The while a Hippopotamus
Shook tables, bookshelves and divans
With vast Terpsichorean fuss—
Some Oriental kind of muss.

A rat-faced Idiot Boy who slimes
White paper o'er with metric crimes—
(He is a kind of Burbling Blear
Who warbles Sex Slush sad to hear
And mocks God in his stolen rhymes
And wears a ruby in one ear)—
Murmured to me: "My Golden Soul
Drinks Song from out a Crystal Bowl . . .
Drinks Love and Song . . . my Golden Soul!"
I let him live. There were no bricks,
Or even now that Golden Soul
Were treading water in the Styx.

A pallid frail, a bloodless Wisp,
Anaemic as a stick of chalk,
Got busy with this line of talk:
"The Sinner is Misunderstood!
How can the Spirit enter in,
Be blended with the Truly Good,
Unless through Sympathy with Sin?"

"Phryne," I murmured, sad and low,
"I pass the Buck—I do not know."

Upon a mantel sat a Bust,
Some Hindu god, pug-faced and squat:
A visage to inspire disgust . . .
Lord Bilk, The Deity of Rot . . .

Nay, surely 'twas the great god Bunk,
For when I wunk at it, it wunk!

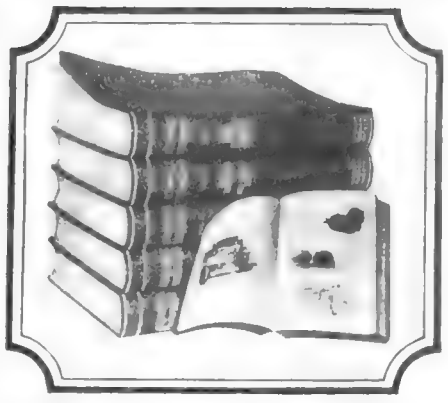
I heard . . . I heard it proved that night
That Fire is Cold, and Black is White,
That Junk is Art, and Art is Junk,
That Virtue's wrong, and Vice is right,
That Death is Life, and Life is Death,
That Breath is Rocks, and Rocks are Breath —
The Cheap and easy paradox
The Fool springs, hoping that it shocks . . .

Brain-sick, I stumbled to the street
And drooled unto a friendly Cop:
"Since moons have feathers on their feet,
Why is your headgear perched on top?
And since you scorn the Commonplace,
Why wear a Nose upon your Face?
And as Pythagoras is mute
On Sex Hygiene and Cosmic Law,
Is your Blond Beast as Bland a Brute,
As Blind a Brute, as Bernard Shaw?
No doubt, when drilling through the parks,
With Nietzsche's ghost and Old Doc Marx,
You've sometimes seen two Golden Souls
Drink Suds and Sobs from Crystal Bowls?"

"I ain't," says he, "I ain't, Old Kid—
I would 'a' pinched 'em, if I did!"

"Thank God," I said, "for this, at least;
The world, in spots, is well policed."

In the February number Christopher Morley, who presides over "The Chafing Dish" of the Philadelphia* Public Ledger, *will appear at the Confessional.



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Be Comfortable
wherever you are

If it's a game of tennis, a long walk, dancing, skating — wherever you are or whatever you're doing — man alive! You want leg comfort.

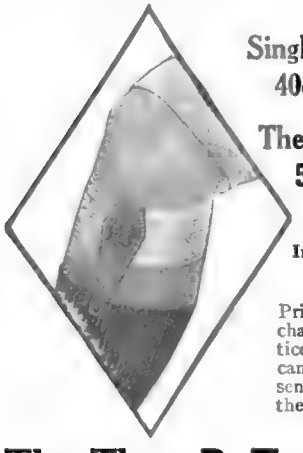
And if you have worn the

E. Z. GARTER

"Wide for Comfort"

you know the luxury of unrestricted leg muscles and circulation.

The wide, soft band *fits* snugly. It cannot slip, and it cannot bind.



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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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The Newest All-Seasons Beverage that Captivates All the Senses

Sometimes called "Evans' Checona Beverage"

Has characteristics singular to itself. Substantial, satisfying, and strengthening, while pleasing to palate and stomach — just like the older Evans' products. A soft drink with a body and flavor all its own.

Order a Case from Your Dealer or

C. H. Evans & Sons Estab. 1786 **Hudson, N. Y.**

PURITY CROSS Welsh Rarebit
Made by a Master Chef in a Model Kitchen

A MAN FOR THE AGES

(*Continued from page 47*)

I have done what I could for the State and for Sangamon County. It hasn't been much. I want you to take up the burden, if you can, until I get free from my debts. By and by I may jump into the ring again.

Harry was glad to obey the summons. Soon after the arrival of Mr. Lincoln's letter his doctor gave the young man what he called "an honorable discharge." The magic of youth and its courage, and good air had wrought a change of which the doctor had had little hope in the beginning.

In his travels through the great forest Harry had met David Parish and Stephen Van Rensselaer, at whose homes on the shore of the St. Lawrence he had spent many a happy summer day. Three years had passed since that fateful morning on the prairie. Through the winters he had lived in a comfortable hunter's camp on the shore of Lake Placid. Summers he had wandered with a guide and canoe through the lakes and rivers of the wilderness, hunting and fishing and reading the law-books which he had borrowed from Judge Fine of Ogdensburg. Each summer he worked down the Oswegatchie to that point for a visit with his new friends. The history of every week had been written to Bim and her letters had reached him at the points where he was wont to rest in his travels. The lovers had not lost their ardor. Theirs was the love "that hopes and endures and is patient."

ON a day in June, 1841, he boarded a steamboat at Ogdensburg on his way to Chicago. He arrived in the evening and found Samson at the home of Bim and her mother — a capacious and well-furnished house on Dearborn Street. Bim was then a little over twenty-five years old. A letter from John Wentworth says that she was "an exquisite bit of womanhood, learned in the fine arts of speech and dress and manner." He spoke also of her humor and originality and of her gift for business, "which amounted to absolute genius."

The store had doubled in size under her management, and with the help of the capital of Samson and Sarah Traylor. Its wholesale and retail business was larger than any north of St. Louis. The epidemic had seized her toward the last of her nursing and left the marks of its scourge upon her. It had marred her beauty, but Samson writes: "The girl was still very handsome. She was well filled out and stood as straight as an arrow and was always dressed as neat as a pin. I fear she was a little extravagant about that. She carried her head like a sleek, well-fed Morgan colt. She was kind of scared to meet Harry for fear of what he'd think of those little marks on her face, but I told her not to worry."

"You are the smartest and loveliest looking creature that I ever saw in my life," said Harry after he had held her in his arms for a moment.

"But see what has happened to me — look at my face," she answered.

"It is more beautiful than ever," he said. "Those marks have doubled my love for you. They are medals of honor better than this one I wear."

"Then I think that I'll take you off and marry you before you have a chance to fight another duel or find another war to go to," said Bim. "There is the mustache that I used to long for and which wouldn't come," she added with a smile.

"Is there anything else that I seem to need?" Harry asked. "I could grow whiskers now."

"Don't," she answered. "The great need of the West is shears and razors and a law to compel their use. There can be little romance in the midst of so much hair."

"I shall be careful not to offend you," Harry laughed. "I want to marry you as soon as possible. I've been looking forward to that since I was sixteen."

"I don't hear of anything but love and marriage," said Samson. "We've been rassling down at our house to keep Josiah from running off and getting married. He's engaged already."

"Engaged! To whom?" Harry asked.

"To Annabel Brimstead. She's a little older than he is. She laughed at him and promised to marry him as soon as he was nominated for President by all his friends. She would now vote for him herself. He has become a good athlete and the best scholar in school. He has every boy and girl in the village working for him evenings and Saturdays."

"What are they doing?" Harry asked.

"Making those new-fangled things they call lucifers. You can build a fire in a second with 'em. They cut splinters out of soft wood, dip their ends in brimstone — which Joe has learned how to make — and put them in a hot oven until the brimstone is baked. Then a scratch will bring a flame. Joe puts them up in bundles and sells them to the merchants and calls them lucifers. He has invented a machine that will cut and dip a thousand splinters an hour. I tell you Annabel is in danger."

HE took a lucifer out of his pocket and scratched it on the bottom of his boot. The party looked with wonder at its flame, which quickly consumed the slender thread of pine in his fingers.

"I have always thought that Joe would make a whale of a man," said Harry.

"We all seem to be threatened with immediate and overwhelming happiness," Bim exclaimed.

"The only thing in the way of mine is the national debt that I have accummulated," Harry remarked.

"I knew he'd think of something," said Bim ruefully. "If I wanted to abolish the noble institution of marriage, I'd make him chairman of the ways and means committee."

"Harry, your credit is still good with me, and I'm prosperous," Samson began. "I want you to know that Bim's energy and skill are mostly responsible for my success. I guess we owe more to your sickness than you're aware of. If it hadn't been for that, we would be plodding along at the same old pace. We would not have felt the need of speeding up. It was your misfortune that brought Bim into the store. If she wants to retire and marry you, I rather think she is entitled to do it. I don't want any more fooling around about this matter. Sarah and I couldn't stand it. She's kept me awake nights talking about it.

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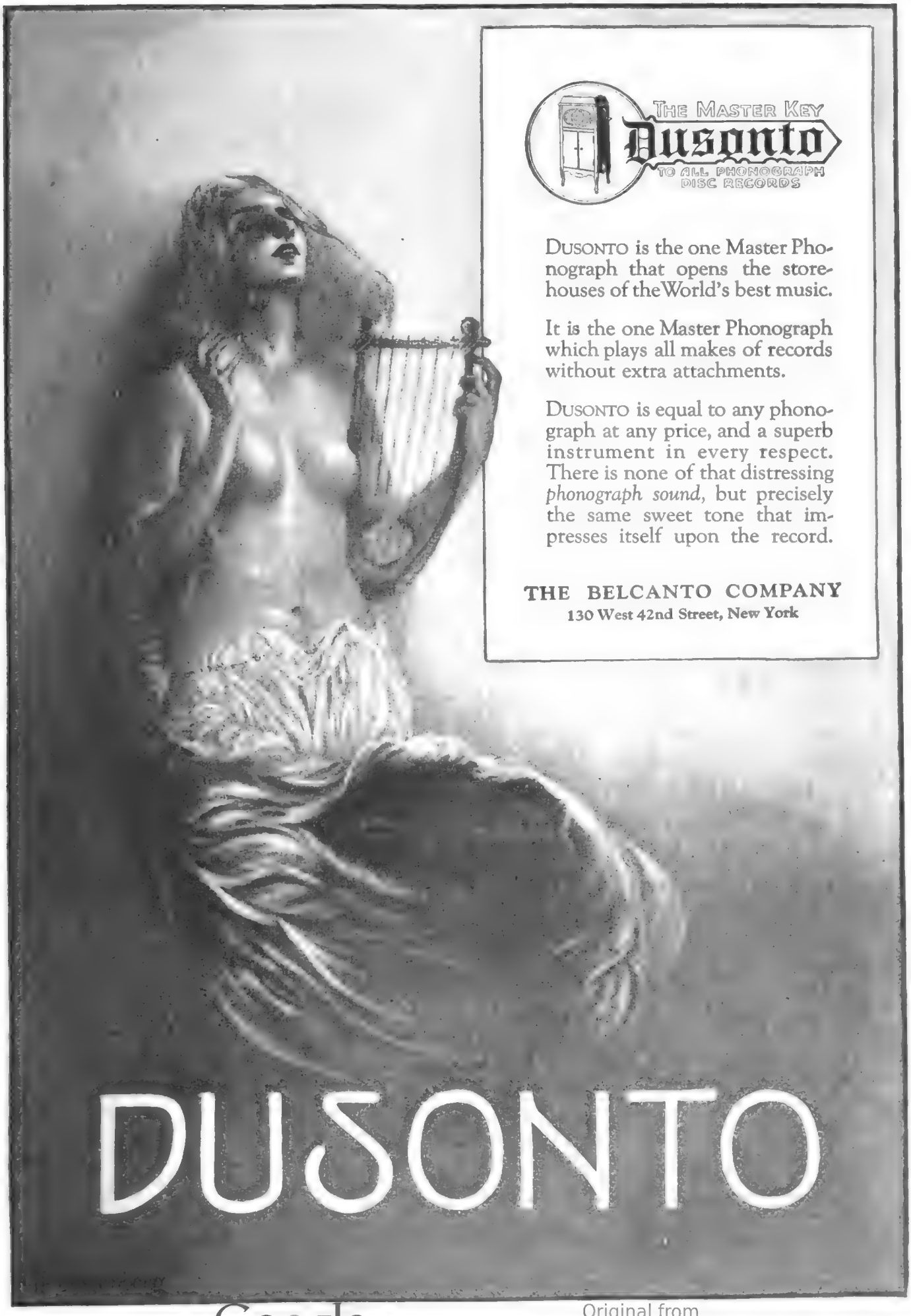
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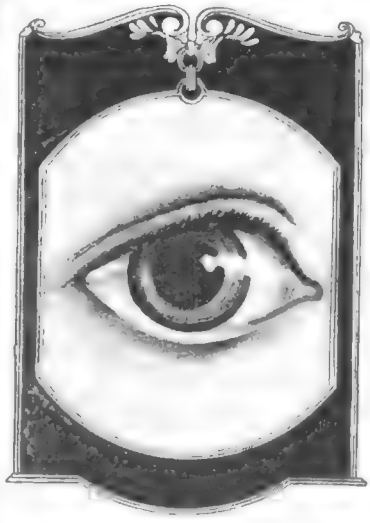

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The thing has worried us plenty. We rebel and demand action before anything else happens. We feel as if we had some rights in this case."

"I concede them and second your demand," Harry answered. "Bim must name a near day. I only need a week to get some clothes made and to go up to Milwaukee on a little matter of business."

"I don't know whether we'll give him a week or not, "said Bim playfully. "A great many things may happen in a week."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Which Describes a Pleasant Holiday and a Pretty Stratagem

TWO days later Bim suggested that they should take a day's ride in the open and spend a night at the home of a friend of hers in a settlement known as Plain's End, Harry having expressed a wish to get out on the prairies in the saddle after his long term of travel on a steamboat.

"Are you sure that you can stand an all-day's journey?" Bim asked.

"I! I could kill a bear with my hands, carry him home on my back and eat him for dinner," the young man boasted.

"I've got enough of the Wild West in me to like a man who can eat bears if there's nothing better," said Bim. "I didn't know but you'd been spoiled in the homes of those Eastern millionaires. If you're willing to take what comes and make the best of it, I'll give you a day that you will remember. You will have to put up with a very simple hospitality, but I wouldn't wonder if you'd enjoy it."

"I can put up with anything so long as I have your help," the young man answered.

"Then I shall send word that we are coming. We will leave here day after tomorrow. Our horses will be at the door at eight o'clock in the morning. We shall take some luncheon and reach our destination late in the afternoon and return next day. It will give us a good long visit with each other and you'll know me better before we get back."

"I want to know you as well as I love you," he said. "I suppose it will be like studying law—one never gets through with it."

"I've found myself a rather abstruse subject—as bad as 'Greenleaf on Evidence,' of which Abe used to talk so much with my father," she declared. "I shall be glad if it doesn't discourage you."

"The mystery of woman can not be solved by intellectual processes," the young man remarked. "Observation is the only help and mine has been mostly telescopic. We have managed to keep ourselves separated by a great distance, even when we were near each other. It has been like looking at a star with a very limited parallax. It is a joy to be able to see you with the naked eye."

"You will have little to look at on this holiday but me and the prairies," said Bim.

"I think the prairies will be neglected. I shall wear my best cavalry uniform and try to get a pair of the best horses in Chicago for the trip."

"Then you would have to get mine. I have a handsome pair of black young horses from Ohio—real high-steppers. It is to be my party. You will have to take what comes and make the best of it."

The day of their journey arrived—a warm, bright, cloudless day in September, 1841. The long story of those years of separation was told as they rode along. Biggs had been killed in a drunken brawl at Alton. Davis had gone to the far West—a thoroughly discredited man. Henry Brimstead had got his new plow on the market and was prospering beyond all his hopes. Eli had become a merchant of unusual ability and vision. His square dealing and good sense had done much to break down prejudice against the Jews in the democracy of the West. Agents of the store were travelling in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana selling its goods to country dealers. They carried with them the progressive and enlightened spirit of the city and the news. A man who had no respect for his contract was struck off the list. They spread the every-day religion of the counting-room. They were a welcome, unifying and civilizing force in the middle country. Samson Traylor was getting wealth and a reputation for good sense. He had made the plan on which the business had developed. Sarah's friends had been out in Springfield for a visit. They had invested money in the business. Her brother had decided to bring his family West and settle in Sangamon County.

THE lovers stopped in a grove at noon and fed their horses, and Harry, who had a bundle of Joe's lucifer matches in his pocket—a gift from Samson—built a fire and made a broach of green sticks on which he broiled a beefsteak.

A letter from Harry to Sarah Traylor tells of the beauty of the day—of bluebells and scarlet lilies in the meadow grass, of the whistling quail, of pigeons and wild geese flying across the sky and of his great joy in seeing again the vast sunlit reaches of the level, virgin lands.

"It was a great day of fulfilment, all the dearer because I had come back to health and youth and beloved scenes out of those years shadowed with loneliness and despair," he writes to Sarah. "The best part of it, I assure you, was the face I loved and that musical voice ringing like a bell in merry laughter and in the songs which had stirred my heart in the days of its tender youth. You—the dear and gentle mother of my later boyhood—are entitled to know of my happiness when I heard that voice tell me in its sweetest tone of the love which had endured through all these years of stern trial. We talked of our plans as we sat among the ferns and mosses in the cool shade sweetened by the incense of burning fagots, over that repast to which we shall be returning often for refreshment in poorer days. A thought of you and of the man so well beloved of you is in all these plans. We shall live in Springfield so that we may be near you and him and our friend, Honest Abe."

It is a long letter presenting minute details in the history of that sentimental journey and allusion to matters which have no part in this record. Its substance being fully in the consciousness of the writer, he tenderly folds it up and returns it to the package—yellow and brittle and faded and having that curious fragrance of papers that have lain for scores of years in the gloom and silence of a locked mahogany drawer. So alive are these letters with the passion of youth in long-forgotten

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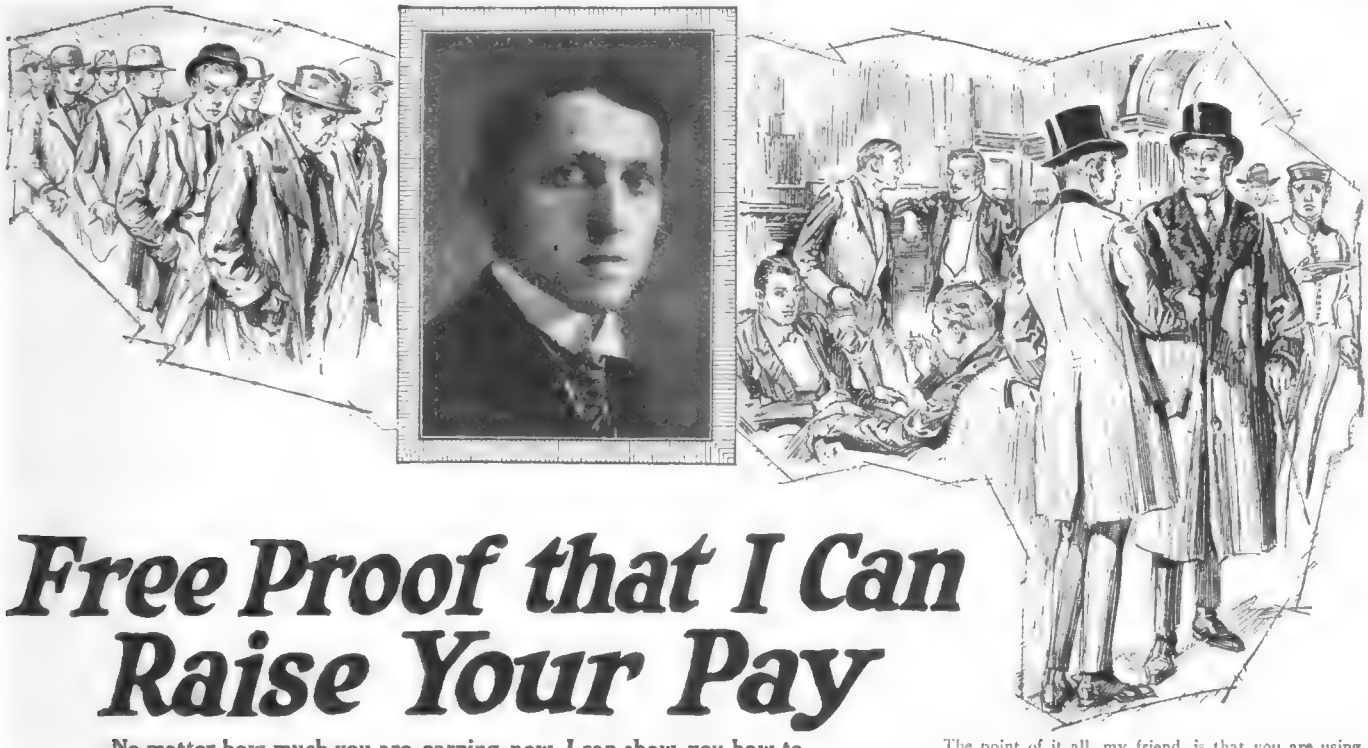

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No matter how much you are earning now, I can show you how to increase it. I have even taken failures and shown them how to make $100—$200, and in one case as high as $2000 weekly. I am willing to prove this entirely at my risk and expense.

LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But today all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret,"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

MY sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as $2000 a week. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth $200,000. He is building a $25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $30,000. And this genial 64-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed ever would be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, although heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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"The book has been worth more than $15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard, 1117 E. Locust St., Decatur, Ill.

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"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old I would be worth $100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milano, Tex.

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"Since I read Power of Will my salary has jumped from $150 to $800 a month."—J. E. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

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years that the writer ties the old ribbon and returns them to their tomb with a feeling of sadness, finding a singular pathos in the contrast of their look and their contents. They are turning to dust, but the soul of them has gone into this little history.

The young man and woman mounted their horses and resumed their journey. It was after two o'clock. The Grand Prairie lay ahead of them. The settlement of Plain's End was twenty-one miles away on its farther side. They could just see its tall oak trees in the dim distance.

"We must hurry if we get there before dark," said the girl. "Above all, we must be careful to keep our direction. It's easy to get lost down in the great prairie."

They heard a catbird singing in a near thicket as they left their camp. It reminded Bim of her favorite ballad and she sang it with the spirit of old:

> My sweetheart, come along—
> Don't you hear the glad song
> As the notes of the nightingale flow?
> Don't you hear the fond tale of the
> sweet nightingale
> As she sings in the valleys below?
> As she sings in the valleys below?

They went on, shoulder deep in the tall grass on the lower stretches of the prairie. Here and there it gave Harry the impression that he was swimming his horse in "dry vivid green water." They startled a herd of deer and a number of wild horses.

When they lost sight of the woods at Plain's End, the young man, with his cavalry training, was able to ride standing on his saddle until he had got it located. It reminded him of riding in the Everglades, and he told of his adventures there as they went on, but very modestly. He said not a word of his heroic fight the day that he and sixty of his comrades were cut off and surrounded in the "land of the grassy waters." But Bim had heard the story from other lips.

LATE in the afternoon the woods loomed in front of them scarcely a mile off. Near the end of the prairie they came to a road which led them past the door of a lonely cabin. It seemed to be deserted, but its windows were clean and a faint column of smoke rose from its chimney. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers in its small and cleanly dooryard.

"Broad Creek is just beyond," said Bim. "I don't know how the crossing will be."

They came presently to the creek, unexpectedly swollen. A man stood on the farther shore with some seventy feet of deep and rapid water between him and the travelers.

"That man looks like Stephen Nuckles," said Harry.

"It is Stephen Nuckles," Bim answered.

"Hello, Steve!" the young soldier called.

"Howdy, boy!" said the old minister. "That ar creek is b'ilin' over. I reckon you'll have to swim the hosses."

"They're young city horses and not broke to deep water, but we'll try them," said Bim.

They tried, but Bim's horse refused to go beyond good footing.

"You kin light at that ar house an' spend the night, but the folks have gone erway," the minister called.

"I guess you'll have to marry me right here and now," Harry proposed. "Night is coming and that house is our only refuge."

"Poor boy! There seems to be no escape for you!" Bim exclaimed with a sigh. "Do you really and honestly want to marry me? If there's any doubt about it, I'll leave the horses with you and swim the creek. You could put the horses in the barn and swim with me or spend the night in the cabin."

He embraced and kissed her in a way that left no doubt of his wishes.

"It's a cool evening and the creek is very wet," he answered. "I'm going to take this matter in my own hands."

He called to the minister: "Steve, this is the luckiest moment of my life and you're just the man of all others I would have chosen for its most important job. Can't you stand right where you are and marry us?"

"You bet I kin, suh," the minister answered. "I've often said I could marry any one half a mile erway if they could only talk as loud as I kin. I've got the good book right hyah in my pocket, suh. We'll begin by readin' the nineteenth chapter of Matthew."

THE young man and woman walked to the cabin and put their horses in its barn, where they found an abundance of hay and oats. They rapped on the door and, getting no answer, lifted its latch and entered the cabin. A table stood in the middle of the room set for two. On its cover of spotless white linen were plates and cups and saucers and a big platter of roasted prairie-chickens and a great frosted cake and preserves and jellies and potato salad and a bottle of currant wine. A clock was ticking on the shelf, there were live embers in the fireplace and wood in the box and venison hanging in the chimney.

The young soldier looked about him and smiled.

"This is wonderful!" he exclaimed. "To whom are we indebted?"

"You don't think I'd bring you out here on the plains and marry you and not treat you well?" Bim laughed. "I warned you that you'd have to take what came and that the hospitality would be simple."

"It's a benevolent conspiracy that has turned this cabin into a paradise," he said as he kissed her. "I thought it strange that Mr. Nuckles should be on hand at the right moment."

"The creek was a harder thing to manage," she answered with a smile. "I told my messenger to see that the gate of the reservoir was opened at four o'clock. So, you see, you had to marry or swim. Now I've made a clean breast of it. I felt sure something would happen before you got back from Milwaukee. I was plum superstitious about it."

The young man shook with laughter and said: "You are the new kind of woman built of the timber of democracy."

"I feared that I should be an old woman before I was Mrs. Needles."

"Whose house is this?" he asked.

"It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lukins. Their land near Chicago is now used for a cattle-yard and slaughter-house. It pays them a good income. They moved here some time ago. He looks after the reservoir and runs a little farm. She is a famous cook, as you will see. We shall find everything we need in the well, the

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chimney, the cupboard and the cellar, and here is the wedding-supper and I'm as hungry as a bear."

"So am I. In the words of Mrs. Lukins, it looks very coralapus. Let's sit down and eat."

"Not until you have broiled a piece of venison," said Bim. "It will take a lot of food to satisfy me. I'll get the cream and butter out of the well and make a pot of coffee. Hurry up, Harry, I'm starving."

Darkness fell upon the busy lovers and soon the firelight and the glow of many candles filled the homely cabin with flickering shadows and a soft beautiful color.

"Supper is ready," she said, when the venison steak had been deposited on the platter.

"Bim, I love you not as most men love," he said as they stood a moment by the side of the table. "From the bottom of my heart I do respect you for your honor and good faith, and when I think of that and of all you have suffered for my sake I bow my head and ask God to make me worthy of such a helper."

They sat down to this unusual wedding-feast, and as we leave them the windows of the little cabin fling their light far out upon the level plain; we hear the sound of merry laughter and of the tall grasses rustling and reeling joyously in the breeze. The moon in mid-heaven and the innumerable host around it seem to know what is passing on the edge of he Grand Prairie and to be well pleased. Surely there is nothing finds a quicker echo in the great heart of the world than human happiness!

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Being a Brief Memoir by the Honorable and Venerable Man Known in these Pages as Josiah Traylor, who saw the Great Procession of Events between Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson and Especially the Making and the End of Lincoln.

NOW, as I have done often, sitting in the chimney-corner at the day's end, I look back at my youth and manhood and tell, with one eye upon the clock, of those years of fulfilment in the progress of our beloved pilgrim. There are four and twenty of them that I shall try to review in as many minutes. At this distance I see only the high places—one looming above another like steps in a stairway.

The years of building and sentiment ended on the fourth of November, 1842, when he and Mary Todd were joined in marriage. Now, like one having taken note of the storm-clouds, he strengthens the structure.

Mary tried to teach him fine manners. It was a difficult undertaking. Often, as might have been expected, Mary lost her patience. She was an excellent girl, but rather kindlesome and pragmatic. Like most of the prairie folk, for instance, Abe Lincoln had been accustomed to reach for the butter with his own knife and to find rest in attitudes extremely indolent and unbecoming. He enjoyed sprawling on the floor in his shirt-sleeves and slippers with a pillow under his head and a book in his hand. He had a liking for ample accommodation not fully satisfied by a bed or a lounge. Mary undertook to turn him into new ways and naturally there was irritation in the house, but I think they got along very well together for all that. Mary grew fond of him and proud of his great talents and was a devoted wife. For years she did the work of the house and bore him children. He milked the cow and took care of the horse when he was at home.

Annabel and I, having just been married, went with him to Washington on our wedding-tour in 1847. He was taking his seat in Congress that year. We were with him there when he met Webster. Lincoln was deeply impressed by the quiet dignity of the great man. We went together to hear Emerson lecture. It was a motley audience—business men, fashionable ladies and gentlemen, statesmen, politicians, women with their knitting, and lion-hunters. The tall, awkward orator ascended the platform, took off his top-coat and drew a manuscript from his pocket. He had a narrow, sloping forehead, a prominent nose, gray eyes and a skin of singular transparency. His voice was rich and mellow but not strong. Lincoln listened with rapt attention to his talk about Democracy.

IT was a memorable night. He spoke of it often. Such contact with the great spirits of that time, of which he studiously availed himself in Washington, was of great value to the statesman from Illinois. His experiences on the floor were in no way important to him, but since 1914 I have thought often of what he said there regarding Polk's invasion of Mexico, unauthorized by Congress as it was:

"The Provision of the Constitution giving the war-making power to Congress was dictated, as I understand it, by the following reasons: kings had always been involving and impoverishing their people in wars, pretending generally that the good of the people was the object. This our convention understood to be the most oppressive of all kingly oppressions and they proposed to so frame the constitution that no man should hold the power of bringing this oppression upon us."

The next year he stumped Massachusetts for "Zach" Taylor and heard Governor Seward deliver his remarkable speech on Slavery which contained this striking utterance:

"Congress has no power to inhibit any duty commanded by God on Mount Sinai or by His Son on the Mount of Olives."

On his return home Lincoln confessed that we had soon to deal with that question.

I was in his office when Herndon said:

"I tell you that slavery must be rooted out."

"What makes you think so?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"I feel it in my bones," was Herndon's answer.

After that he used to speak with respect of "Bill Herndon's bone philosophy."

His term in Congress having ended, he came back to the law in partnership with William H. Herndon—a man of character and sound judgment. Those days Lincoln wore black trousers, coat and stock, a vest of satin and a Wellington high hat. He was wont to carry his papers in his hat. Mary had wrought a great change in his external appearance. On the whole, he was not so communicative as he had been in his young manhood. He suffered days of depression when he said little. Often in

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TO EX-MEMBERS of the A. E. F.

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what's doing in Blois to-day?

who's fighting the battle of Bordeaux?

what Montfaucon looks like now?

what became of that French kid your outfit adopted?

how to resume your War Risk Insurance?

how to get your lost Liberty Bonds?

what became of the Hardboiled Smith investigation?

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good company he seemed to be thinking of things in no way connected with the talk. Many thought him a rather "shut-mouthed man."

They used to call him "a dead square lawyer." I remember that once Herndon had drawn up a fictitious plea founded on a shrewd assumption. Lincoln carefully examined the papers.

"Is it founded on fact?" he asked.

"No," Herndon answered.

Lincoln scratched his head thoughtfully and asked:

"Billy, hadn't we better withdraw that plea? You know it's a sham and generally that's another name for a lie. Don't let it go on record. The cursed thing may come staring us in the face long after this suit has been forgotten."

Herndon used to say that the only thing he had against him was his habit of coming in mornings and sprawling on the lounge and reading aloud from the newspaper.

The people of the town loved him. One day as we were walking along the street together we came upon a girl dressed up and crying in front of her father's door.

"What's the matter?" Lincoln asked.

"I want to take the train and the wagon hasn't come for my trunk," said she.

Lincoln went in and got the trunk and carried it to the station on his back, with people laughing and throwing jokes at him as he strode along. When I think of him, his chivalry and kindness come first to mind.

HE read much, but his days of book study were nearly ended. His learning was now got mostly in the school of experience. Herndon says, and I think it is true, that he never read to the end of a law book those days. The study of authorities was left to the junior partner. His reading was mostly outside the law. His knowledge of science was derived from Chambers's "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation."

He was still afraid of the Abolition Movement in 1852 and left town to avoid a convention of its adherents. He thought the effort to resist by force the laws of Kansas was criminal and would hurt the cause of freedom. "Let us have peace and revolutionize through the ballot-box," he urged.

In 1854 a little quarrel in New York began to weave the thread of destiny. Seward, Weed and Greeley had wielded decisive power in the councils of the Whig party in that state. Seward was a high-headed, popular idol. His plans and his triumphant progress absorbed his thought. Weed was dazzled by the splendor of this great star. Neither gave a thought to their able colleague—a poor man struggling to build up a great newspaper. An office, with fair pay, would have been a help to him those days. But he got no recognition of his needs and talents and services. Suddenly he wrote a letter to Weed in which he said:

"The firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley is hereby dissolved by the resignation of its junior member."

When Greeley had grown in power and wisdom until his name was known and honored from ocean to ocean, they tried to make peace with him, but in vain.

In 1856 Abe Lincoln openly joined the radical Friends of Freedom at Bloomington, Illinois. I was there on the twenty-ninth of May and saw the end of the Whigs and the birth of the Republican Party and a new Lincoln. There his soul was to come into its stateliest mansion out of its lower vaulted past. For him the fulness of time had arrived. He was prepared for it.

His intellect had also reached the fulness of its power. Now his great right hand was ready for the thunderbolts which his spirit had been slowly forging. God called him in the voices of the crowd. He was quick to answer. He went up the steps to the platform. I saw, as he came forward, that he had taken the cross upon him. Oh, it was a memorable thing to see the smothered flame of his spirit leaping into his face. His hands were on his hips. He seemed to grow taller as he advanced. The look of him reminds me now of what the famous bronze founder in Paris said of the life-mask—that it was the most beautiful head and face he had ever seen.

What shall I say of his words save that it seemed to me the voice of God was in them? I never saw an audience so taken up and swept away. The reporters forgot to report. It is a lost speech. There is no record of it. I suppose it was scribbled with a pencil on scraps of paper and on the backs of envelopes at sundry times, agreeably with his habit, and committed to memory. So this great speech, called by some the noblest effort of his life, was never printed. I remember one sentence relating to the Nebraska bill:

"Let us use ballots, not bullets, against the weapons of violence, which are those of kingcraft. Their fruits are the dying bed of the fearless Sumner, the ruins of the Free State Hotel, the smoking timbers of the Herald of Freedom, the Governor of Kansas chained to a stake like a horse-thief."

IN June, 1858, he took the longest step of all. The Republican State Convention had endorsed him for the United States Senate. It was then that he wrote on envelopes and scraps of paper at odd moments, when his mind was off duty, the speech beginning:

"A house divided against itself must fall. Our Government can not long endure part slave and part free."

I was among the dozen friends to whom he read that speech in the State House library. One said of those first sentences: "It is a damn fool utterance." Another: "It is ahead of its time." Another declared that it would drive away the Democrats who had lately joined the party. Herndon and I were the only ones who approved it.

Lincoln had come to another fork in the road. For a moment I wondered which way he would go.

Immediately he rose and said with an emphasis that silenced opposition:

"Friends, this thing has been held back long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered, and if it is decreed that I shall go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth."

His conscience had prevailed. The speech was delivered. Douglas, the Democratic candidate, came on from Washington to answer it. That led to Lincoln's challenge to a joint debate. I was with him through that long campaign. Douglas was the more finished orator. Lincoln spoke as he split rails. His conscience was his beetle. It drove his arguments deep into the souls of his hearers. The great thing about him was his conscience. Unless his theme were big enough to give it play in noble words he could be as commonplace as any one. He was built for a tool of God in tremendous moral issues.

He was awkward and diffident in beginning a speech. Often his hands were locked behind him. He gesticulated more with his head than his hands. He stood square-toed always. He never walked about on the platform. He scored his points with the long bony index finger of his right hand. Sometimes he would hang a hand on the lapel of his coat as if to rest it. Perspiration dripped from his face. His voice, high pitched at first, mellowed into a pleasant sound.

One sentence in Lincoln's speech at Ottawa thrust "The Little Giant" of Illinois out of his way forever. It was this pregnant query:

"Can the people of a United States territory in any lawful way and against the wish of any citizen of the United States exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

He knew that Douglas would answer yes and that, doing so, he would alienate the South and destroy his chance to be President two years later. That is exactly what came to pass. "The Little Giant's" answer was the famous "Freeport Heresy." He was elected to the Senate but was no longer possible as a candidate for the Presidency.

I come now to the last step in the career of my friend and beloved master. It was the Republican convention of 1860 in Chicago. I was a delegate. The New Yorkers came in white beaver hats enthusiastic for Seward, their favorite son. He was the man we dreaded most. Many in the great crowd were wearing his colors.

The delegations were in earnest session the night before the balloting began. The hotel corridors were thronged with excited men. My father had become a man of wealth and great influence in Illinois. I was with him when he went into the meeting of the Michigan delegates and talked to them. He told how he came West in a wagon and saw the spirit of America in the water floods of Niagara and went on to the cabin village of New Salem and saw again the spirit of America in the life of the boy, Abe Lincoln, then flowing toward its manhood. When he sat down the Honorable Dennis Flanagan arose and told of meeting the Traylor party at the Falls when he was driving an ox-team, in a tall beaver hat. How he had remembered their good advice and cookies and jerked venison.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am willing to take the word of a man whose name is hallowed by my dearest recollections. And believing what he has said of Abraham Lincoln I am for him on the second ballot."

The green Irish lad, whom I remember dimly, had become a great political chieftain and his words had much effect. There was a stir among the delegates. I turned and saw the tall form of Horace Greeley entering the door. His big, full face looked rather serious. He wore gold-bowed spectacles. He was smooth-shaven save for the silken white throat beard that came out from under his collar. His head was bald on top with soft, silvered locks over

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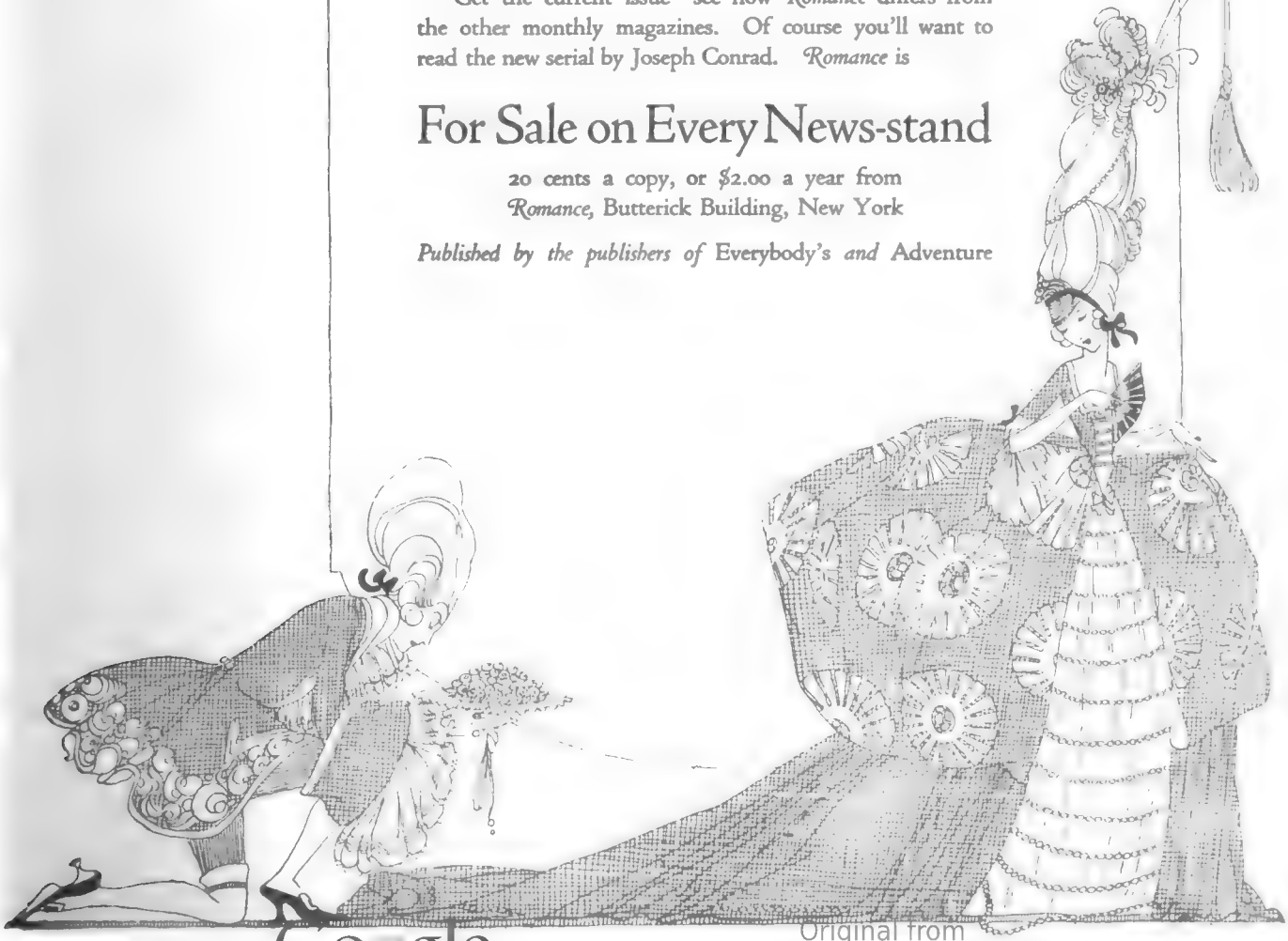

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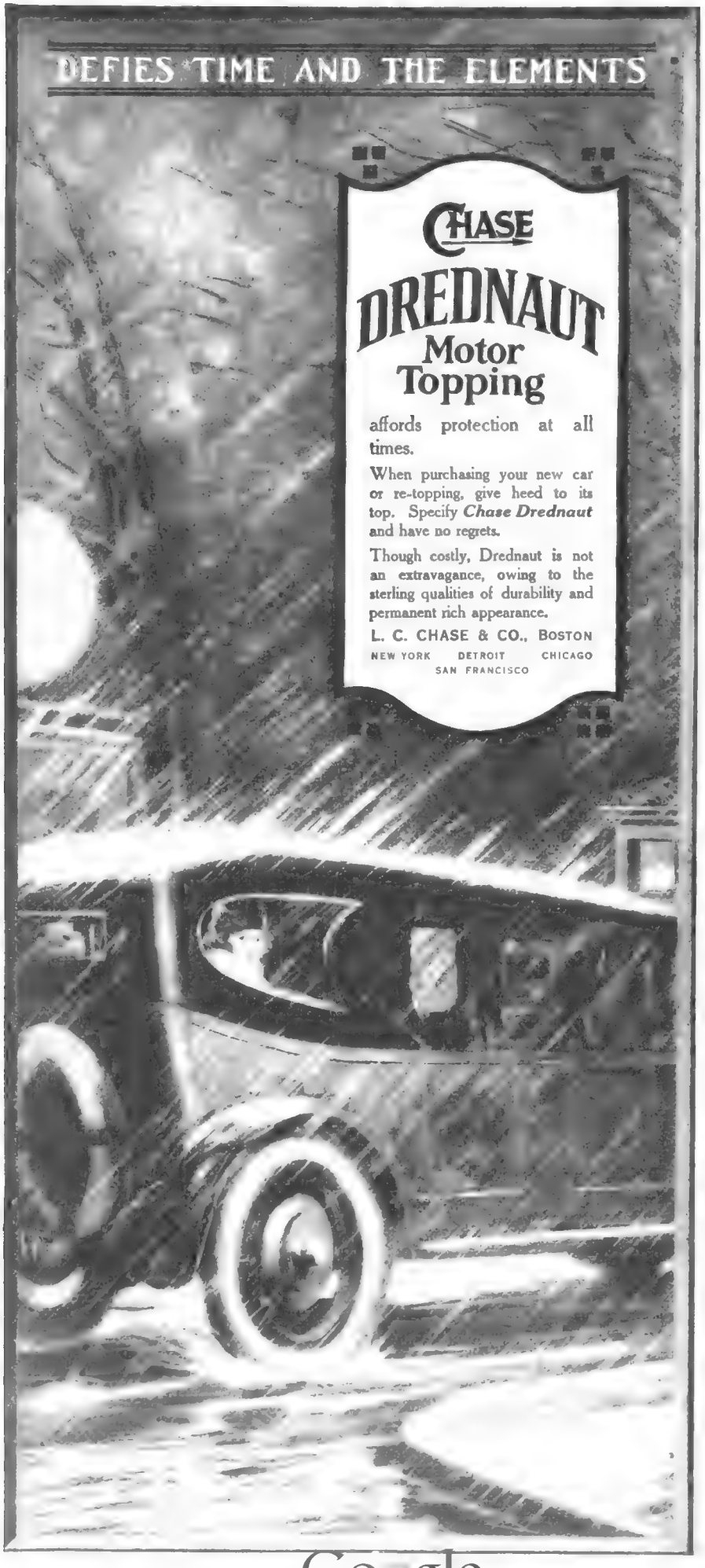
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each ear. He was a picturesque and appealing figure. They called on him to speak. He stepped forward and said slowly in a high-pitched drawl:

"Gentlemen, this is my speech: On your second ballot vote for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois."

He bowed and left the room and visited many delegations, and everywhere expressed his conviction in this formula. Backed by his tremendous personality and influence the simple words were impressive. I doubt not it turned scores of men from Seward to the great son of Illinois.

Then—the campaign, with its crowds, its enthusiasm, its Vesuvian mutterings. I laugh when I recall many of its banners. Here are three of them:

"*Menard County for the Tall Sucker.*"

"*We are for old Abe the Giant-Killer.*"

"*Link on to Lincoln.*"

Then—those last days in Springfield.

He came to the office the afternoon before he left and threw himself on the lounge and talked of bygone days with Herndon.

"Billy, how long have we been together?" he asked.

"Sixteen years."

"Never a cross word."

"Never."

"Keep the old sign hanging. A little thing like the election of a President should make no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live I'm coming back some time and then we'll go right on with the practise of the law as if nothing had happened."

Then—that Monday morning in Springfield when at eight o'clock on the eleventh of February the train bore him toward the great task of his life. Hannah Armstrong, who had foxed his trousers in New Salem, and the venerable Doctor Allen and the Brimsteads, and Aleck Ferguson, bent with age, and Harry Needles and Bim and their four handsome children, and my father and mother, and Betsey, my maiden sister, and Eli Fredenberg were there in the crowd to bid him good-by.

A quartet sang. Mr. Lincoln asked his friends and neighbors to pray for his success. He was moved by the sight of them and could not have said much if he had tried. The bell rang. The train started. He waved his hand and was gone. Not many of us who stood trying to see through our tears were again to look upon him. The years of preparation were ended and those of sacrifice had begun.

NOW we are at the foot of the last hill. For a long time I had seen it looming in the distance. Those days it filled my heart with a great fear. Now how beautiful, how lonely it seems! Oh, but what a vineyard in that very fruitful hill! I speak low when I think of it. Harry Needles and I were on our way to Washington that fateful night of April 14, 1865. We reached there at an early hour in the morning. We made our way through the crowded streets to the little house opposite Ford's Theatre. An officer who knew me cleared a way for us to the door. Reporters, statesmen, citizens and their families were massed in the street waiting with tear-stained faces for the end. Some of them were sobbing as we passed. We were admitted without delay. A minister and the doctor sat by the bedside. Friends of the family and members of the Cabinet were in the room. Through the

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open door of a room beyond I saw Mrs. Lincoln and the children and others. We looked at our friend lying on the bed. His kindly face was pale and haggard. He breathed faintly and at long intervals. His end was near.

"Poor Abe!" Harry whispered as he looked down at him: "He has had to die on the cross."

To most of those others Lincoln was the great statesman. To Harry he was still the beloved Abe who had shared his fare and his hardships in many a long, weary way.

The doctor put his ear against the breast of the dying man. There was a moment of silence in which we could hear the voices in the street. The doctor rose and said: "He is gone."

Secretary Stanton, who more than once had spoken lightly of him, came to the bedside and tenderly closed the eyes of his master, saying:

"Now he belongs to the ages."

We went out of the door. The sound of mourning was in the streets. A dozen bells were tolling. On the corner of Tenth Street a quartet of negroes was singing that wonderful prayer:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home."

One of them, whose rich, deep bass thrilled me and all who heard it, was Roger Wentworth, the fugitive, who had come to our house with Bim, in the darkness of the night, long before.

THE END

Excelsior

By Allen Crafton

UNANCHORED the world falls! Free-winged I rise
Into the skies;
Eagerly up to the uncharted trail,
While the earth falls—shrinks—dims and then dies,
Lost to my sight;
Baffling the battling gale,
Higher than song lark's flight,
Heights beyond eagle's height,
Paladin knight of the star-lord's grail;
Skimming the soft cloud-mountains of white,
Dazzlingly white,
Blindingly bright;
Piercing the throbbing sky,
Fiercely I faster fly,
Climbing the vastness with mad lightning shod.

Upward I mount to the utter unknown
On my quivering wing.
A wind-shaken atom! A speck in the sun!
An uncertain thing!
Aye—but a god!

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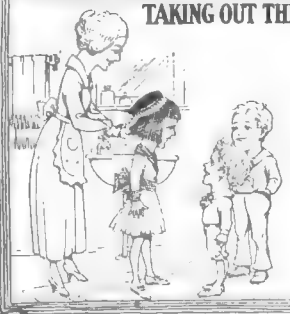

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THE LAST OF THE OLDMASTERS

(*Continued from page 42*)

"It's like this, John Gardiner," replied the little man. "You know you told me some time back to ignore Dan Hopper as a candidate for Congress. Well, sir, I been ignorin' him ever since. Last issue of the *Enterprise* I ignored him for about a column and a half. It was right smart of a piece——"

"Yes," interposed Mr. Oldmaster, "I read it."

"Well, sir! To-day's *Courier* has an editorial ignorin' *us!*"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Oldmaster. Miss Dunn, glancing at him, saw his eyes begin to glow again. Mr. Pultney nodded solemnly.

"Yes, sir—ignorin' us! It's a kind of funny piece—supposed to make us look ridiculous, I reckon. I got a copy of it here," he added, and produced a newspaper clipping from his pocket.

"Read it, sir!" said Mr. Oldmaster, in a voice that rather startled Miss Dunn. It was so unlike his usual melancholy drawl.

Mr. Pultney read:

"Our aged and decrepit contemporary, the *Florida Enterprise and Political Intelligencer*, has uttered an invalid moan against the candidacy of the Honorable Daniel Hopper for Congressman from this district. Opposition from this quarter was to be expected. The *Enterprise* (sic) is constitutionally hostile to Progress and Prosperity. The election of a wide-awake, hustling, successful business man and journalist would naturally offend its delicate and ailing soul. Doubtless its proprietor, Mr. John Gardiner Oldmaster, would himself enter the Congressional lists except for the mournful fact that he is threatened momentarily with heart-failure—"

BANG! went Mr. Oldmaster's stick upon the library floor. Mr. Pultney stopped reading suddenly, and drew back a pace. Miss Dunn clasped her hands in front of her and gazed at Mr. Oldmaster.

Slowly the latter rose. His tall, thin figure towered above them both, his aristocratic face was transfigured with a lofty purpose. "Have you your note-book, Mose Pultney?"

"I have, John Gardiner!"

"Then take this down!" said Mr. Oldmaster.

In profound silence Mr. Pultney produced note-book and lead pencil. Mr. Oldmaster, frowning steadily into space, began to dictate:

"John Gardiner Oldmaster, Esquire, wishes to announce, and does announce herewith, that he is a candidate for the Democratic Congressional nomination in this district. Mr. Oldmaster's platform will be, in general: The People against the Private Interests; and he hereby challenges—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Dunn.

Mr. Oldmaster continued unmoved.

"—he hereby challenges the corporation candidate, Mr. Daniel Hopper, to a joint debate upon the issues involved. Signed, John Gardiner Oldmaster."

Mr. Pultney glanced up in tremulous perturbation. "But your heart, John Gardiner!"

"Sir," said Mr. Oldmaster magnificently, "damn my heart!" Then he turned quickly and bowed to Miss Dunn. "I beg pardon, ma'am."

Georgianna put her hands to her breast, looked at him and smiled rather uncertainly. "I hope you won't do anything rash!" she said.

MR. OLDMASTER'S announcement fell like a bombshell upon the ears of the town, upon the ears of the entire district. The very piquancy of the news spread it broadcast. The circulation of the staid old *Enterprise* increased rapidly; so much so that Mr. Pultney became self-conscious and actually sent his clothes to be pressed.

The Honorable Daniel Hopper, replying in the *Courier* to Mr. Oldmaster's challenge, said scornfully that he could not well measure the sword of debate with a man who might drop dead at any minute upon the rostrum. Mr. Oldmaster answered by publishing a sworn document attested by a notary, absolving Mr. Hopper from all responsibility in the event of such a fatality.

Nothing remained but for the Honorable Daniel to accept the challenge. This he did as gracefully as possible, and shortly thereafter, on a certain Sunday afternoon, the two candidates met as was usual in such cases upon a raised platform in the Public Square, in the very heart of town.

It was a brilliant summer day. The small municipal park, set like a green oasis in the midst of the Square, was thronged with people. A superficial observer would have said that such a gathering argued a wide interest in political affairs, but the truth was that the audience, man, woman, and child, had come chiefly to see whether John Gardiner Oldmaster would, or would not, drop dead upon the rostrum.

The weight of this common expectancy settled upon the Square. Even Miss Dunn, wedged into the front row with Mr. Pultney beside her, felt it and was seized with misgivings. "Oh," she whispered, gazing toward the platform with tears in her eyes, "he should never have attempted it! It will be the death of him!"

Mr. Pultney, who had been writing steadily in his note-book, looked up, nodded, sighed, and blew his nose violently upon a large bandana handkerchief.

"Headstrong as the devil, John Gardiner is! Comes of a headstrong race—look how pale he is! And Dan Hopper's as red as a boiled crab—" He went on writing in his note-book.

The debate opened. The Honorable Mr. Hopper spoke first. He was a man of medium height, with a round, pompous stomach enveloped in a dazzling white waistcoat, across the front of which gleamed a heavy watch-chain. His complexion was as Mr. Pultney described it. He stood with his thumbs in his arm-pits, and for twenty minutes enumerated the benefits, not only local but national as well, which would result from the election to Congress of a practical, successful, modern, up-to-date business man and journalist.

"But, my friends," he stated in conclusion, "the prime issue of this campaign is not political. It is personal. The candidate whom you will send to Washington must be a person worthy of a proud and robust people. No weakling ought to wear the mantle of your sovereignty! Voters of Florida, do you want your representative in Congress to be an *invalid*, or do you want him to be a man?"

So saying, the Honorable Dan Hopper scowled ferociously upon them all, turned, and resumed his seat upon the platform. There was an outburst of spontaneous applause, which ceased, however, as suddenly as it had begun.

Mr. Oldmaster had risen and was looking into the faces massed below him. He was tall, thin and pale. One hand rested upon his heart, the other hung down at his side. His expression was mild, almost benign, but it had in it something of the quality that one sees in the daguerreotypes of the leaders of the old South, those fierce and gentle captains of the lost Cause.

"You folks heard what Dan Hopper said," he began slowly and distinctly, in a voice that reached the outskirts of the throng. "Dan Hopper said in effect that you ought to send him to Congress because he's a better man physically than I am. Personally, I doubt it. But I'm not going to argue the question with Dan. I'm going to give him a chance to *prove* it!"

The crowd became exquisitely still.

"It used to be the custom in this State," continued Mr. Oldmaster calmly, "to settle such question as Dan has raised by means of a friendly physical contest. Usually the contest took the form of a jumping-match. Now a jumping-match may not be modern, it may not be up-to-date, it may not be entirely dignified, but it's a good old Cracker tradition, and I'm going to invoke it, right here and now." He faced about and lifting his arm, pointed a long forefinger at the opposing candidate. "Dan Hopper," said Mr. Oldmaster loudly, "I challenge you to jump me for the Democratic Congressional nomination!"

"Good God!" said Mr. Hopper helplessly. Then he leaped up and sprang to the edge of the platform. "This is frivolous!" he bellowed. "This is absurd—ridiculous—an insult to our sacred institutions—"

"*Jump him, Dan!*" cried a voice, and the crowd roared in approval. Mr. Hopper waved frantically for an opportunity to be heard. "How can I enter into a physical contest with a man who is dying of heart disease?" he shouted.

Mr. Oldmaster stepped forward, lifted his hand. His gentle drawl fell clearly upon the ensuing silence. "If the Lord is on my side, He'll see me through. If He's on Dan's side—well, it's high time Dan found out about it."

A GALE of laughter swept the Square. The audience closed in about the platform, calling good-naturedly but insistently: "Jump him, Dan! Be a good Cracker, Dan! Come down and jump him!"

There was no way out of it. Mr. Hopper, glancing about the circle of faces pressing below him, perceived that his political career had come to a real though not altogether understandable crisis. Slowly he began to peel off his coat. The crowd broke into prodigious cheers, and as though by magic a space was formed upon the smooth, green turf.

Historic events are best told briefly.

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Let Mr. Pultney, furiously writing in his note-book, describe in detail how Mr. Hopper looked as he descended from the platform, a forced smile masking the bewilderment of his countenance, with what grim determination he toed the mark, with what wild gestures and strange contortions he prepared to jump; how the buttons popped from his waistcoat and the gold watch from his pocket as he propelled his body over the greensward for the sake of his political future. To Mr. Pultney also, who will do it ample justice, let us leave the description of Mr. Oldmaster, calm and stately as he took his place in the lists, and the breathless hush of the great crowd, as it waited to see which side the Lord was on.

For us, let simple facts suffice.

MR. HOPPER jumped first, the result being duly recorded by judges selected from the host of onlookers. Then Mr. Oldmaster jumped, and without in the least dying of heart failure, bettered Mr. Hopper's mark a good twelve inches.

Mr. Hopper thereupon jumped again, but still could not equal Mr. Oldmaster's effort. He was about to try for the third and last time when an extraordinary incident occurred. As he stood, red and panting, upon the line of the take-off, a sudden weakness overcame him. His jaw dropped, a strange pallor mounted to his cheek, his knees gave way under him, and clutching his breast with both hands he sank slowly to the earth.

Mr. Oldmaster was the first to reach his side. "Quick!" he called. "A doctor!"

"A doctor, a doctor!" cried hundreds of voices in great excitement. Finally a physician was found, was thrust through the crowd, and stooping over the fallen candidate, made a hasty examination.

"Nothing serious," he announced, after a moment; "Mr. Hopper has merely suffered a slight heart attack."

Swiftly the doctor's dictum sped through the Square, through the town. "Dan Hopper has suffered a heart attack! Dan Hopper has suffered a heart attack!" Up and down the streets of the city it flew, and out the highroads, and into the far country—"Dan Hopper has suffered a heart attack!" and always, as a sort of corollary, the speaker added: "Reckon the Lord wasn't on Dan's side!"

As for Mr. Oldmaster, he was publicly declared by the committee of judges to be the winner of the jumping-match, and went striding off the field of honor with the air of a conqueror, while the populace cheered and applauded and swore at the top of its lungs to send him to Washington in the fall.

That evening Mr. Pultney, having finished his story for the *Enterprise*, rode out to the ancient house upon the shore of the St. John's to pay his respects to the victor. He found Mr. Oldmaster walking on the river bank with Miss Georgianna Dunn, and apparently absorbed in the phenomena of certain clouds which the sunset was converting to gold. Some of this gold had got into Miss Georgianna's hair, and other tints of the glowing sky were in her cheeks.

Mr. Pultney coughed and went forward. "I've come out to congratulate you, John Gardiner," said he, giving his hand to his employer.

"Why, sir," answered Mr. Oldmaster, apparently much surprised. "How did you know?"

"Know! The whole town knows! The nomination's yours as sure as shootin'!"

"Oh, the nomination!" said Mr. Oldmaster lightly. "I had forgotten the nomination." He turned with a tender smile, and took Miss Dunn by the hand. "Mose," he said, "something important has happened. Miss Georgianna has promised to marry me."

"Marry you!" exclaimed Mr. Pultney. "How can she marry you when you're goin' to *die*, John Gardiner?"

"Sir," said Mr. Oldmaster, "I have been thinking it over, and I have decided not to die. I have decided to live, sir—and I'll hear nothing against it from *you*, Mose Pultney!"

Mr. Pultney wiped his brow.

"I ain't goin' to argue with you, John Gardiner," he murmured faintly. "I ain't goin' to argue with you—*none!*"

MISS DUNN and Mr. Oldmaster were married within a week, and the following fall Mr. Oldmaster was elected to Congress. Curiously enough, he no longer felt any pains in the region of his heart.

It was not until the next summer, however, that he understood the meaning of the dream in which he had seen the ghosts of his grandfathers. At that time a son was born to him, and the entire mystery was happily explained.

"By the *last* of the Oldmasters," he wrote to Mr. Pultney, "the Judge and the Colonel clearly meant the *latest* of the Oldmasters, having reference, of course, to John Gardiner, Jr. That they knew there would *be* a John Gardiner, Jr., is incontestable, for since all marriages are arranged in heaven, and both of my grandfathers are gentlemen accustomed only to the best society, it follows logically and indisputably that their shades would have access to the celestial records. I hope that you will have no objections to raise upon *that* score, Mose Pultney!"

Dirge for Love

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Now it is over,
Over and done:
Love in the dusk-time
Love in the sun.

Now it is over,
Finished and said.
How lovely, how lovely,
Now it is dead!

"At Last—a *Real* Job and *Real* Money!"

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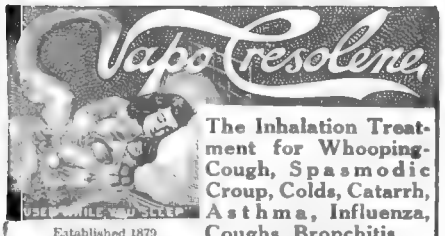

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to light out—if it wouldn't be so blooming lonely."

The girl's eyes were radiant.

"Why don't you light out? What's the matter with your Dulcier? Why don't you travel all over America—the little out-of-the-way towns, and the cities, too—and talk to people, and dig down, and find out what the country is really thinking about? Not what the newspapers think. *Somebody* must write the great American novel."

She stopped abruptly. Tommy's sigh was audible. In a nearby tree an oriole burst into its complex, ardent song.

"To think of finding it in an apple orchard!" Tommy muttered, and looked into her face so eagerly that she dismissed the belief that he was preparing to make fun of her. The last few minutes had shown her that she was a stranger to herself; she had never talked with such abandon in her life.

"Now let's pretend something," he went on gravely. "Let's pretend, first of all, that you don't look down on me so. Pretend that I'm going to get rid of my plays and stop being a materialist. Pretend that you and I are going away to dig up the material for a novel with blood and sand in it. Now, how would we go about it, from your—detached point of view?"

"First of all," Dorothy replied with equal gravity, "we should go to the Middle West, because that is the hub of the wheel. When we found a place that interested us especially, we would stop for a while. And you would get loads of ideas as you went along, wouldn't you? But wouldn't it be fascinating, just watching the country change and develop at first hand—from a Dulcier?"

She became pensive. "I don't mean that to sound snobbish. You can see things better, and certainly faster, from a Dulcier than you can from a—Flinnet." She stopped and glanced at the multi-jeweled cowl clock. "Heavens! You've got to take me home!"

Tommy obediently started the engine, and turned the car around.

DOROTHY, watching his profile, decided that inasmuch as she would never see him again, it would be rather thrilling to develop the idea. It was purely an imaginative proposition; and she was surprised to find how Tommy's interest drew her out of herself.

"I read somewhere that it isn't the interruptions but the fear of being interrupted that worries a writer most," she informed him when they were rolling homeward.

"That's true," said Tommy.

"I should think, when you're ready to write your big story, that nothing would appeal to you more than a cabin some place—in the mountains, or on some wild lake."

"With you, Dorothy," said Tommy, audibly.

"I wonder," she reflected, "if you really think I would be foolish enough to run away with you. Isn't it strange, though. A week ago—I might have. Twenty-four hours ago I might have. But I've learned too much in the past twenty-four hours."

Tommy swallowed silently.

"Do you know," she went on with the

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same dreamy candor, "it does seem nice to be riding here beside you. You're so interesting to talk to, and I do seem to fit into this corner so naturally. There's room enough for me to curl up and sleep. It is so comfy. Oh, this car is a darling!"

Tommy was bending over her. His face was close.

"I refuse to let you stay here!" he exclaimed. "You're too good for this place! You don't belong here!"

"I almost wish you weren't so—so tarnished," she murmured. "But I'm thinking of the—next girl."

"There will never be another girl!" Tommy proclaimed in accents customarily employed for profanity.

He was watching her face. She gave a little cry of alarm.

"Look out!" she said excitedly. "You're going to run over Jim Hopper! Whoa—boy!"

VIII

TOMMY promptly gave the road his undivided attention. He realized in a vague way that they had come to the white house with the red maples and the geranium bed.

A large hatless man with arms outspread stood in the middle of the road. His round head with its shining hair somehow reminded Tommy of a pumpkin. A huge blue revolver occupied his right hand; in his left he gripped a clubbed newspaper.

Sheriff Hopper stepped aside as the roadster slowed down. "Pull up beside the road," he barked authoritatively. "Git out!"

"What's the matter now?" Tommy grumbled.

"You git out o' that car!"

Tommy got out. Another car, a Flinnet roadster, was standing against the fence across the road.

Moving metal glinted in the waning sunlight behind it. An old man stepped out with a double-barreled shotgun over one shoulder. His close-trimmed beard was white as milk. The portions of his face unoccupied by it were cherry red, and his old eyes were blazing.

"Dorothy, what you doin' in that car?" he piped.

"Only taking a ride, Grampa," she told him sulkily.

"You git out o' there!"

"All I have to say is this," Tommy was saying calmly to the sheriff: "Before I permit you to arrest me I demand to know what your charge is against me."

The sheriff removed his thumb from the hammer of the revolver. "You big liar! Climb into that car!" he roared.

"Let's not lose our tempers," Tommy suggested. "Now, what am I charged with?"

"You know darned well what yo're charged with—you big liar!"

"I know," Tommy said hotly, "that you are making a perfect ass of yourself, Hopper, I heard what you told Smith under my window this morning. You're barking up the wrong tree! I came to Greenbrook on a business errand, and if you hold me I certainly intend to make it hot for you!"

"Don't you try to bulldoze me," the sheriff warned him. "Don't I know you got influence? Don't I know what kind of tricks fellas like you play? You jest try playin' any more o' your tricks round me, an' I'll drill ya!"

"Nope. I'm not going with you, Hopper," Tommy replied, "unless you can convince me that I've done something illegal. I know the law. Now go ahead and drill."

The sheriff darted a swift glance at old man Miller. But the old gentleman, with his clipped beard sticking straight out, was giving his whole attention to Tommy's red profile. "I charge you with tryin' to kidnap a helpless young woman!"

"*W-h-a-t!*"

"Aw, cut it out," the sheriff growled. "You can't fool me."

"Who is she?"

"Georgia Miller, as you know damn well!"

"I never heard of her!"

"You have, too. Her th'atrical name's Gwend'lyn Playfair."

"*Holy Moses!*" was all that Tommy could say.

Old man Miller took matters in hand. He stalked to the geranium bed. "Georgia," he called in his shrill voice, "come out here!"

The green screen door opened. Out upon the porch and down the steps and around the bed of geraniums and under the coppery maples glided the runaway *ingénue*—a creature of slim whiteness, with glorious blue eyes downcast, golden hair massed in a cunning little knot, fingers primly clasped before her.

"Why, Gwendolyn," said Tommy.

"Here y'are, *Mister* Bennett," the sheriff was crowing in his ear. "All the evidence *I* want."

Tommy looked. It was an upper inside page of the newspaper. Jesson Globol, his press agent, had not been inactive.

It was the familiar photograph of him, smiling benignly from the wheel of the big roadster. Under it ran the black-faced caption:

Thomas Allan Bennett, the playwright, who pursues fleeing actress in his famous Dulcier-66.

Across the top of it, in large capitals:

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To the right of the half-tone was a bank of alarming headlines, banks of qualifying smaller type, and three-quarters of a column of reading matter. Phrases—the pat phrases of the reporter—went into his brain in clumps. "Prominent New York theatrical man and clubman—high-powered automobile—"

"Well, what of it?" Tommy managed to say finally. "What's criminal about that?"

"You're slick, ain't you?" Jim Hopper sneered. "But you ain't slick enough for me. An' your influence ain't goin' to help ya! Come on along."

Tommy pushed him impatiently aside. He went to the geranium bed where Gwendolyn, or Georgia, was standing, with her golden head bowed, her fingers wiggling in the folds of her snowy white dress.

"Gwendolyn," he said quietly, "please look up at me. Tell me what this means."

Old man Miller hastened to him; Jim Hopper came more leisurely. Dorothy stood under the nearest tree and watched, with a puzzled white countenance.

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"You ain't goin' to browbeat nothin' out o' her!" the old man announced testily. "You ask your questions of me."

Tommy ignored him, also the sheriff, whose shoulder was plainly trying to push him aside.

"Gwendolyn," he began again, quietly, "won't you explain to me and to these people that a mistake has been made? You've put me in an embarrassing position, and I think—"

"I won't stand for it!" old man Miller squealed. "She ain't got nothin' to take back. You got yourself into hot water, now you stay there an' swelter in it!"

"But you say I tried to kidnap her," Tommy murmured.

"Didn't you run after her in your powerful racin' car? What was you doin' that for? To talk to her?"

"Certainly. I wanted her to come back to New York!"

"What for?"

"To work in her company."

The old man's whiskers were bristling close to Tommy's pale face.

"Is—that—why—you—kissed—her?"

Tommy abruptly went faint. "Lord!" he said, almost in a whisper. "Is that why she ran away from New York?"

"Is that why you asked her to come to your apartment?"

TOMMY'S faintness turned to nausea. He wanted to push the evil bristling face away from him. The alternative was to take one step backward. He stepped backward, and fury went over him in a wave. He tried to speak; he couldn't.

The shrill old voice continued: "Do you know that that pore girl got me out of bed at one in the mornin', an' told me what you was up to, you hound? Do you know that she was so a-scared of your dirty damn influence she had to make believe to you she was goin' clear out to Chicago?"

"I—I didn't know,' Tommy said weakly, his anger dying as another side of the matter was revealed to him.

"And you trailed her—you dirty sneak!" the old man shrilled.

Sheriff Hopper made his presence known. "Do you deny it?" he shouted.

"No, I don't deny it," Tommy said quietly. "I followed her. I expected to stop her at Baker's Junction, or see her in the morning before she reached Chicago."

He stopped and looked at Gwendolyn curiously, but her shy eyes were devoted to her dainty white oxfords. "I thought she was going to Chicago. You fooled me, you see. You're very clever, all of you. If you'll go to the station at Wilkinsville you will find a telegram I filed there, one that I sent to her, in care of the Green Diamond train conductor, at Elkton, offering her five hundred dollars a week."

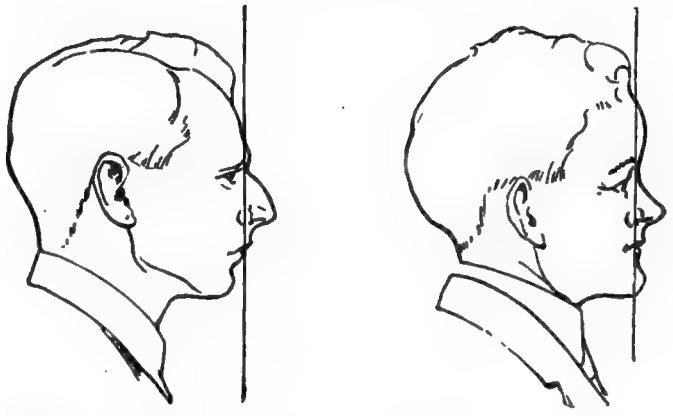
Old man Miller gave a snort of indignation. "Don't you try to tell me you wanted my girl for the stage. You wanted to lure that pore girl—"

"Oh—rot!" Tommy growled.

"You kissed her!"

"I did. I apologize. I was excited. She made a great hit with her first audience. I thought I'd discovered an actress. I apologize."

When Tommy's voice stopped the four listeners were watching him intently. Even Georgia so far forgot her shyness as



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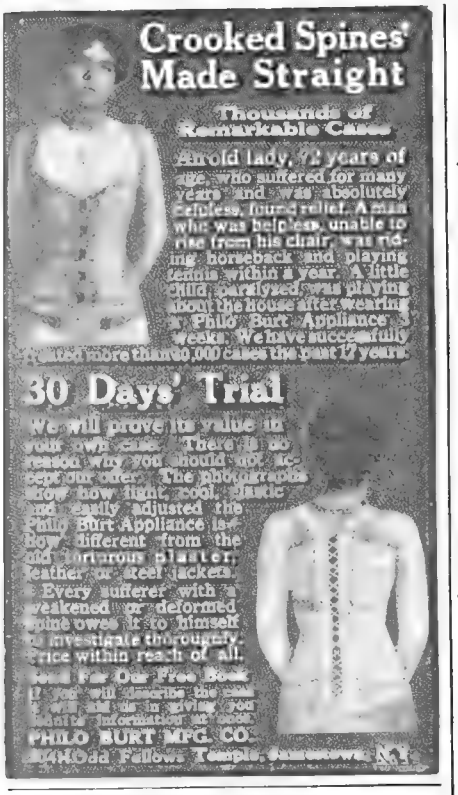

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to look up, with visions of startled young animals in her great blue porcelain eyes.

"Please let me tell you, Mr. Miller," Tommy went on in a new voice that was strange to all of them, with the possible exception of Dorothy, "that I don't care a tinker's dam what you, or Georgia, or this dunderhead thinks about me. If circumstantial evidence points me out as a scoundrel—have it that way. What I say is truth—or may God punish me! I never have had, never could have, the slightest personal interest in—Georgia Miller. I have more regard for Dorothy's little finger than for a city full of Georgias!"

Tommy's shoulders and head seemed to slump forward slightly. His hands, which had been moving slightly, dropped at his sides. He turned, so that his back was presented to the younger sister. This manœuver brought him face to face with Sheriff Hopper.

"That's all, Hopper," he said with an air of briskness. "Where do we go from here?"

Silence followed. It was a queer, strained silence, penetrated by unrelated noises. An evening breeze caused the leaves of the red maples to flutter and whisper. Georgia Miller was sobbing faintly. Old Man Miller was breathing aloud, as if with asthma. The other sound was that of Jim Hopper's squeaking shoes.

"You think yo're slick, don't you?" he sneered. "Well—y' ain't! Come along."

"Is that the verdict?" Tommy replied.

"That most certainly is!" And he gave Tommy a most ungentle push toward the road.

Tommy glared back at him. "As soon as my lawyer gets wind of this, believe me, Jim Hopper, hell is certainly going to pop!"

"Oh, bosh," said the sheriff.

"Is my car to be left here?"

"Safer here than Greenbrook."

"What do you mean by that?" Tommy demanded suspiciously.

"I guess you'll find out plenty soon enough," was the grim rejoinder.

IX

WHEN the official party had gone away in the little black roadster, Georgia Miller fluttered with a wail into her grandfather's arms. He cuddled her close. He patted her back. He crooned.

Dorothy came and stood near in silence, watching the pantomime sternly and critically.

The sleek golden hair of her sister was lifted from the white cotton shoulder. Misty blue eyes appealed to her.

"Dorothy, I—I didn't understand, I really believe now—I thought— Oh, I really think—"

"Oh, sugar," Dorothy stopped her impatiently; "that's the only trouble. You don't, you never did, and you never will."

"Oh, Dorothy"—wail.

The old man released his granddaughter and turned. "Young woman," he said sternly, "you went out ridin' with that sneak."

For the first time since her parents had died Dorothy showed defiance in the presence of the household autocrat.

"I had a lovely ride and a charming talk. I'd like to have another, and I probably shall."

Grandfather Miller was stunned. Hard veins were standing out on his forehead.

"You *shall*? Don't you bother to come into that house again 'f I catch you at it! You, y'ain't fit to live under a decent roof!"

Dorothy smiled unpleasantly and folded her arms. "Then why don't you send me out from under your roof, Grampa?" she answered in a honey-sweet voice. "Let Georgia do the cooking and baking and washing and sewing, and carry water from the pump, and take care of the chickens, and milk, and ruin her complexion over that beastly stove! Perhaps it will teach her to think. Sure-lee! I'll go. Right now!"

"Dorothy, you m-mustn't g-go!" her sister whimpered. "You know Jim and I are going to be married next month. We can't both leave Grampa alone!"

"Bring Jim here to wash the dishes," Dorothy growled, resembling for a moment an ireful and beautiful boy.

"You don't go into that house again!" her grandfather squealed. "You go out and make your name, the way Georgia did. Five hundred a week he offered her!"

"Listen, Grampa," said Dorothy sweetly: "if I hadn't put the bug in Georgia's ear this spring and threatened to thrash her, she wouldn't have gone at all. She'd have still been pining away for the stage. Ask her who scrimped and saved the money for her trip to New York. Ask her—"

"That's enough from you!" the old gentleman interrupted haughtily, with his chin higher than her own, his chest inflated. "'F I'd known it was you who lured her into the clutches of that sneak—" He stopped for breath. Next he fairly shouted: "I know why you want to go. I ain't keepin' you! You go an' git that dirty sneak when the vigilantes 're through tarrin' him! You go an' live your life with him!"

Dorothy was bouncing up and down upon the richly upholstered seat of the Dulcier before the penultimate sentence was out of her grandfather's mouth.

She had studied Tommy. Deftly she poked buttons, jerked a silvery knob. She jammed her foot down on a button in the floor.

A whirring sound answered—a hiss—a gust of unmuffled noise.

She threw in the first gear recklessly, stepped down hard, went directly from first to third, took a firm grip on the wheel with both hands, tucked her tongue into the left pocket of her mouth, and looked straight ahead. The spot of red color, the graceful whiteness of her sister's dress, were fairly whipped away.

Dorothy was unconscious of novel sensations; she did not fully appreciate the fountain of power controlled by the tip of her boot. She only knew that she had to fly. The wind tore strands of her hair loose. She was unaware that the speedometer was well beyond the fifty-five mark when she overhauled the sheriff's roadster, on the last leg of the five-mile run into Greenbrook.

She pulled abreast, shot ahead, and stopped the car abruptly at a broad angle with the road, thereby making it impossible for Jim Hopper to pass.

Through the rolled-up rear window she saw Jim frantically attending to his controls.

She screamed at Tommy: "Jump out!

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Jump out! Vigilantes going tar and feather you!"

Tommy in one leap left the seat, cleared the low windshield, grazed the hood, and landed on hands and knees in the dust.

Dorothy slid over as he sprang in beside her and took the wheel. "He's getting ready to shoot!" she cried.

"Bullets have to travel pretty fast!" Tommy yelled as the Dulcier plunged into the road, and leaped heavily ahead.

"Don't have to go through Greenbrook!" she advised him in a shrill little voice. "Take first right road. Detour around village, come back on this again!"

Tommy's answer was a short, wild laugh.

The roar of the exhausting engine became a crackle higher in note. Dorothy glanced at the speedometer. For a moment she was frightened. Then she laughed, as wildly as Tommy had laughed. It was climbing irresistibly, as an active man climbs a winding staircase. 65! 70! 75! Seventy-five miles an hour!

"Gee-whiz," she said as she sank down and away from the blast forced through the opened windshield.

She jumped as she heard an unearthly shriek from the region of the hissing engine—the electric siren.

She looked ahead, and saw a line of men at the corners. She glanced admiringly at Tommy. One end of the bandage was standing out straight behind his head, and flapping noisily. His eyes were half shut. He resembled, she thought, a leering Chinese devil.

The shriek of the horn again.

The line swung aside, broken in the middle. The road was clear.

Next instant Greenbrook was seen, as if through the wrong end of a telescope.

"Where does this road go?" Tommy shouted.

"Straight into the Pacific Ocean," she shouted back, "by way of Yellowstone Park!"

A HALF hour later, or thereabouts, Tommy stopped the car. Over the khaki top maple trees met in a murky gothic arch. After the blaring wind, the ripping discharge of the cut-out the abrupt silence seemed to come down on them in a flood.

"Well, I'm still with you," Dorothy informed him, trying to smile fearlessly, but unable to suppress a look in her eyes that Tommy had seen frequently in those of her sister.

He moved over. "In—spirit, too?" he said tenderly.

Her hands were limp at her sides. Gone was the look of startled young animals.

. . . The three dots are placed there to indicate the final three that Tommy acquired before he slid under the big walnut wheel again.

When they were rolling along at forty once more, Tommy said: "Do you know this country around here pretty well, dear?"

"I know it by heart," she replied.

"Then tell me," Tommy requested, "the way to one of those lovely little white churches."

She smiled. "You go straight through the next four-corners, Tommy. It's only about a hundred feet beyond. You can't miss it."

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The Trying Age

(*Continued from page 60*)

all. And no one to *make* over, the way I nat'cherly crave to. Evvie, she's so kind o' self-reliant and unresponsive—all her generation is, somehow. I s'pose if I'd married again she'd be livin' at her business women's club this minute—and would be a sight happier. 'T isn't as if I meant everything in life to Evvie—like it would be with a husband—"

From the intricate but invisible pattern on the tablecloth her brown eyes lifted to his. "You know how it is, Jim—daughters aren't the same—"

"You bet they aren't!"

The ash gathered on his cigar while he watched the little white finger tracing busily again on the cloth.

"If I was only twenty years younger, Sarey—and you was too—"

Suddenly she straightened up in her chair and her eyes flashed across at him. "Jim Holloway! What does *age* matter when—if—"

He put the half-smoked cigar in the saucer of his coffee-cup and sat up straight also, his dazzled eyes holding hers. Or was it her brown eyes that held his across the table? "Sarah—do you mean that?"

"I—if *you* do, Jim Holloway."

A SUDDEN terrifying flash of consciousness flickered across the pleasant haze that wrapped him round.

By Christmas! What would Adelaide say? And Martha? And Henry? And Ruth Mary? But something in his veins was running like quicksilver—he hadn't felt like this in fifty years. A little snowflake hand reached out and snuggled into his.

That little—spry little—fascinating little creature, Sarah Joyce, once the prettiest woman in West Bancroft. The most fascinating woman yet, by Jingoes! And he, Jim Holloway—

And the pleasant Joyce kitchen. And the well-contented Evvie, living at her woman's club in town. And a table for two, with geraniums on it every day. And Sarah, in fetching aprons with lilac bows, whisking about. And himself stretching his legs before the mellow glow of the Franklin. And no one to hector him or remind him that old bones were brittle and that his memory was not what it had been.

And Sarah's laugh—

And a precious space of recaptured youth and jollity—and joy! When one had thought youth and jollity and joy were gone forever—

His faded eyes, relit for that wonderful moment with fires of youth and ardor, fairly blazed into hers.

"Sarey—would you?"

His other hand groped and found her other hand. What a wisp of a hand it was! How warm in his own! He hadn't known the thrill of a woman's hand in his since Susan went—not, come to think of it, since Susan and he had been engaged, fifty odd years ago.

"Jim," laughed Sarah Joyce, winding her little fingers around his big ones, bumpy with rheumatic joints, "I don't see why we shouldn't—"

She flashed a glance at him out of mis-

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chievous brown eyes. "Let's!" she whispered daringly.

He was laughing with her now. It was amazing, how young and efficient he felt. Daughterly shackles of years seemed to have dropped from him.

"You own this house," he considered, responsibly assuming the masculine prerogative of arranging practical details. "And I've a couple of thousand-dollar bonds—good sound railroad bonds—in a box at the Trust Company; and about three thousand dollars in saving's bank—"

A harried memory of Adelaide obtruded but he flung it aside. Why shouldn't he live his own life—what was left of it—and have his happiness, with his accumulations of earlier hard-working years?

But Adelaide's certain exasperation was a bleak thought intruding on his high mood—

"That makes five thousand dollars altogether, doesn't it?" chirruped Sarah Joyce at his side. They were sitting hand-tucked-in-hand on the living-room sofa now, near the cosy glow of the Franklin. "Le's see: this house for us to live in, and, say, five hundred a year to keep us. That would be ten years—we probably wouldn't need it more'n ten years, Jim—" looking up at him with gentle wistfulness. Then she snuggled closer and squeezed his hand. "But wouldn't it be a wonderful ten years? Just you and I—and no daughters around to keep remindin' us we're growin' old. Wouldn't it be just a gorgeous ten years—Jimmie boy?"

THAT "Jimmie boy" settled the matter. Sweet it was, passing sweet, to ears that had long been insulted by the abominable and preposterous "Grampa" of a whole neighborhood.

Blithely they planned.

Too late now to do anything to-day—quarter past four this minute. To-night he would find his bank-book and the key to his safe-deposit box. "Somewheres around the house," they were, he said. Addie had always taken care of them for him, but he wouldn't be long locating them. And to-morrow he would come for her. Not a word to anybody, they both agreed. It was best to get everything done and settled without risk of daughterly interference.

They could take a taxi to Newark, and procure the license. Fortunately they were both of age—much hearty, concerted laughter over this!—and once the knot was tied and they had taxi'd back to the house on Chestnut street—their own house!—they could face the family with their news. At the safe distance of two telephone receivers a mile apart!

And when Evvie got home from work they would be having supper. It was a foregone conclusion that Evvie, at least, would be reasonable, on account of the business women's club. Then let the storm break. How safe and snug and cosy it would be here, with the old Franklin glowing and the curtains drawn, and Mr. and Mrs. Holloway secure in the impregnable fastness of their home! Let daughters rave. What could anybody do?

And think of ten happy, un-nagged years to laugh through together. Oh, they planned!

She went with him to the front door and wrapped him up tenderly in the

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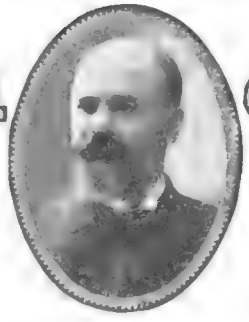

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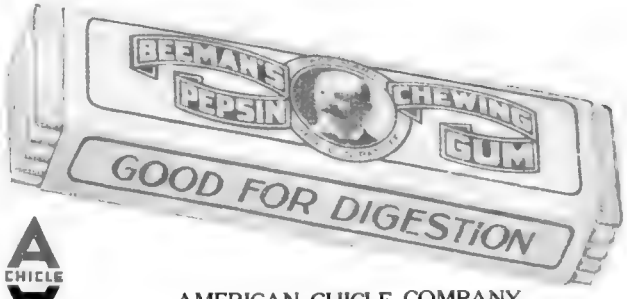

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knitted neck-scarf, buttoning his overcoat with little snowflake fingers. And he kissed the fingers, each one separately. For Jim Holloway, you understand, had been a lover of sorts in his day. There had been a time, sixty years ago, before he met Susan—

He tucked back the white curl that strayed from soft waves above her ear.

"To-morrow," she called after him, her brown eyes laughing into his when he looked back at her from the porch steps.

"To-morrow," he promised genially, and flapped his old hat at her like a youngster as he trudged down the street in the March twilight.

A LITTLE after ten next morning, Adelaide was called to the telephone. Evelyn Joyce was on the wire.

"Hello, is that you, Adelaide? It's Evelyn Joyce. I wonder if I could speak to your father a minute. I've—I've a sort of message for him."

"You have? Well, I guess I'll have to take it, Evelyn. Grampa isn't very well this morning—"

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that! What seems to be the matter?"

"Well, he was out in the cold too long yesterday—without his rubbers, too. You know it started to thaw at noon. I suppose he got over-tired, walking. Grampa does seem sort of childish as he grows old; he must have gotten bewildered and lost his way. Seems queer, in his own home-town where he's lived almost eighty years. Henry was up all night with him. I noticed at supper time he seemed kind of excited and feverish, and after supper he got all upset looking for something. He wouldn't tell what it was—you know how obstinate old folks are sometimes—"

"Yes indeed, I know!"

"It seems Grampa was looking for his bank-book. He told Henry in the night. Henry says he seemed sort of delirious. I could have told Grampa where the bank-book was. I found it in the pants pocket of his last summer's suit when I put the clothes away in October. I thought I'd better have the bank-book safe where I could lay my hand on it in case—"

"Yes, I understand."

"You say you have a message for Grampa?"

"Yes—from Ma."

"From old Mrs. Joyce!"

"Yes, Ma isn't very well either, this morning. That's why I'm staying home from the office today. She has a bad attack of sciatica from being on her feet too much, and there's something queer the matter with her shoulders too; she can hardly move her head—her neck is so stiff. And she had one of her bad spells of dyspepsia in the night. I had to come downstairs at three o'clock for boiling water and bicarbonate of soda. She's feverish and sort of depressed this morning—that's not like Ma, you know; she's always so lively. Well, here's the message—"

"What on earth—"

"Listen. Ma said: 'Tell him it was a beautiful chapter, but I'm afraid we won't be able to finish the story unless we can continue it in out next!'"

"Next what?"

"That's what I asked Ma. But she turned over with her face to the wall-paper, kind of peevish, and said, 'You give him that message, Evvie; I guess he'll understand.'"

"Well of all the—Evelyn, do you think Grampa was over at your house yester day?"

"Yes, I think he was, Adelaide. There were a lot of dishes in the sink when I got home, and a table with two chairs by it in the kitchen; and I found cigar ashes in one of Ma's pots of geraniums. And Ma was—sort of excited."

Adelaide stared hard at the transmitter. Then she gave a gasp which could almost be felt like a gust of air at the other end of the wire.

"Hello! Evelyn! Do you suppose—"

"Adelaide, I don't suppose at all. I am just mortally certain—" the voice coming over the wire was solemn— "that Providence has intervened to save us all from a perfectly terrible calamity—"

"You don't think those two old—"

"Adelaide, listen to me. When I got home last night Ma was up in our spare room laying out all her best clothes on the bed; her mink cape and her church bonnet with the buff rose and her crochet lace petticoat. *And my tan spats and white kid gloves—*"

"Evelyn Joyce!"

"And she was flying 'round with her cheeks red as fire, singing over and over to herself—that old thing, what is it?—

'And about that dear ruin each wish of my heart
Shall entwine itself fervently still—'"

"Humph," commented Adelaide in her most capable voice; "So *that's* what Grampa wanted his bank-book for! Well, I shouldn't wonder if they've come to their senses this morning, the old—"

"I guess they have," acceded Evelyn wearily. She had been up all night. "But it's sort of pitiful, isn't it, Adelaide—"

"Pitiful!" snorted old Jim Holloway's much tried daughter. "Well, I suppose some folks might look at it that way. It's a dreadful trying age, Evelyn."

"Trying's no name for it, my dear," sighed old Sarah Joyce's daughter as she hung up her receiver.

In Later Years

By Mary Stewart Cutting

WHEN I bethink me of the loved ones gone—
The generous-hearted of my name and race,
So brave and noble, so instinct with grace—
Before me rises each beloved face,
And I am moved to gladly ponder on
How little of that for which I'm praised is mine,
But bears the impress of their use and sign.
So dimly I in their high virtues shine,
Who am the smallest link in that bright chain,
Coming from God, that leads to him again.

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HIS HOLD

(*Continued from page 28*)

and damp. White to the lips, his despair mounting with everything he looked on, he walked slowly and uncertainly into the kitchen; the fire was black out. The dining-room wore the same air of neatness and absence.

The door of the bed-room was closed. After a long pause of terror, he opened it and saw empty the beds where they had lain. Utterly hopeless now, reft beyond the power of sensation, his shoulders sagged, for his strength had gone out of him. Leaning against the wall, he buried his face in his hands and breathed their names. Then he went unsteadily out of the little house and reeled along down toward the wharf.

IT was significant of his type and his training and his instinct that he should go now to the sea with his despair; but he was not conscious of his choosing any direction or path. He was conscious only of the fact that they had gone. He had not believed really that they would go. Yet he knew he had given them cause enough. What was he that Nonie should stay with him? Nonie had left him. No, she had not left him. He had left her and 'im.

"Nonie, Nonie," he cried into the night wind and stretched out his arms longingly. "Nonie! Nonie."

And out of the night she came into his arms like a bird to its mate. "Jim? Jimmy, dearest!" she laughed and cried together, as he enfolded her wordlessly. "Careful," she warned, "or you 'll wake 'im an', besides, some one 'll see us—Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy!" For he could not speak yet; he could only hold them both as close to his big breast as he dared. The wet eyes he pressed for relief against her soft, cool cheek told her. "*Jim*," she breathed, awed and half-frightened, "you couldn't have thought—"

"I—thought— You said, if—I—didn't —An'—just now when—I—went—to the—house, I thought—"

"You *couldn't* have," she denied. "Oh, Jimmy, my poor little Jimmy, I was just down to Mrs. Murdick's, watching with her for th' schooner; an' when we saw her lights off th' point, I just took baby in my arms an' ran down to the wharf, an' when you didn't come off in th' dory—" He told her of having gone to the little house by the short way. "Jimmy," she warned again timidly, "do be careful. There 's a light an' some one 'll see us."

A shaft of light fell on them. Jim turned and saw that it came from the open door of Fraser's saloon. He shivered, trembled, then tensed, every muscle in his big body turned to iron. Reading his face, Nonie caught one of his rigid arms. "Come, Jim, we 'll go home now, and—" She tried to lead him away.

But he stepped back from her. "No, Nonie," he said, his eyes tender yet full of grim purpose, "I got to go into Fraser's a minnit: there's something I got to do in there. Wait 'ere fer me fer just one minnit." He kissed her once, then broke away.

HE sprang up the steps and into Fraser's saloon, and in another instant stood by the crowded bar; and there, as on that other night, stood the worldly-wise Mr. Cullum pursuing his favorite theme: to Jim, he said familiarly and confidently:

"You got back from Newfoundland, eh? How were the girls up there? *Girls* are all right!"

Jim was on him in one stride, the sailor's fingers held like new hemp, and with a fist as hard as frozen rope he struck Cullum twice, once for Nonie and once for 'im. Then Jim turned and went out to where his own were waiting him.

"Jimmy," Nonie said timidly, "Mrs. Murdick'll keep baby if you want to take me to a show."

Deep Snow

By John Curtis Underwood

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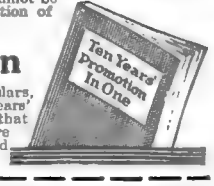

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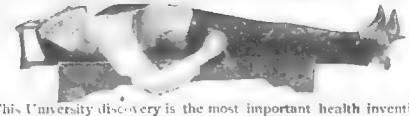

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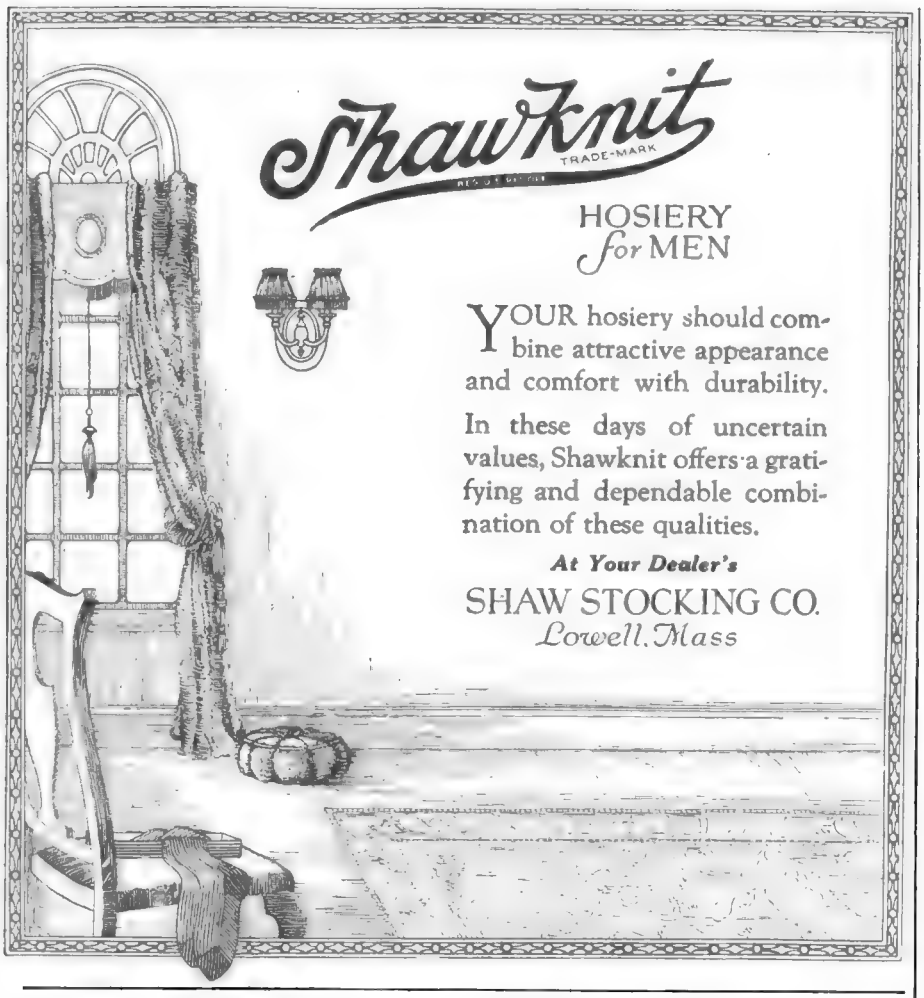
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Material Motives

(Continued from page 53)

smoothly about the house," he went on enthusiastically. "The apartment always looks so spick and span—and I do so like sitting down to my own table, with no hustling waiters about and music to bother me."

Myra ran her finger under the music on the piano, glanced at it, and when Taika came to remove the coffee tray, she looked at him with unfriendly eyes.

Things continued to go smoothly for about a week. Then one day Myra priced some lettuce that looked especially tempting in a shop on the way home, and after that took to wandering up and down Amsterdam Avenue pricing vegetables. Later she requested Taika to show her his marketing books and when he informed her curtly that he kept no books, she told him with a sweet smile, but with the light of battle dawning in her eyes, that she'd show him how.

That night the mayonnaise was curdled and there was no dessert.

"No dessert?" Jason echoed in dismay.

"Madame—she upset me," Taika informed the world at large, looking into space.

But Madame, a growing restlessness in her manner, continued to upset Taika. One morning she tied a towel around her head, and keeping the determinedly disinterested Jap at her heels, demonstrated for his benefit just how an apartment should be cleaned. This was too much for his tempermental nature—he gathered his possessions together and left on the spot.

That night Myra got the dinner, with a flushed-faced, flour-dabbed wife for the first course. The dinner was eatable, but there were no potato roses garnishing the salad; and there was no music afterwards. Myra washed up the last pan, and polished the last fork and went to bed.

"I just couldn't stand it any longer," she explained to Jason. "Seventy-five a month—for nothing. He kept the apartment in a perfectly shiftless fashion, and he was frightfully extravagant."

"But what do you care—things certainly went along comfortably."

"That's all you men think of—comfort. But don't worry," Myra consoled him cheerfully, "you'll be comfortable again. I was brought up to run a house, you know—that's one of the reasons I took up voice culture," she made haste to add. Then she continued, "It was my mistake in the beginning. That slant-eyed heathen thought I didn't know anything and that he could put it over."

Taika's successor got no such idea. For the first two days he found Myra at his heels every time he turned, and after that the apartment ran on greased wheels.

Her part having undergone a slight change from the original script, so to speak, Myra had not found much time for her friend Patsy for a couple of weeks. One morning Patsy called her up and asked her to go to rehearsal with her.

"You'll love my song," she said, and added impressively, "My dear, I'm positively the whole show—they'd give me the place if I raised my finger."

And Myra put on a new georgette crepe frock, and went

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But somehow she didn't feel as at home on the stage of the Rivoli Roof as she had expected to. She seemed out of place against the background of the unset stage, the haranguing director, the plaintively resigned orchestra leader, and the show-girls rouging their eyelids in the wings.

Patsy noticed it. "You'd better come back, old dear, while you can come back," she warned her friend. "You're losing something—losing it fast." Before she could add more her number was called, and Patsy, pulling out the ruffles of her cuffs and touching her fluffy blond hair, stepped to the footlights and nodded airily to the orchestra leader. To Myra's surprise the song didn't go at all well. Heinmann was in the house, and twice he stopped the music and made Patsy begin again. Each time he grew more furious, and finally he stamped up onto the stage and beckoned imperatively to Myra.

"What are you doing now?" he demanded.

"Why—why nothing," she answered.

"Want to try that song? You could always carry a tune—and God knows that's something!" He leered down at her, and his hot fingers closed on her arm. "And you sure are easy on the eyes, kid."

Myra stood quietly eyeing him. She looked, in her fluffy frock, like some exquisite fairy contemplating one who might perhaps be part toad. Then she removed his be-ringed fingers from her arm and stepped to the foot-lights.

THAT evening at dinner Myra wore a gown that she had bought at a small and very expensive shop on Fifth Avenue; it was pink and about her slim waist was wound a silver girdle; and she wore silver slippers on her feet that kept dancing little dances under the table all during dinner. You know when a dark-eyed brunette wears just the right shade of pink, she looks like nothing so much as a delectable and eatable strawberry parfait. Myra's hair was brushed until it shone, and drawn back from her head into a smooth knot at the back of her neck. She was very chatty.

"Do you remember Patsy Purcell?" she asked Jason.

Jason looked up from his rhubarb pie. "Patsy Purcell?" he considered. "Oh, yes, she was the girl who helped you pick out the apartment. Stunning girl too — always missing her lines. She's gone with Heinmann."

"Yes, I know." Myra nodded slowly, nibbling a mint. "I went to rehearsal with her this morning. I wanted to hear her song. She's been telling me how well she stood—positively she was the entire show, to hear her tell it." She stopped and smiled. "But she made an awful mess of her song—Heinmann was furious. She went over it again and again, and finally —what do you think? Heinmann turned to another girl who was there, and asked her if she'd like to try it. Fancy—did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Who—who was the other girl?" Jason asked. He put down the cigar he had been about to light.

"And the girl got up," Myra went on, seemingly too intent on her narrative to heed his question, "and she sang the song—really very well, too—"

"And did she get the part?" Jason interrupted sharply.

MYRA fished a pink rose petal out of the finger bowl and pressed it against her lips. She blew it into a little balloon and smacked it into the palm of her hand, and when it exploded, she was seemingly much pleased. "I used to do that when I was little," she explained to Jason. "Oh—oh, did she get the part? Dear me, no—she didn't want it, you know. I suppose she sang the song, just to prove she could—some girls are like that, you know." She paused. "Patsy thought she was crazy."

Jason made no comment, and presently they went into the living-room.

"Of course I could have explained to Patsy," Myra continued, sitting down behind the coffee tray—

"*I* could have explained?" Jason asked, putting his coffee cup on the table.

"Well, I could have explained that those things are all very well, singing catchy songs, and dancing solo dances—if a person is suited to a part like that." Suddenly she frowned at him. "It's a shame to saddle a person with a certain type of part," she declared indignantly. "Take Teddy Graves—he made a hit as a doting young bridegroom, and has he ever been able to play anything else? He has not. Then there's Marion West. Somebody cast her for the part of a demurely wise young widow—and she's been a widow ever since."

Jason threw his cigar away and drew a chair close to Myra's. "If there's any more to that, I wish you'd go on." His voice seemed to have lost a little of its briskness.

"Well, I'm another horrible example. Some bright young man who thinks he's the last word in casting shows, wished a demure domestic part onto me, a sweet young thing who goes to market, keeps an eye on the cook, and who sings love songs and lullabies to her husband of an evening. And now—now, I can't play anything else."

Jason looked at her steadily. "That's too bad," he said.

Myra rose and deserted her own chair, and came and took possession of part of Jason's. "Now, Jason, must I explain—?"

Jason turned quickly and slipped his arm about her neck, pulling her face close. "No, you needn't explain. I'm not like Patsy, Myra mine—I'm not at all dense."

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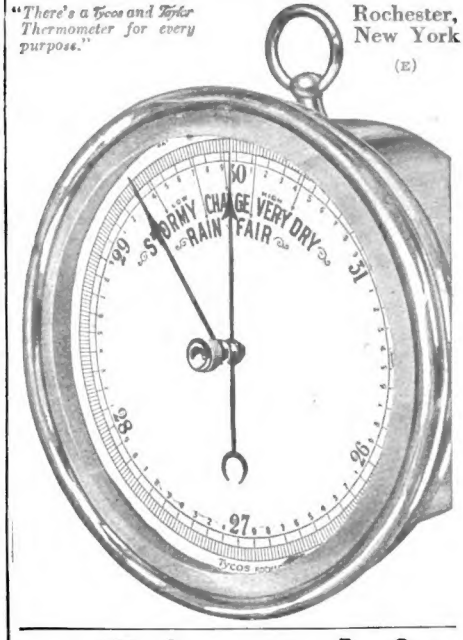

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How to Go On the Stage

(*Continued from page 23*)

Rowley ..... Joseph Jefferson, Jr.
(father of our Joe)
Lady Teazle ..... Eliza Jefferson Chapin
Mrs. Candour .. Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, Jr.
Lady Sneerwell ... Jane Jefferson Andrews
Maria ..... Mary Anne Jefferson

Even then, of course, the cast had to be pieced out with strangers, but even the Crummleses, who were clannish enough in all conscience, had to take in a Nickleby, a Snevillicci and a Ledrook to stretch the household into a troupe.

It would be a simple matter for a manager to cast a comedy in New York today with every rôle played by a fourth-generation actor. Not only is Lionel Barrymore the great-grandson of an actor. His wife, Doris Rankin, is, in her own right, the great-granddaughter of an actor. Indeed, the Rankin-Vining-Davenport family tree is quite as imposing as the Drew-Barrymore tree, with the branches of which its own are intertwined.

The Drew-Barrymore tribe began to be of importance to the American stage from the moment, nearly a century ago, when a little girl named Louisa Lane, who had come over from England in a sailing vessel, made her first appearance at the old Bowery Theatre in New York. Her children and her children's children are all neatly tabulated in this vicinity because, as it happens, they make up what is easily the first family of the American theatre, one in which the fourth generation is proving to be the most notable of all. We all look forward to the day when a Barrymore Theatre will throw wide its doors, with the three of them established there as resident players.

We all look forward to a revival of "The School for Scandal" with John Drew as Sir Peter, Ethel Barrymore as Lady Teazle, Mr. Lionel as Joseph Surface, Mr. John as the gay Charles. That would be fun, wouldn't it? Ethel Barrymore has several youngsters of her own. The chances are that some of us will live to see those children starring on Broadway in Shakespearean repertoire, probably at some old, downtown theatre around Columbus Circle. They may have no present thought of it. Very likely their folks scout the idea. What of that? It's in the blood.

So, when a bank-president's daughter, pretty enough to help carry the Daisy Chain at Vassar, scores a hit in some comedy staged by the students up Poughkeepsie way and all her friends rashly tell her that she is simply wonderful and obviously destined for a great stage career, she should be coldly reminded that she is a trifle late about it. At least she should be warned that she must face that competition of the girl whose father was such a nimble buck-and-wing dancer, and her mother such an affable old wardrobe mistress at the So-and-So Theatre for so many years—the little girl who had crawled underfoot at a hundred and one rehearsals before she played her first important part at the age of four. Furthermore the actress from Poughkeepsie will probably be the more easily cheapened and theatricalized just because she is elatedly aware of the theatre

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—not unconscious of it as one is unconscious of the air one breathes and the kindly sun that lights the world each day.

The children born in the theatre have such a dismaying start in sheer point of time. So Mrs. Fiske, the tiny, red-headed baby of Tom Davey and Lizzie Maddern, was on the stage in thinking parts before ever she learned to talk at all. She was able to play Rebecca West in the most austere of modern tragedies for more than two hundred performances because, among other achievements, she had sung Raphe Rackstraw in "Pinafore" for more than a hundred performances. So Dusé, born of a long line of players, Dusé, whose father and mother and all her uncles and aunts and cousins were players, was the worried and efficient prompter of the family troupe when she was seven. A long period of apprenticeship lay behind her when she was still in her teens, so that she was ready for the great rôles long before her youthful loveliness had taken flight. That is why she could play Juliet in Verona itself when she was only sixteen.

BUT not all the heirs to the theatre have laid claim to their estate when they were children, and something more than the early start is necessary to explain the great families of the stage. It takes more than environment, it takes heredity to explain the Barrymores, or for that matter, James K. Hackett and E. H. Sothern and Chrystal Herne, who, like the Barrymores, had distinguished actors as fathers. None of these went on as children, and John Barrymore, who is in grave danger of being recognized, before he is ready, as the foremost actor of the English-speaking stage, went into the theatre as an afterthought. He had started as a cartoonist. But it did not please Fate that the grandson of Mrs. John Drew and the son of Maurice Barrymore, should be a cartoonist.

So, too, there died as a soldier in the American Army, a boy who, for several years before his enlistment, had been straining at the leash, so bent was he on making his start in the theatre, which had been calling him since his nursery days. That was Richard Mansfield, Second.

Of course an occasional flashing success is achieved unexpectedly by a mere outsider. Doris Keane, the American actress whom London so adores, came from a dramatic school. So did Margaret Anglin.

Silly annalists of the theatre note glowingly that Miss Anglin's father was Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons and that William Gillette's father was a United States Senator, as though that, in some way, made them silk stockings of the theatre. Nonsense! They are *parvenus*, rank *nouveaux riches*, not to be mentioned in the same breath with the true patricians of the theatre. The really lofty and austere artists of our time or our country have been the Dusés, the Edwin Booths, the Mrs. Fiskes. These are the well-born of the stage, these the aristocrats of the theatre.

All of which may, perhaps, remind you of the story of a bond-holding American who drew up enviously before the velvet lawn of a Kentish country home and asked the gardener how he managed it. The old retainer expanded at once on an elaborate routine of sowing and rolling. "Then," he said, as he turned away, "you sit down and wait five hundred years."

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